PICTORIAL REVIEW

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THE eight hundred college men who are representing Pictorial Review this Summer have been chosen because they wish to earn their own money to pay for their college expenses. Pictorial Review's offer is of interest only to ambitious, worthy students. Tuition-checks are always sent direct to the college and are credited only to students in good standing. Because of this arrangement we are sure of the earnestness and sincerity of these young men. Their desire to secure an education is well determined.

In addition experienced men, usually those who have paid their way through college working for Pictorial Review in former years, are put in immediate charge of groups of student representatives. Every morning and every night meetings are held to stimulate and encourage the men in their work. There is always some one at hand to help the men who need it. In this way Pictorial Review backs up its obligation to these men who are depending upon the money they earn during the Summer to pay for their education.

WILLIAM AND MARY

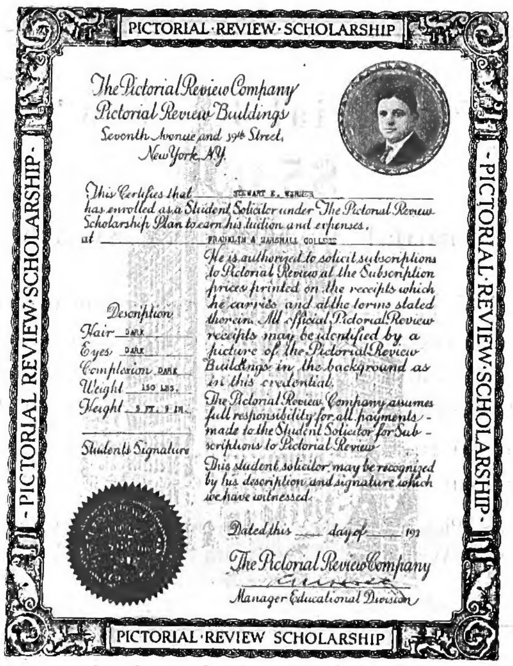
WASHINGTON

TUFTS

Pictorial Review Backs These Men

It is because of the proved, earnest determination of its college representatives that Pictorial Review so enthusiastically indorses them. It guarantees every Pictorial Review subscription given to them, and every penny paid to them by subscribers.

But Pictorial Review does not alone give its moral support—it does everything physically and humanly possible to help these boys to succeed. The entire Pictorial Review organization literally gets behind them to push them through. The subscription branch managers throughout the country give practically all of their time to these college men during the Summer. No one in the subscription department takes a Summer vacation.



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A Table of Contents for this issue will be found on the last page

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A New Declaration of Independence

An Editorial by
Ida Clyde Clarke

WE, THE people of the United States—the plain, average people who do the paying and the praying for the nation—can celebrate the Fourth and make it glorious by signing new and strictly personal declarations of independence. As a matter of fact we are, and of a right ought to be, free and independent human beings.

But we are not really free, nor are we really independent. We are abject slaves to ignorance, and we insulate ourselves from reality by our indifference to things of public concern precisely as if they were not things of very private and very personal concern to every man, woman, and child of us.

We do a great deal of paying. We submit unprotestingly to an impossible system of multiple taxation imposed upon us by tax-free politicians whom we pay to attend to our business. And we do a lot of praying, with our hands clasped listlessly above the work they should be doing, and with our eyes serenely closed against evils that would arouse us to action if we but opened our eyes and looked at them.

The thing that hampers us most seriously is ignorance. We use our brains so little that they not only fail to develop but they actually deteriorate. Scientists say that the average adult in America has a mental age of fourteen years. We should have "divine curiosity"—the endless desire to know, by which alone the mind develops.

Most of us are ignorant as to the food we should eat and how it should be prepared. We do not know how to dress, or what to read, or what to do with our leisure time.

Women are no more ignorant of such things than men, but it is more serious for women because we bear and rear and train the nation's children. Ignorance is for us almost criminal. A great national institution where thousands of women are given physical examinations annually is authority for the statement that seventy per cent. of the women examined wear corsets which are wrong—either improperly made or improperly fitted. And badly fitted corsets have been found to cause many of the ills to which the flesh of woman is heir. Badly fitted shoes are about as bad. They cause a train of displacements and congestions affecting the stomach and abdomen. The story of the wrong kind of corsets and the wrong kind of shoes writes itself in wrinkles and a look of old age.

In a certain hospital for children it was found that the majority of the defects noted were caused or aggravated by the wrong kind of school-seats. Yet how many mothers and how many teachers know the first thing about the plastic little bodies of their children or the kind of school equipment they require? Yes, through sheer ignorance the most devoted and self-sacrificing mothers may actually endanger the lives of those they love best. No wonder Dr. Hornell Hart, Professor of Social Economy in Bryn Mawr College, says that parents should be licensed just as plumbers and carpenters must obtain licenses to certify that they are capable of discharging their duties.

Yes, we are slaves to ignorance. The United States ranks *tenth* among the nations in percentage of literacy. There are nearly 5,000,000 self-confessed illiterates in this country, while the number of unconfessed is estimated at 5,000,000 also. Those who can barely read and write, but not with intelligence, number around 10,000,000. The number of American boys between the ages of 21 and 31 who registered by mark in the World War during the first draft was 700,000. One out of every four soldiers in the American army in 1918 could not read a newspaper or write a letter home.

And we are slaves to a habit of reckless and unthinkable wastefulness. Think of a great nation like ours allowing the rats to eat and destroy $180,000,000 worth of material each year! The United States Public Health Service makes this estimate. It says each of us pays half a cent a day for the upkeep of a brown rat, and there is at least one rat for every person in the United States.

Our total property loss from fires is estimated at around $500,000,000 and 15,000 Americans, mostly women and children, are burned to death each year. About 17,000 people are seriously injured by fire each year, and many of them become public charges. And all of this loss is due to negligence or ignorance of one kind or another.

For the waste at Washington we pay very dearly indeed. Eighty-five different purchasing agents buy the $15,000,000 worth of supplies for Uncle Sam's gigantic establishment each year. These agents deal individually with the contractors, who fill the orders separately and then send separate bills for each and every separate order in violation of the commonest and best-known rules of business efficiency.

In your business or in your household how many days or weeks would it take you to dispense with help that was not needed? And yet in Washington, where our national business is transacted, there are said to be from 150,000 to 200,000 superfluous employees who are always on the point of being removed but who never quite get over the edge. At an average of $150 a month 200,000 useless people on the pay-roll *lift a million dollars a day out of the pockets of those of us who pay the taxes.*

And who dares to contemplate the amount of mental, physical, and spiritual energy we waste in trivial, useless, and many times harmful activities!

We are enslaved by prejudice and intolerance. We are hopelessly bound by tradition and custom. We turn away from a contemplation of anything that is new, and we even oppose blindly new methods of doing things that we know must be done.

Whatever theories we may hold as to the purposes of life here and the possibilities of life hereafter, we are probably agreed that the prime object of life for the individual is *living.* Just as nations can not survive half slave and half free, neither can individuals really live so long as their souls and their minds are enslaved. A single blind and false belief is quite sufficient to bind us to one job or one situation for life. There is no job than which there is not a better one. There is no situation that is final. Let each of us, then, make a new declaration of independence. Let us declare ourselves free to take advantage of our opportunities, free to live our individual lives fully and richly, to the end that we may become better citizens of a greater America.

Pictorial Review's
$5,000
Annual Achievement Award

JULY 1, 1925, is the last date for receiving your recommendations for this $5,000 award presented annually to the American woman performing a service of greatest national usefulness.

Send for further particulars, including a special blank on which to record your choice for 1924.

Address Pictorial Review Achievement Award Committee,
Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

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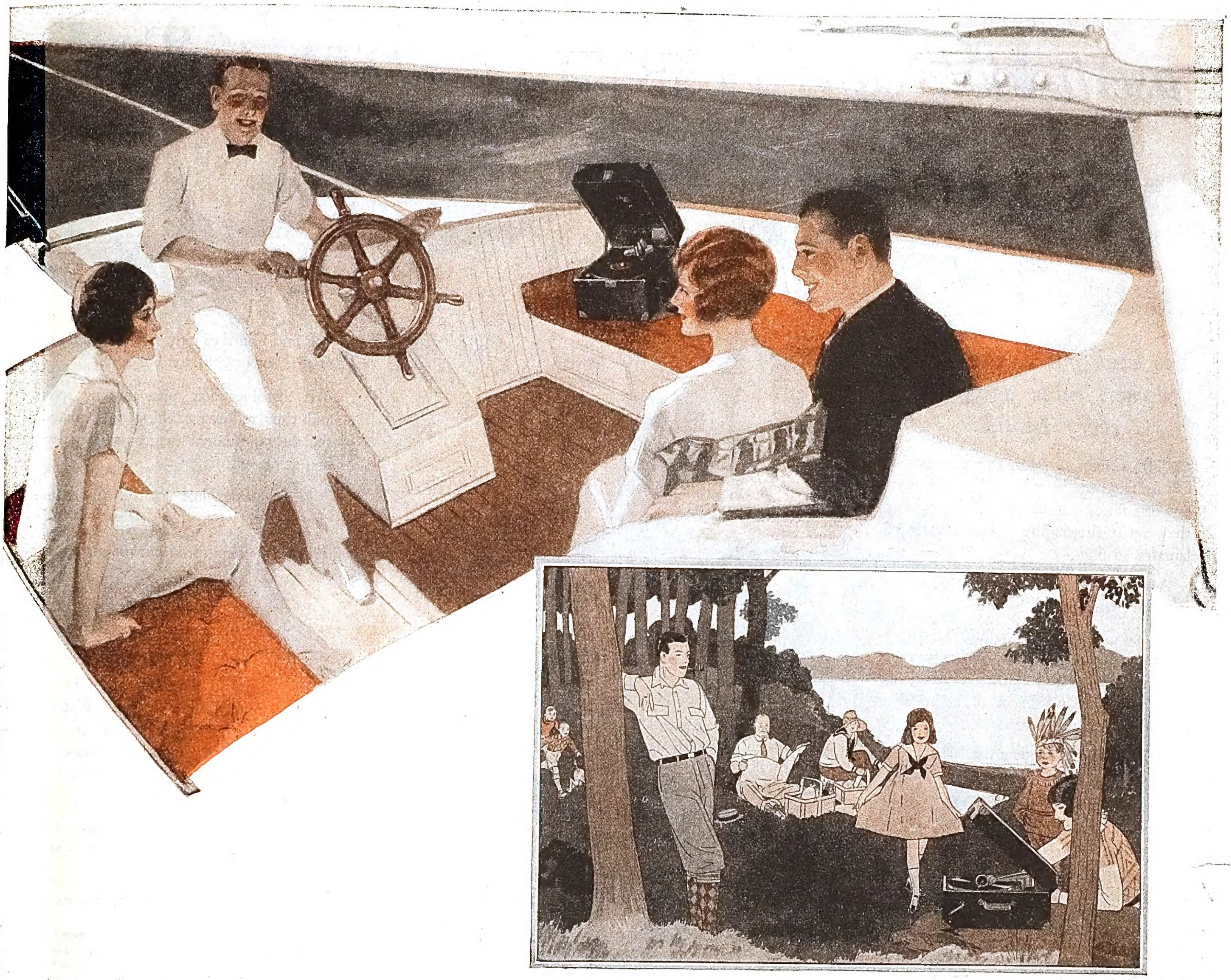

Choose your music yourself anywhere, any time

Choose your own program, play as many encores as you please and get perfect results every time. That's what you can do with a Victrola and Victor Records, but that kind of service isn't to be had in any other way.

Victrola No. 35
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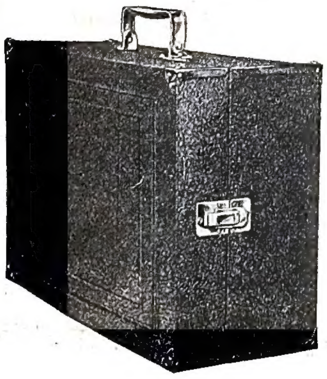

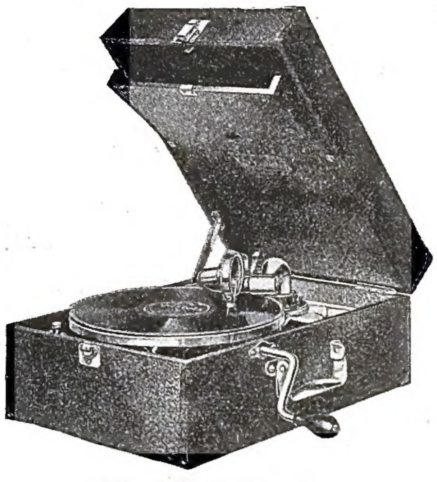

Victrola No. 35 (Portable)
$30
Black fabric
Catalog sent on request

There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company
Look for these Victor trade marks

TRADE MARK
"HIS MASTERS VOICE"

TRADE MARK
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Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.
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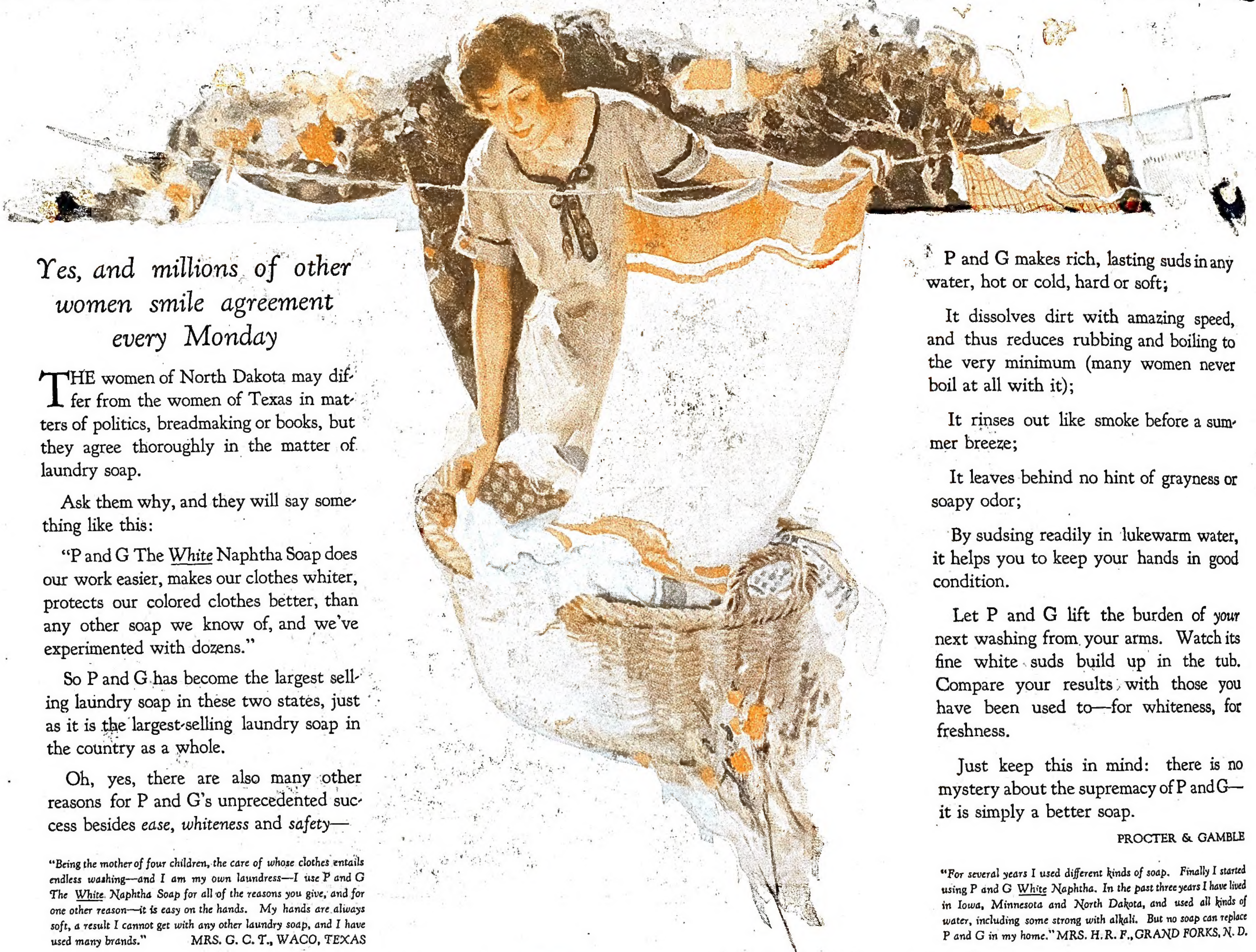
"I use it too!" calls NORTH DAKOTA *to* TEXAS



Yes, and millions of other women smile agreement every Monday

THE women of North Dakota may differ from the women of Texas in matters of politics, breadmaking or books, but they agree thoroughly in the matter of laundry soap.

Ask them why, and they will say something like this:

"P and G The White Naphtha Soap does our work easier, makes our clothes whiter, protects our colored clothes better, than any other soap we know of, and we've experimented with dozens."

So P and G has become the largest selling laundry soap in these two states, just as it is the largest-selling laundry soap in the country as a whole.

Oh, yes, there are also many other reasons for P and G's unprecedented success besides *ease*, *whiteness* and *safety*—

P and G makes rich, lasting suds in any water, hot or cold, hard or soft;

It dissolves dirt with amazing speed, and thus reduces rubbing and boiling to the very minimum (many women never boil at all with it);

It rinses out like smoke before a summer breeze;

It leaves behind no hint of grayness or soapy odor;

By sudsing readily in lukewarm water, it helps you to keep your hands in good condition.

Let P and G lift the burden of *your* next washing from your arms. Watch its fine white suds build up in the tub. Compare your results with those you have been used to—for whiteness, for freshness.

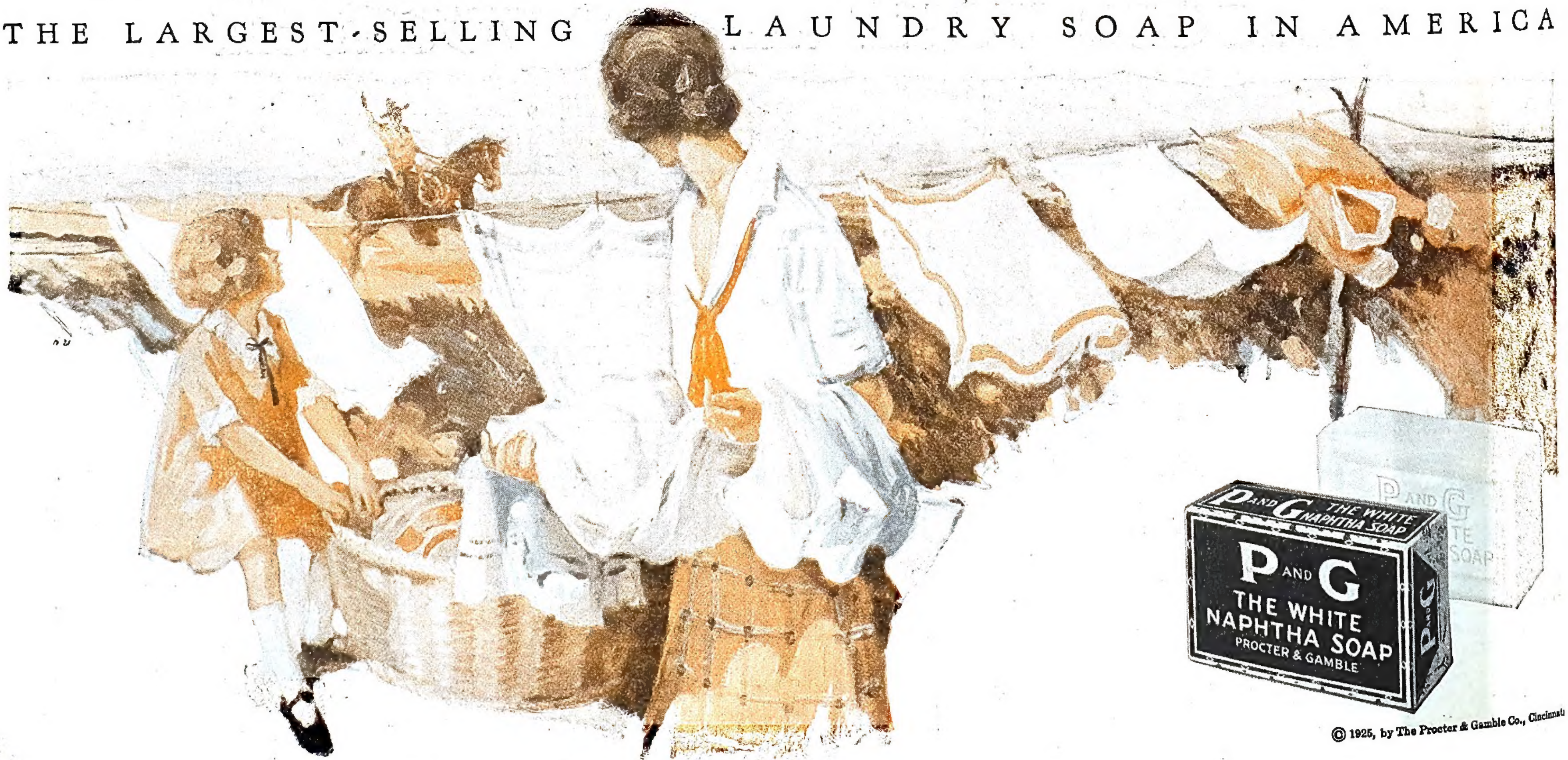
Just keep this in mind: there is no mystery about the supremacy of P and G—it is simply a better soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

"Being the mother of four children, the care of whose clothes entails endless washing—and I am my own laundress—I use P and G The White Naphtha Soap for all of the reasons you give, and for one other reason—it is easy on the hands. My hands are always soft, a result I cannot get with any other laundry soap, and I have used many brands." MRS. G. C. T., WACO, TEXAS

"For several years I used different kinds of soap. Finally I started using P and G White Naphtha. In the past three years I have lived in Iowa, Minnesota and North Dakota, and used all kinds of water, including some strong with alkali. But no soap can replace P and G in my home." MRS. H. R. F., GRAND FORKS, N. D.

THE LARGEST-SELLING LAUNDRY SOAP IN AMERICA



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COUNTY PEOPLE

By DONN BYRNE

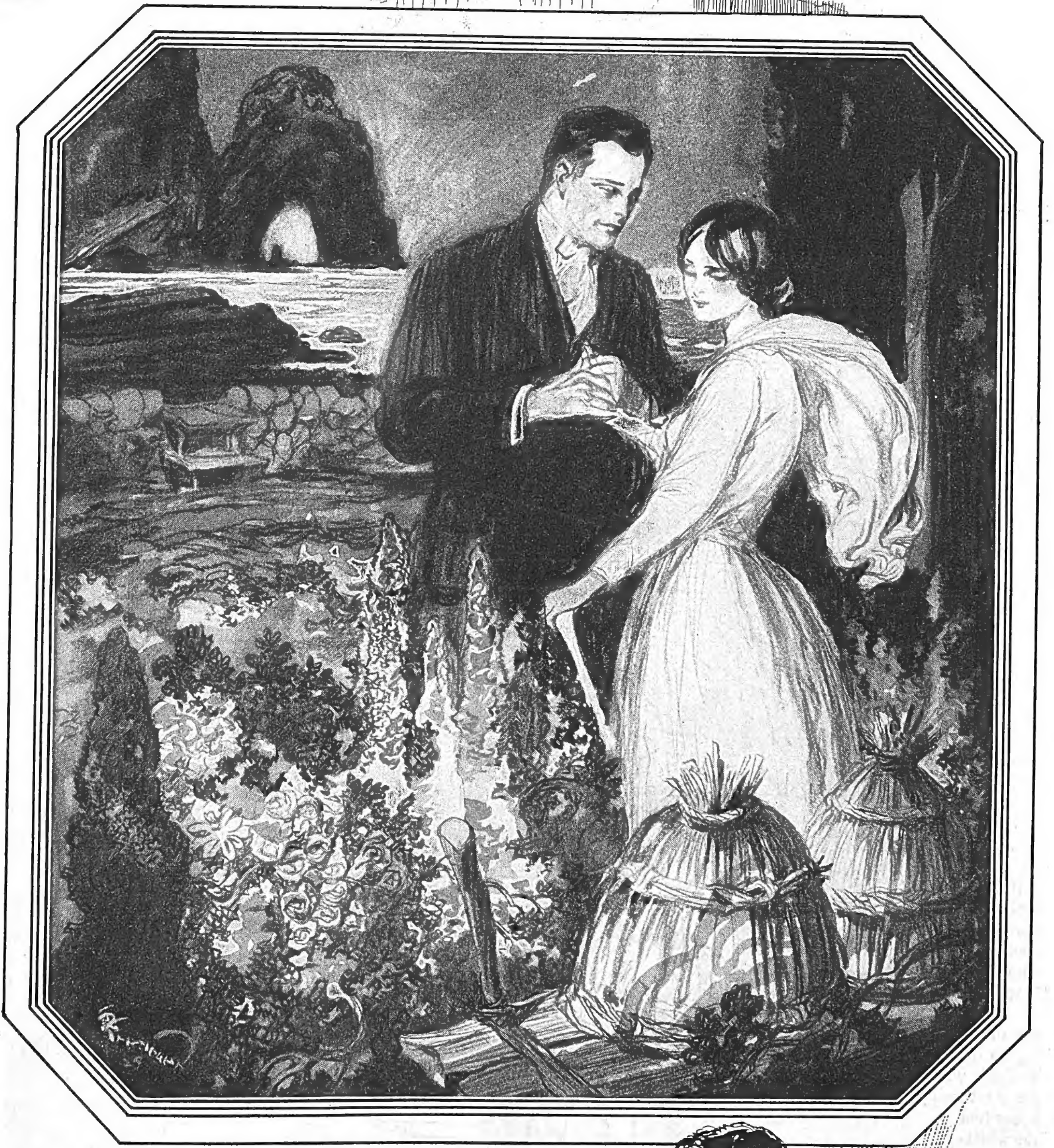
Illustrations by
John Richard Flanagan

I DON'T suppose that one family ever held two more outwardly dissimilar people than my uncle Valentine and my aunt Jenepher. My uncle Valentine is a vast, violent man, six feet four inches in height, his shoulders spreading like a sail, and bearded from belly to eyes. That great fan-shaped, ruddy beard—very like Samson's—covers, ladies of quality have told me, one of the handsomest faces in the United Kingdom; but ladies of quality have a way of overrating the lovers of their youth.

My uncle Valentine's entry into a room illustrates that lawyer's phrase—riot and civil commotion. My uncle Valentine never speaks—he bellows. There are three great sounds that have dignity—thunder, the crash of the sea against rocks, and the conversational tones of my uncle Valentine.

My aunt Jenepher, tho not a small woman, is tiny beside that immense red presence. My uncle Valentine is forty-seven years old, being third of that immense family my grandfather had, and of which there are left only he and my aunt Jenepher. My aunt Jenepher is the youngest, and it would seem that out of a gallant and handsome line (which has not descended to this generation, more pity!) she was the masterpiece. You would never have taken her for a woman in her middle thirties, so girlish was her figure, so lissom it was, so like a young, eager tree.

There is no silkier, blacker hair in all Ireland than is on my aunt Jenepher's head. Her brow and nose are noble, but not that cold, Phidian nobility of statues. Her mouth is among the prettiest mouths in the world and always smiling, either the open smile of merriment or the soft smile of reflection. Her head is balanced like a flower on its stalk—like a soft, dignified, and not angry flower on its graceful stalk. The lashes of my aunt Jenepher's eyes are like the petals of a flower.



"I LIKED TO SEE THEM TOGETHER WANDERING THROUGH THE GARDEN, HE SO BIG SO RUGGED, SO HANDSOME IN HIS WAY; SHE SO LOVELY, SUCH BEAUTY SHINING FROM DARLING SOUL THORUGH SWEET, PERFECT BODY"

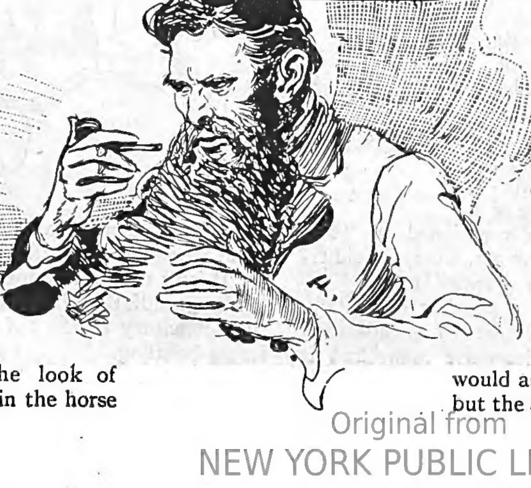
It is impossible for unhappiness, black unhappiness, to exist where my aunt Jenepher is. When my aunt Jenepher enters a room you feel that windows are thrown open in the Springtime. When my aunt Jenepher speaks in her sweet contralto, you feel you have never known the full values of human speech before, so soft, so vibrant, that deep voice is.

My uncle Valentine has an eye like a hawk, to use the country expression. There is nothing he can not see, from the look of guilt in your eye to the defect in the horse you are trying to sell him, no matter how cleverly concealed. There will be one shrewd look, and you will be treated to an apocryphal genealogy of your family, in no generation of which is the issue legitimate, but always interesting. There is a belief in Ireland that my uncle Valentine can see around a corner, to use another country phrase. My aunt Jenepher can not see at all. She is blind.

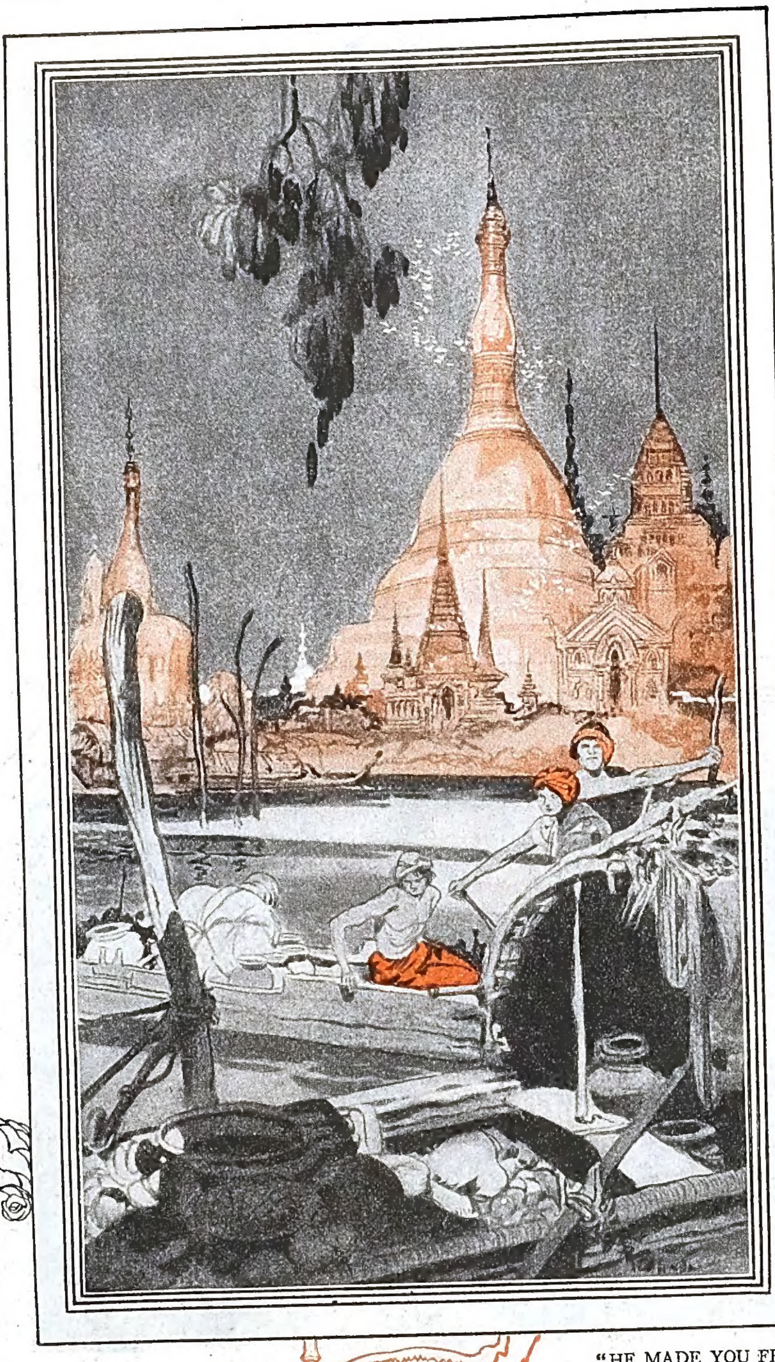
To see her walk about that old house of ours, so strangely called "Destiny Bay," the gardens and lawns, you would not know she has not two eyes as good as any other person's. When one has walked in the dark since ever so little, one develops a sense of direction and of obstacles. This is a very good explanation. There is also another, quoting St. Luke: "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone."

You can take your choice. Myself I prefer the latter one. About Destiny Bay she went without any help if you except that gold-headed ebony stick she carried that had once been great Castlereagh's. Every flower in the garden she knew: the violets and daffodils of Spring, the roses of Summer, the great hedges of lupines, with their heavy honey odor; and where the hives of the bees were she was at home. That ancient mysterious commonwealth had a kinship with her.

"There is no honey in Ireland like our honey," the old gardener used to say, "and do you know why, young fellow, Your Honor? Because the bees like working for your aunt, Miss Jenepher."



The feathered quality of the ferns and the glossiness of the flowers he ascribed to her presence. "For what do flowers grow on?" he would ask. "'Tis not th' excellence of sile, but the kindliness of the people. For pity's



"HE MADE YOU FEEL THE EXPLOSIVE SUNSHINE OF THE PLACES, THE BROWN SINGHALESE AND MEN OF JAVA AND BORNEO"

sake," he would call out to my aunt, "Will Your Ladyship leave them dahlias be? You have the heart crossways in me."

"Have you any flowers for luncheon, Duncan?"

"I can spare none," he would say grimly. But he would turn up five minutes later with bunches. "—and let Your Ladyship not be bothering me again."

She always says she never misses her sight, does my aunt Jenepher. She pities us because this sight of ours interrupts our other senses and we can not get the true value of the lark's song, or of the thrush's or the linnet's or the blackbird's rhapsody, or the song the wind makes among the heather, or the scent of the heather itself—the soft, intoxicating Celtic scent.

That may be. But, my Heavens! not to have eyes for the sweet heads of the two-year-olds in the paddock, for the glossy pack racing up the five-furlong course to the post! Not to see the huge Atlantic break in rosettes, in fountains, in clouds of foam on the cliffs of Destiny Bay! The unnamable beauty of the evening star by the small crescent moon! The mountains with their purple, regal coats! The daffodils that sway like young girls dancing! How can one believe in God if one has not eyes?

"There is only one thing I can not imagine, Kerry. Flowers and mountains, horses, men, and girls I can imagine. But one thing is a mystery to me."

"And what is that, Aunt Jenepher?" I asked.

"Clear water."

"Water!" said my uncle Valentine in a voice of horror, for my uncle Valentine is none of your blue-ribbon men. "Water be ——!"

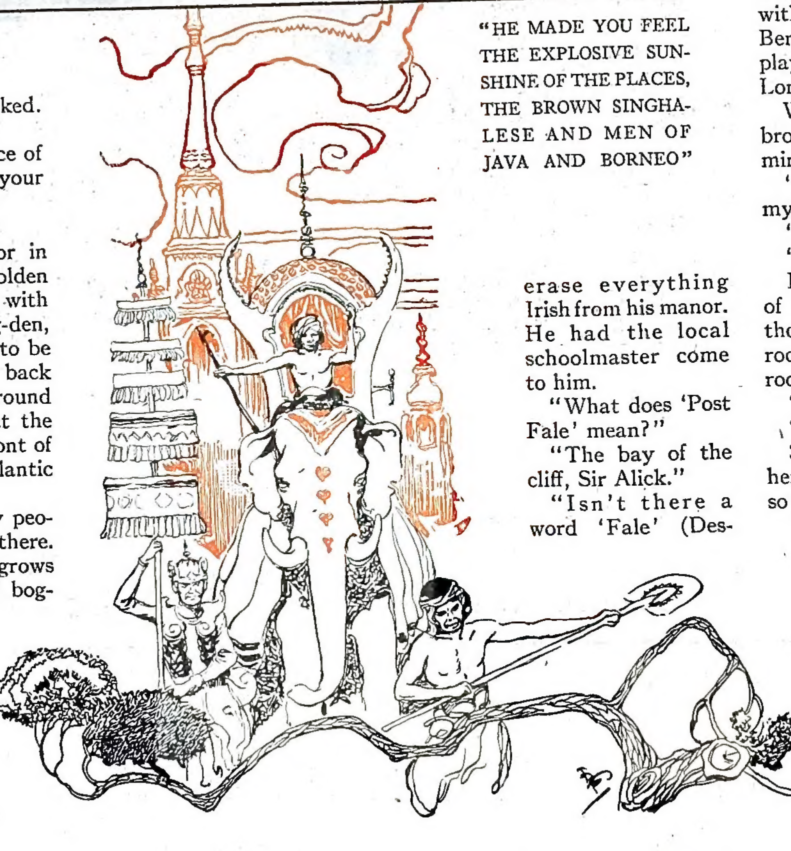
AFTER a while in electric New York, or in soft, unchanging London, or on the golden strands of the Caribbean, or in Venice singing with beauty, or in that Monegasque gambling-den, where sooner or later all good Irishmen are to be found, it is good for body and soul to wander back to Destiny Bay. It is an Ulster cranny. Around the thirty square miles or so of the district the mountains spread like a horseshoe, and in front of it are the cliffs and strand facing the Atlantic like an armed man.

No railroad comes within ten miles of my people's house, for there is nothing to develop there. Here and there are great fertile fields where grows barley or flax. Here are great stretches of bogland where the red-billed moor-hen and the snipe and the invisible whistling otter are sole denizens.

Those of the peasantry who speak Erse speak the beautiful tongue of Bishop Bedell's Bible. Those who speak English speak the tongue of Cromwell, the simple, powerful phrasing of the solemn oath and covenant. They are all planter folk, barring ourselves. The only other family there of high standing—I speak of those mentioned in "The Nobility and Gentry"—are the Pascoes, Cornish soldiering people who came over and were granted lands.

The name "Destiny Bay" has a peculiar derivation. The Erse name was "Post Fale," but my grandfather, Sir Alick MacFarlane, a most dogmatic man, had it changed.

Some whirlwind of Irish politics decided him to erase everything Irish from his manor. He had the local schoolmaster come to him.



"What does 'Post Fale' mean?"

"The bay of the cliff, Sir Alick."

"Isn't there a word 'Fale' (Destiny)?" asked my grandfather. "How about 'Lia Fale' (The Stone of Destiny)?"

"It isn't the same word, Sir Alick."

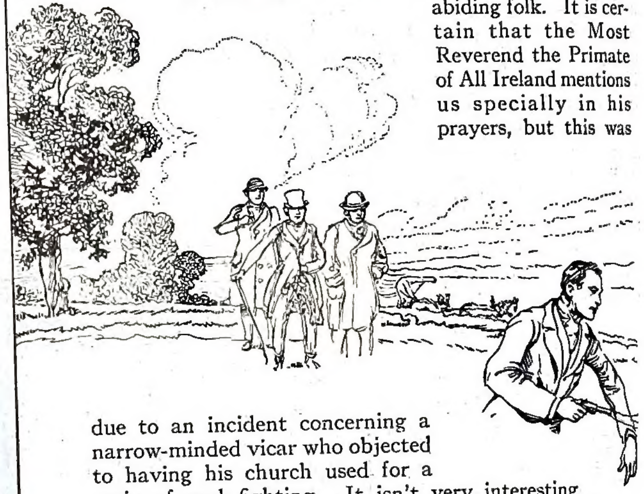
My grandfather bristled. I am told that one of the supplementary wonders of the world was to see my grandfather bristling.

"Are you contradicting me?" he asked the poor little man.

And so our house and the district about it came to be known as "Destiny Bay."

There is one peculiarity about the place, and that is this: that here the Gipsies enter Ireland. Working somewhere up from the south of England, they come to Glasgow, and from Glasgow they cross to Londonderry on what is known as the America boat. They cross the mountains from Derry into Post Fale to rest, to meet, to gather heather for the brooms they sell, and to cut osiers in the bogs for baskets. The only place the Gipsies ever intermarry with householders in the United Kingdom is at Destiny Bay. So that between the Scottish and Irish and Cornish and Gipsy blood we are a violent, restless folk.

The people of Donegal call us the "paganachs," or "pagans," and the dwellers in Derry speak of us as the "mountainy people." But of course that is nothing to what we call these good, law-abiding folk. It is certain that the Most Reverend the Primate of All Ireland mentions us specially in his prayers, but this was due to an incident concerning a narrow-minded vicar who objected to having his church used for a main of cock-fighting. It isn't very interesting and you can read about it elsewhere. His sister published a pamphlet entitled "The Martyrdom of the Reverend Timothy White."



Always Destiny Bay was a good place to return to. The hawthorne trees heavy with moss; the shrubs near the cliffs, flying like sphinxes landward, because of the weight of the Atlantic storms; the crying of the curlew and the pewit; the vast sailing moon—all these were things not to be duplicated elsewhere.

Always there would be my aunt Jenepher with her gracious, beautiful presence and her understanding, and my uncle Valentine, who is the easiest man in the world to borrow money from. Always there was something of interest in Destiny—a London Prize Ring fight between a Gipsy and a local man; a horse-race for ten pounds a side; or there would be great news, as of Molly MacGuigan, the barber's daughter, having gone to America with the Hibernian Players and been hailed as a second Bernhardt; or how Johnny Malone had won the accordion-playing championship of the world at Crystal Palace, London.

Whether it was the lack of money or loneliness had brought me home this time I can not remember, but I mind how my uncle Valentine greeted me.

"I'm glad you're home, Kerry. I'm back from Dublin myself. I'm gey glad you're home."

"What's wrong, sir?"

"Your aunt Jenepher's dying."

I was terrified, for there was something in the dejection of that great, violent man that was like a battle-ship of the line striking her colors. I sped to my aunt Jenepher's room. I found her sitting by the turf fire in the tower-room.

"Is that you, Kerry, long lad?"

"What's amiss, Aunt Jenepher?"

She was thinner, paler than usual, but nothing about her, it seemed to me, betokened dying. I told my uncle so after dinner.

"It's just a foolish idea of yours, Uncle Valentine."

"I tell you the woman's dying."

"She's not dying."

"The woman's dying."

"But she's not, Uncle Valentine!"

"She's dying," insisted my uncle Valentine, "but she'll die happy," said he.

He told me that she, who had loved the gardens so much, loved the bees, loved the wind from the heather mountains, would go out no longer, but remained about the great rambling house.

"You know how she loved to walk down the yew lane, even in Winter weather."

I said I did. I could never think of the dignity and beauty of our long alley of golden yews without seeing the beauty and dignity of my aunt Jenepher, and her walking between them in the last warmth of the setting sun.

"What's come on her, Uncle Valentine?"

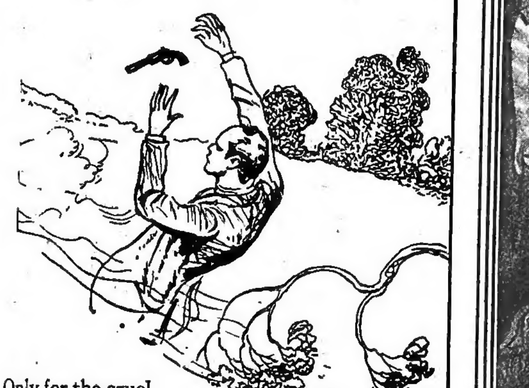
"'Tis how somebody has bought the Pascoe house and is doing it up to live there. Who it is I don't know, but an American of some kind, I think, and it's broken your aunt Jenepher's heart."

There was a romance in my aunt Jenepher's life that had to do with the Pascoes. The last of them, Digory, and she had been engaged. Digory had been terribly wild and had spent the last of the family money, racing unluckily, and it was at my aunt Jenepher's suggestion he had gone East to make a new fortune. I think the six months before he went and while he was engaged to my aunt Jenepher were the worthiest and happiest of his life.

He was a tall, handsome fellow, with dark, passionate eyes. He set sail for the Malay States to work on a rubber plantation, but at Marseilles he disembarked, lying over between boats, and went to Monte Carlo on the chance of recouping fortune there instead of in the East.

"While he was there," said my uncle Valentine, "he had the devil's own hard luck, and, as often happens, he took a dislike to a man playing at the same table who was always winning. You go a little crazy in a gambling-place, Kerry, my boy; and the thought came to Digory that this man was the cause of his bad luck.

"This man was a fat, tubby little fellow, who had made a fortune in groceries and was now lording it on the Riviera. There was nothing this man wanted to be taken for more than a great gentleman. Digory, as you've seen from his picture, looked like a king. He had the manners of a grand duke, too, had Digory.



Only for the cruel strain in the lad he'd have been a great fellow.

"Digory gets it into his head that if this man could be induced to leave the tables his luck would turn. So he bumps into the grocerman. 'You've struck me!' says Digory. 'I'm sorry,' says the grocer. 'Sorry be ——!' says Digory. 'My friends will wait on ye.'

"So he sends Sir Alastair Baird and Roaring Johnny McLaughlin around to the poor grocery fellow. There weren't two finer men in Ireland than Baird and Johnny. Nobility was oozing from them. They told him Major Digory Pascoe wanted satisfaction for the insult. And the grocer fellow, mind you, afraid not to be thought a gentleman, consented. Baird told me the sweat was pouring from him.

"Digory said, 'So much the better. If I kill this fellow my luck'll change.' Digory was superstitious. I've never seen a better shot with a dueling-pistol than Digory. 'Twas he killed Captain Kelly on the sands of Boulogne. Begad, Kerry, Digory was nearly a teetotaler for fear it would spoil his aim.

"So they met the next morning back of Monte. The grocer's knees were knocking, and he had to tie a handkerchief around the butt of the pistol on account of the wetness of his hand. Roaring Johnny said it was the funniest thing he had ever seen in his life. My bold Digory was cool as be ——, for it wasn't his first nor his fifth time out, so——"

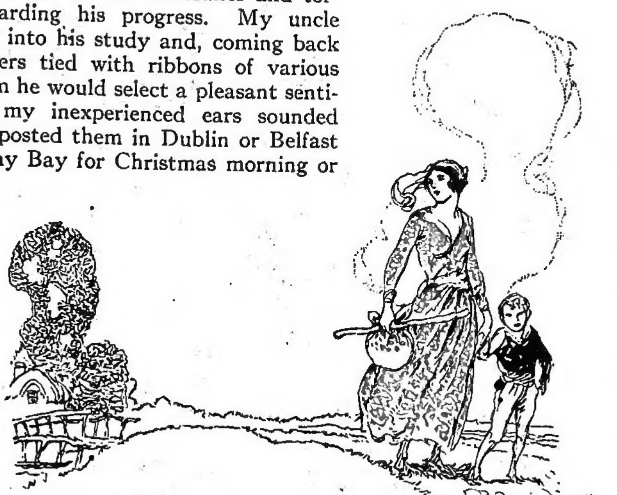
"I don't want to hear about it, Uncle Valentine. I think it's scandalous for a gentleman to kill an inoffensive beggar for a whim."

My uncle Valentine gave that vast laugh of his, that is like thunder.

"Begad, no!" he said. "The grocer killed Digory."

MY UNCLE Valentine was a bad liar, because he was not practised in the art. This is not to be ascribed to virtue, but to arrogance. Where the meaner sort of person had to double like a hare, he stood like the Irish wolf-dog. In the matter of the death of Digory he could not tell the truth, so in putting off an explanation of Digory's end through floods by land or sea, the act of God, or the King's enemies, he fell into a worse lie. He kept Digory alive for the present. At Christmas and at Easter we wrote letters from Digory, addressed from the Malay States or Borneo or Cochin-China, telling how his health was, the prospects, and of hard luck from simooms and hurricanes and tornadoes which was retarding his progress. My uncle Valentine would vanish into his study and, coming back with an armful of letters tied with ribbons of various shades, from one of them he would select a pleasant sentiment, which even to my inexperienced ears sounded hardly masculine. We posted them in Dublin or Belfast in time to get to Destiny Bay for Christmas morning or the Saturday before Easter.

"My dear Jenepher," my uncle Valentine would read aloud. "This is trusting you are in the excellent health which I enjoy, and for which God be thanked."



And then would follow a dissertation on the simoom or on rubber which we had bodily taken from the excellent encyclopedia of Mr. Chambers. "To-night, when the stars are in full glory in God's heaven, and when I should be reveling in the jewelry of the universe, my thoughts are with you and my Ulster home. O head of dark locks!" We had changed "auburn" to "dark." And concluded: "Yours very sincerely, Digory Pascoe." —— good! we thought it.

"Thank you, Valentine, and thank you, dear Kerry, for reading it," my aunt Jenepher would say.

"We'll be losing you some of these days, Jen. But we won't let you go for a long time yet. Hey, Kerry?"

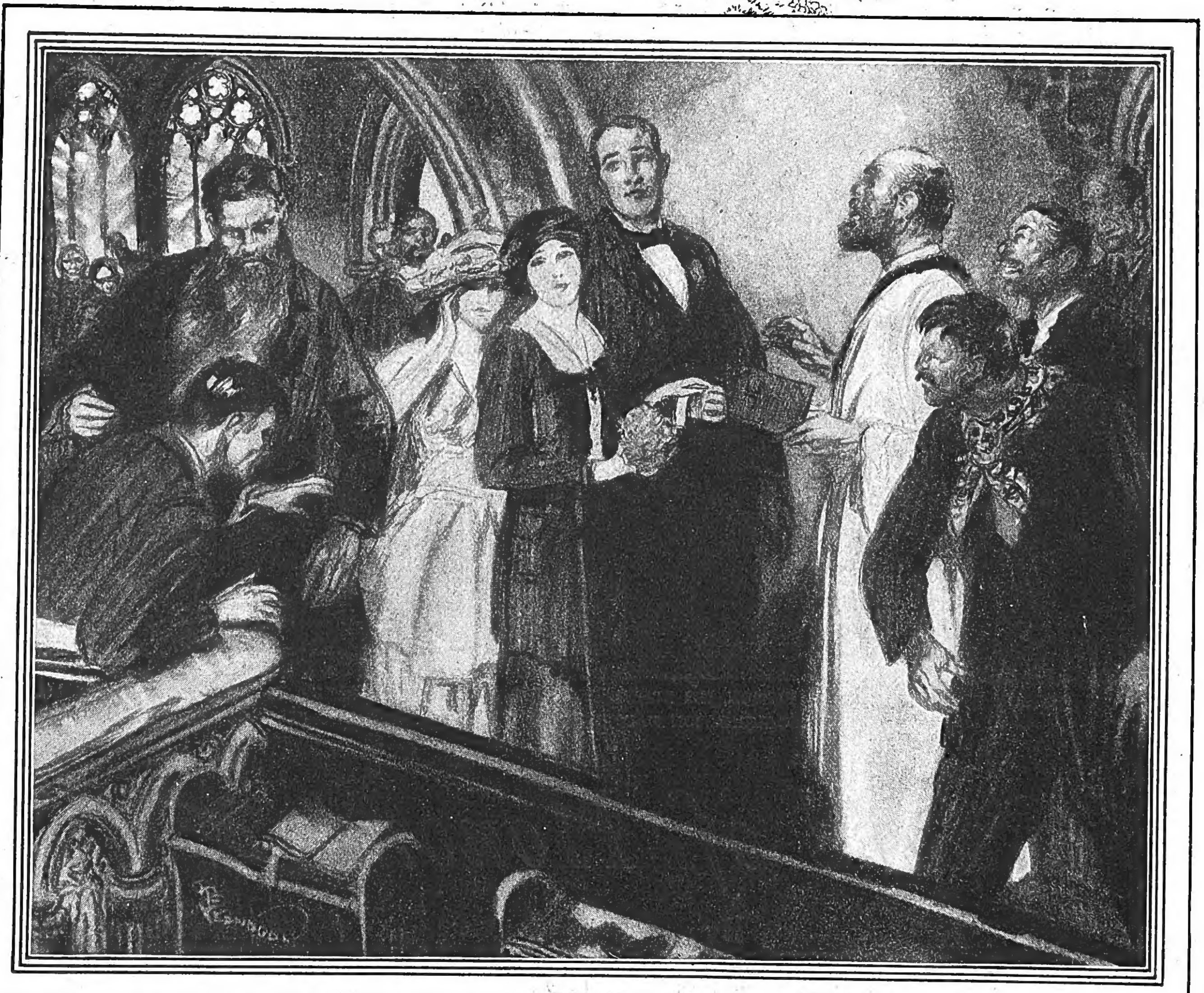
"Dear Valentine! Dear Kerry!"

But afterward my uncle Valentine would wipe his forehead and say:

"Begad, boy, we'll have to send Digory home some of these days and drown him on the voyage. That'll make a good, elegant end."

But for twelve years Digory managed to evade his "good, elegant end," until it seemed according to my uncle Valentine that my aunt Jenepher was near hers.

"Go down," said my uncle Valentine, "to the widow McGinty's hotel, and bring up what I left there. 'Tis something I got in Dublin."



"'STAND ASIDE, YOU PUP!' I HEARD, AND: 'I GIVE THIS WOMAN TO BE MARRIED TO THIS MAN,' ROARED MY UNCLE VALENTINE"

"Have you brought something else home?"

"Mind your own business and do what I tell you!"

There was always a sporting element about what my uncle Valentine brought home. Once it was a large brown bear he had purchased from a Gipsy. "'Twill keep away burglars," said my uncle Valentine, as tho any poor, God-forsaken burglar would trust himself to the hellhounds of Destiny Bay. He chained it in a corner of the stables, and fed it with honey and turnips, with an occasional bottle of whisky. One morning the bear escaped and cleaned up Sweeny's saloon bar of patrons and attendants, and, getting most riotously drunk, it made straight for the police barracks, where it clawed the tunic and trousers off a constable and was proceeding to embrace the sergeant when a bullet put an end to its career. It became over-Hibernicized, poor bruin!

And once my uncle Valentine, playing piquet with the Duc de Gorey, that peer of the old Holy Roman Empire,

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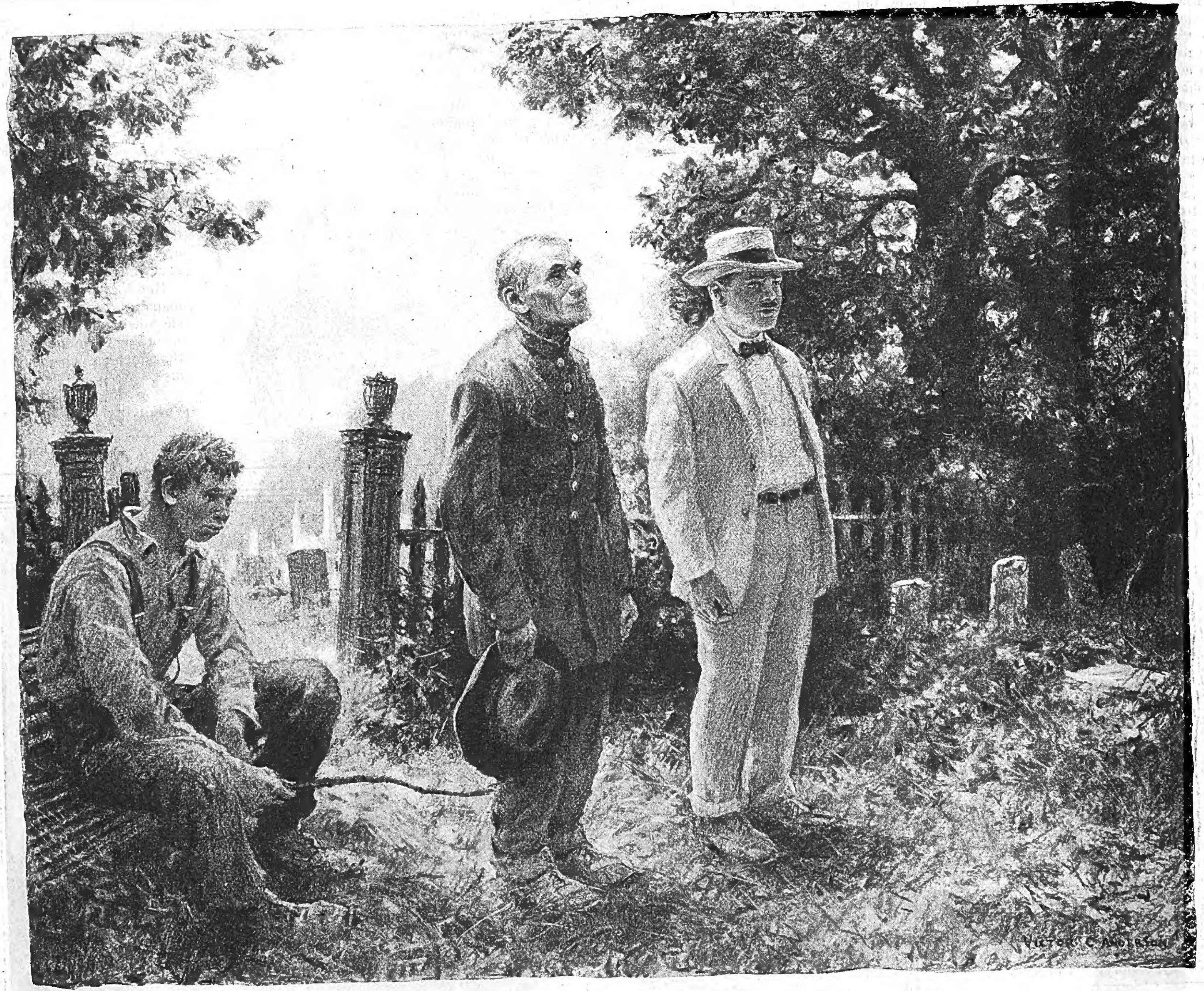

"GOLDIE STOOD IN RAPT ATTENTION, HIS BROWN FACE SHINING, HIS HEAD BARED, AND HIS EYES LIFTED, LISTENING TO THE FAMOUS ORATORS HIS IMAGINATION HAD BROUGHT THERE FOR THIS DAY FROM OUT OF THE ENDEARING PAST"

Guard of Honor

By

BARRY BENEFIELD

An Idyll of the South in Which Appear Goldie, Who Remembered General Lee; Willie Ott, Who Remembered His Buddy; and Honey Boy, Who Remembered Nothing

Illustrations by Victor C. Anderson

ONCE in Asphodel they had called him Willie when he was a little boy, and then they called him Bill. There came a time when, upon his occasional trips back to his Arkansas home, his old friends ventured a little nervously to call him Will, and the Asphodel *Argus* printed him as "Mr. William P. Ott, sales-manager and treasurer of the Apollo Clothing Co., of Chicago."

Somewhere somehow in the flat fields of northern France he lost his richest worldly treasure—that part of his marvelous memory that covered the period between his sixteenth and thirty-second years, that segment of his memory which had known not only all his war experiences up to that moment, but also every garment manufactured by his company down to the last button, every trade route sold by the Apollo travelers, every customer's rating and idiosyncrasies, every weak and strong point of the goods and the salesmen of his company's chief competitors.

And so, having come home by way of three or four Government hospitals, he was, after a brief period of lionizing that puzzled the pink-faced, snub-nosed, chubby little man, once again to his friends of Asphodel, and as always to his widowed mother, just Willie.

On that hot June morning Willie left his mother's house and went down the red hill leading from the higher residential section to the six business streets, completing his habitual morning round by ten o'clock: to the post-office, where he received and read and shook his head over an eagerly solicitous letter from the president of the Apollo Clothing Co.; to Hampton's Furniture Store and Mortuary Parlor, where he sat a while in a cane-bottomed chair on the sidewalk, apparently listening to other men of leisure talk, tho their words merely buzzed in his ears; to Embree's Confectionery Store, where he bought a tinfoil package of cigarets; and finally to his real goal for the morning, Zebedee Smith's Barber Shop, where he silently submitted to shaving and shoe-shining, and then sat in front of the big plate-glass window, staring, round-eyed, out across the street, through an old brick building that had lost everything in a fire except its side walls, out across the depression in the earth, at the bottom of which Little Sandy River slipped southward on its unquestioning way toward the great gulf that would presently swallow it up.

As he stared and consciously saw nothing in detail, while his mind continued its eternal reaching down for something precious that it could almost but not quite touch, two figures in the street moved across his vision, and he sat up suddenly and studied them. As well as he knew any one he knew Goldie, once the owner of Asphodel's only candy-store and soda-water fountain, and Honey Boy, Asphodel's best-known individual, the small town's huge, red-headed, freckle-faced, obscenely dirty, half-witted son.

Goldie's infinitesimal figure, frail and stooping, was covered with an old and spotted and worn Confederate uniform, the gray coat hanging in a confusion of folds and wrinkles from his narrow shoulders, the trousers turned up at least two inches at the bottom. His black slouch-hat made his very thin, old face seem even thinner than it was.

Honey Boy had once owned a donkey, and it was one of the few memories that lived in his cloudy mind. He always carried a stout switch with which he belabored his imaginary mount, while he frequently jumped up and down as if he were being bounced by the donkey that was no more. Now as he pranced along behind Goldie, Honey Boy, between attacks upon his invisible donkey, mimicked as nearly as he could every movement of the little old man who marched along in front of him. Laughter was thrilling to Honey Boy; he was accustomed to that reward for his antics, and he kept opening his wide mouth, filled with yellow stumps of teeth, in a leering grin as he looked from right to left at chance passers-by for applause.

Goldie stopped in front of the red, square, brick county court-house, diagonally across the street from Smith's Barber Shop. He removed his hat and stood at attention, listening. Southern Arkansas architecture sometimes shows the influence of New Orleans, especially in narrow balconies jutting out under second-story windows. Goldie remained looking up at the empty balcony of the court-house, from which speeches were often delivered. Now and then he clapped his hands, nodding his head approvingly over eloquence that came back across the years only to him.

Everybody called Levi Goldbaum Goldie, almost entirely in affection. For a long time he had kept his candy-store open, with occasional closures due to bankruptcies without a taint of fraud. Even in the full flush of his middle-aged manhood he had been a frail, haggard, stooped, feeble-looking, little man, the husband of an abnormally healthy and handsome wife, the father of a brood of unusually vigorous boys and girls, who grew up, married, and moved away from Asphodel, leaving him and his wife alone in their old age.

When Goldie had attended Confederate reunions—and he attended every one he could—or had marched with the diminishing group of old soldiers on great occasions in Asphodel, many people, especially boys and girls, wondered if he really could have been a soldier. But there was no doubt in in the minds of the comrades who had been with him at Shiloh.

Goldie's store having closed its doors five years before as the result of two new competitors and inevitably final bankruptcy proceedings, he had sadly retired. He was now over seventy, was considered a trifle queer, and spent most of his time pottering around at home. He owned his house, and his grown children sent him what little money he needed to pay the last penalties of existence.

After standing listening in front of the court-house for some thirty minutes Goldie, drawing himself as straight as he could, proceeded down Walnut Street, turned into Broadway, and marched up that main street, Honey Boy cavorting behind him. And there was that in Goldie's bearing and in his stride that drew Willie after him, and presently the little soldier with the wounded memory got out in the street and walked along by the side of the little soldier with the wounded mind, keeping step, the dry dust dimming his newly shined shoes and rising in small, lazy clouds around his white-duck trousers.

Goldie's mind had gone back to other days when Asphodel's citizens had made much of June 3, Jefferson Davis's birthday and Confederate Memorial Day, and now he was celebrating it in his town alone, for Asphodel, like many another Southern town, had neglected the day for many years.

To most of those who saw the unmartial figure of Goldie and Willie and Honey Boy marching slowly along the dusty street it did not occur that this was the South's Memorial Day. Goldie's wearing of his old uniform was not uncommon enough to be striking; many a time-beaten soldier, reduced in circumstances, at last falls back on his most-treasured suit for every-day wear.

But if those who saw Goldie had looked carefully they might have noticed that, however slowly he moved, he proceeded in a straight line, with regularly spaced steps, and they might have suspected that Goldie was at the corner of a company invisible to all except his fading, sunken, black eyes, marching to music unheard except by him. Most people, indeed, gave their attention to Honey Boy, trailing directly behind and mocking the little gray man who labored with difficulty through the deep white sand.

It was eleven o'clock when Goldie and Willie and Honey Boy passed Pinder's Marble Yard and its group of waiting white angels with downcast eyes. Pinder's is just beyond the business section of Asphodel, and after that the ground rises to the north and east. The street leading to Highland Cemetery begins there a long, tedious hill. The sun was unclouded, the wind was still, and Goldie, his coat carefully buttoned to the throat, was panting hard and reeling as he made Pinder's Marble Yard.

Wilted by the terrific heat and his violent exertions, and no longer encouraged by laughing spectators, Honey Boy now merely followed on behind the staggering figure marching toward Highland Cemetery, a mile away. And Willie stalked along by his side, seeing nothing, as if he were in a dream deeper even than Goldie's. Now the Memorial Day Parade was coming to the edge of Asphodel, to the section of straggling houses. Belle Foscue, a negro washerwoman, ran to her paling fence and asked the three chance comrades to come in and rest a while under the shade of her oak-tree.

Goldie halted, bringing his feet together bravely. He was moving his lips, but no words that could be heard a foot away issued from them. Belle came out of the gate to the soldier who could not leave his company. She bent her head close to his lips, listened, and then ran to bring him water.

"Thank you," he said in a whisper. "You're a good girl." He waited patiently until she could bring Honey Boy another dipper filled from the well. But when she offered the freshly filled dipper to Willie he seemed not to see, so she turned it upside down, rolled her eyes at him, and went back into her yard.

After a while Goldie braced himself and marched on up the red hill. At this point the red clay beneath the cemetery road shows through the white sand, and rains keep washed out deep and ever-deepening gullies on both sides of it. About half-way up the hill Goldie, stubbornly holding his position at the corner of the invisible company in spite of the fact that the road had narrowed considerably, found himself on the edge of a gully; and presently he lost his balance, and staggered over into it, and rolled down to the bottom of it. Honey Boy crowed and chortled and gurgled, and began frantically beating his unseen donkey with the switch. Willie stood still, staring ahead, waiting.

The fallen soldier, having made two or three desperate attempts to rise, sank back into a crumpled sitting posture, his head bent in shame. After a while Honey Boy got down on his hands and knees in the bed of the gully. "Ride Honey Boy," he stuttered. "Ride up-hill. Honey Boy strong."

And Goldie, trying to sit astride the big boy's broad back, fell forward and clasped his arms around his steed's red, sweaty neck. Honey Boy crawled out of the gully and slowly climbed the hill with his burden, occasionally bucking like a horse and throwing the little man off on the road. But then he would stand patiently until the fallen soldier could crawl up on his back again.

At the top of the hill Goldie got to his feet once more, and as the road-bed was now level as well as firm he walked a while and then rode a while on Honey Boy, and so, riding and walking, he finally marched, with Willie at his side, through the arched gateway of Highland Cemetery as the whistles were blowing for twelve o'clock. Old man Miller, the sexton in charge there, and his two helpers were in a far corner of the graveyard, so that none saw Asphodel's Memorial Day parade enter to honor the men Lee had loved and led.

The parade proceeded across the graveyard to a clump of oak-trees clustering about and almost hiding the grass-grown plot that is called in Asphodel "The Confederate Cemetery." The town had been headquarters for a rather large body of Confederate troops

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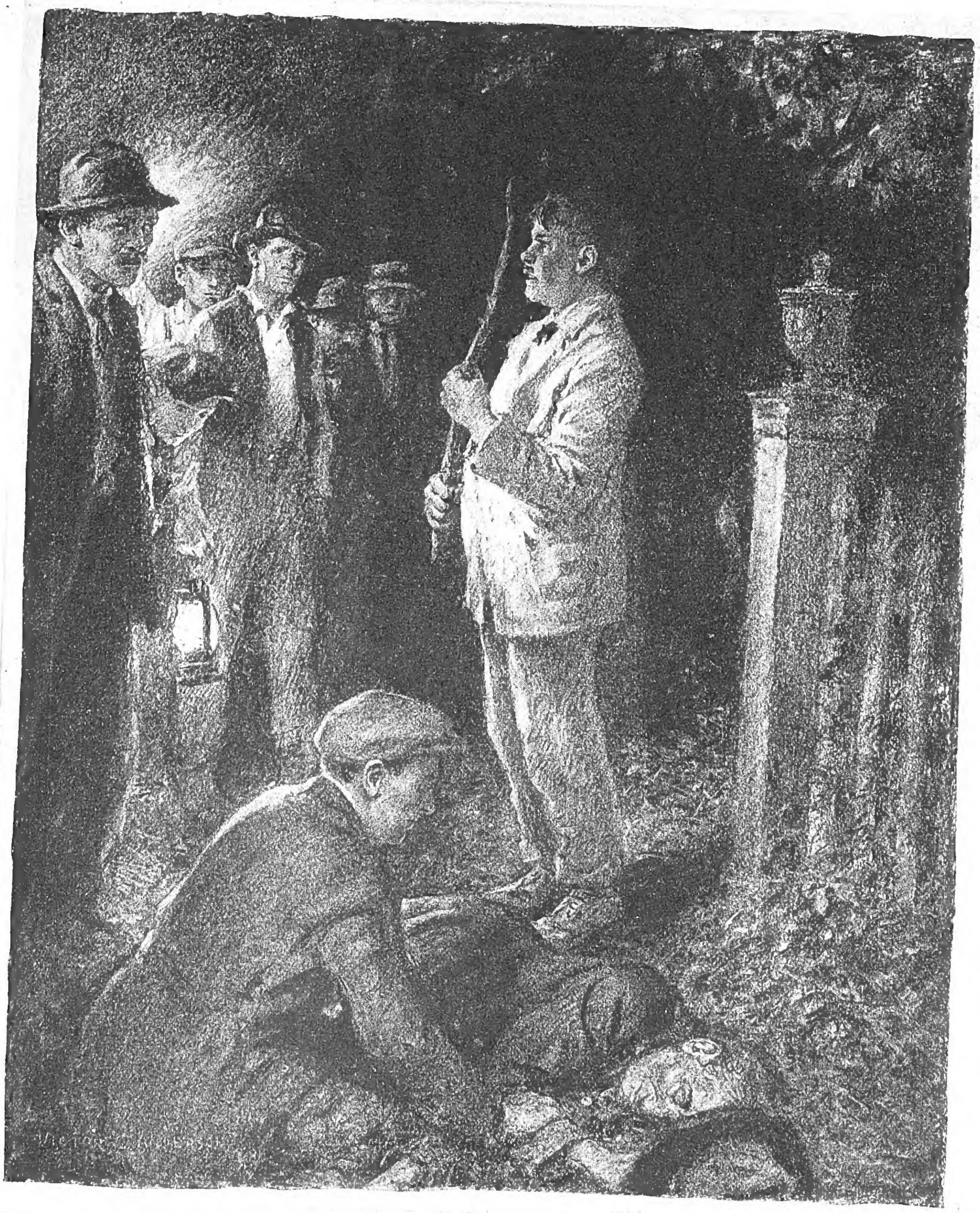

"IN HIS TRACKS STOOD ANOTHER LITTLE SOLDIER, THIS ONE CLOTHED IN WHITE AND SHINING WITH STRENGTH AND FIRE AND AUTHORITY. 'LIFT HIM UP GENTLY. HE DROPPED JUST LIKE MY BUDDY OVER THERE. HE HAS REMINDED ME IN A THOUSAND WAYS ALL DAY OF MY BUDDY. BUT HE'S ONLY COLD AND HUNGRY; MY BUDDY WAS WARM AND DEAD. WHEN HE COMES TO TELL HIM NOT TO WORRY: ANOTHER SOLDIER WHO REMEMBERS IS COVERING HIS POST. AND GENERAL LEE WILL NEVER KNOW.'"

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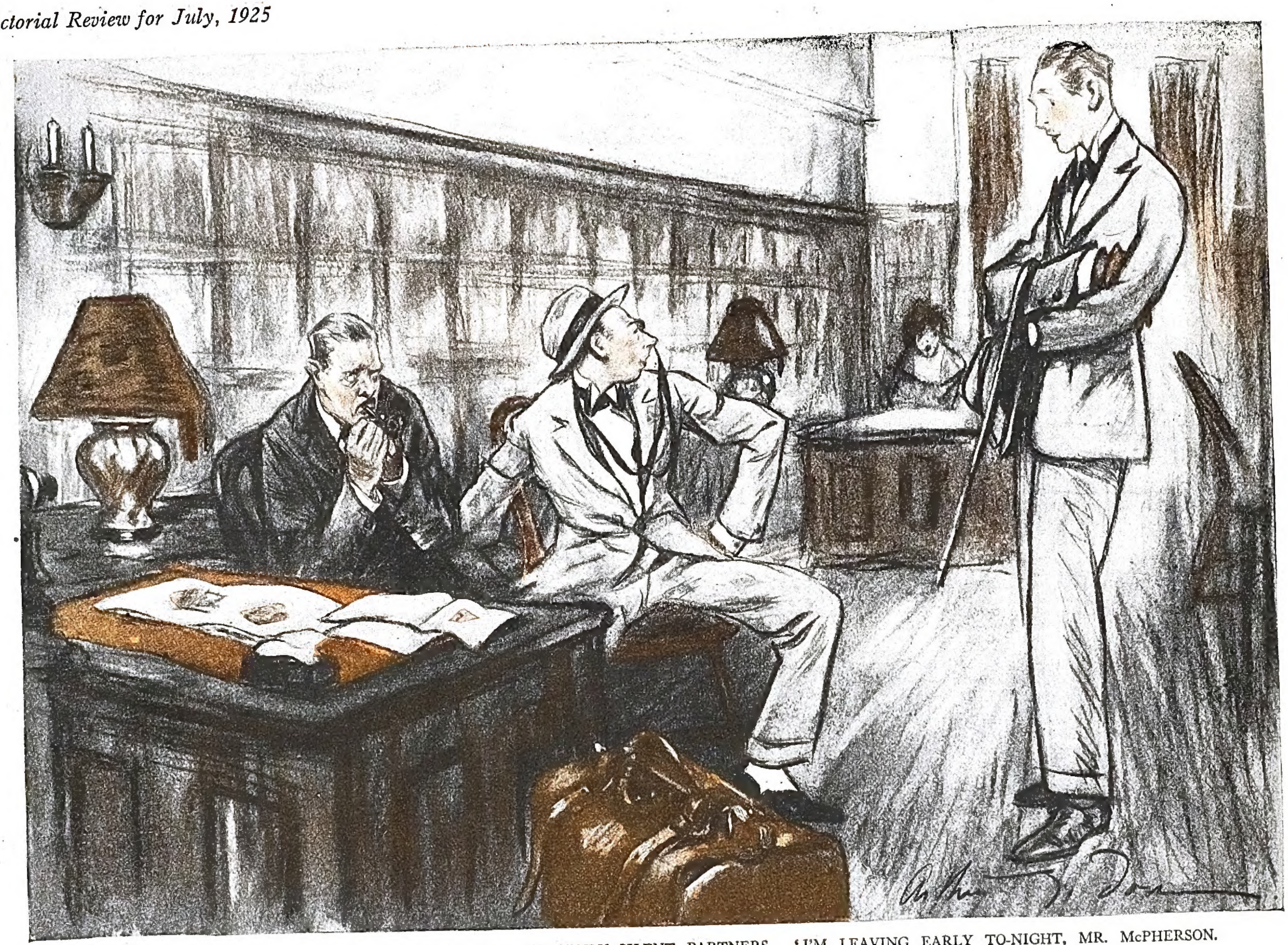


"HE SMILED HAPPILY AND DISARMINGLY AT THE SUDDENLY SILENT PARTNERS. 'I'M LEAVING EARLY TO-NIGHT, MR. McPHERSON. I'M GOING TO THE OPERA AND I HAVE TO GO HOME AND DRESS'"

Georgy *and* the Dragon

Wherein a Budding Literary Genius Becomes a "Hard-boiled" Business Man

BY LOIS SEYSTER MONTROSS

Illustrations by Arthur G. Dove

BECAUSE his face had the tinge of an emaciated lemon, because he cut his sentences dead and waved his features about recklessly as he spoke, Matthias Boulder (of McPherson & Boulder) was perhaps the funniest person in the world. A little man of indeterminate age, he was at once brilliant and obtuse, shrewd and prejudiced, witty and tiresome. He frequently went off half-cocked, but never when the mark was important.

Late Monday afternoon he entered his partner's office, dressed immaculately save for the wrinkled top-coat he had worn every Spring for six years. He dropped his traveling-bag on the floor, sat down with stiff, angry precision, and thrust his hat back from his indignant, citrous forehead.

Big, bland McPherson looked up from his desk and said affably, "Back from Boston, uh?" He guessed Boulder was terrifically upset.

"During my absence," Boulder enunciated with violent labial contortions, "this advertising agency has busied itself collecting mummies."

"*Mummies?*" said McPherson. Unlike his junior partner, he thought rather slowly and carefully.

"I have seen Exhibit A," continued Boulder in a high, mincing voice. "Excellent specimen! Quite perfect!"

McPherson knew then that Boulder had had an unfortunate encounter in the outer office. He had feared the occurrence and hoped to avert it. "Oh, come on, Mat," he said gruffly, "he isn't as bad as all that, you know."

"Oh, not at all!" Boulder deprecated the idea with sarcastic politeness. He took on the manner of a sweet and gushing lady at a tea-party. "Oh, I think he is charming. Just the gentle, tender, sunny, young creature one needs in an advertising firm. Oh, I think he's a darling, I really do."

McPherson could not help grinning. He felt protective toward the new cub copy-writer, but still apologetic for hiring him. "Was he impudent to you?" he asked apprehensively.

"Heavens, no! He was kind and tolerant—even indulgent. I was at fault, of course. I took him to be the London representative of Katchy Klothes. (His English tweeds and dainty blond mustache and all that.) He seemed hurt. (Tho I don't know why.)"

"Georgy would be," said McPherson. "He doesn't think much of Katchy Klothes."

"Certainly not. And I dare say he doesn't think much of you. And far less of me. We're stupid business men. He told me himself how he had been graduated two years ago from the University of Illinois at the age of seventeen, and how he is really a poet and feels it a compromise to earn his living in an office. However, he thinks the work is going to be very easy and agreeable." And Boulder quoted in the young copy-writer's gravely languid tone: "One doesn't take business seriously, of course, but one must live; and one doesn't mind the commercial atmosphere as much as one expected to."

McPherson sprawled his big frame back in the swivel-chair and lit a very black pipe.

"I confess I'm interested in him," he said slowly. "He's only been here a week, but I never in my life was more puzzled by a youngster. He's humble in the most egotistical way—sensitive and yet gloriously thick-skinned. He's an astonishing prodigy——"

"Oh, you're quite right; that *is* the trouble with him." Boulder agreed with ironic alacrity.

"—his father was an old college professor of mine and I thought I'd give George a try, at least."

The door was pushed open and a tall, round-shouldered youth in an English sack suit strolled in, hat in hand. He had soft, waving hair and trustful brown eyes. A short stick dangled from his arm. "I beg your pardon," he said with confidence. He smiled happily and disarmingly at the suddenly silent partners. "I'm leaving early to-night, Mr. McPherson. I'm going to the opera and I have to go home and dress."

"I've always intended to hear some opera," said Matthias Boulder interestedly. "Is it amusing?" He gazed up at Georgy through a mental lorgnette.

"Well, hardly *amusing*." Georgy was grave and unsuspicious. "Not as a musical comedy is amusing. One would say rather that it is poignant and exultantly sad. You really must see 'Pelleas and Melisande.' It is the sort of thing one doesn't miss, of course." He turned and put a fat bulk of papers on McPherson's desk. "Here is the copy you told me to try on Fluffy Floor Mops. It's written very badly, but I think you'll be pleased with it. I must hurry along. Good night."

He smiled again vaguely and went out, closing the door with quiet precision.

"So *friendly*, isn't he?" cried Boulder with rapture.

McPherson's face was red. "You don't know—he may have genius," he protested stubbornly.

"Of course he has genius," said Boulder. "His genius consists of an infinite capacity for giving pain."

"Oh, go the devil!" said McPherson.

Blissfully unaware that the whole office was excited about him, George Miles Standish knew, nevertheless, that he had created a distinct impression. As a prodigy he had always aroused comment at his university. At the age of five he had been able to read the amazed comments in the local newspapers upon his own erudition; the Greek and Latin he knew at seven was proverbial in Champaign, Ill., and when he was graduated from the university at seventeen even the Chicago papers had carried his pictures. So he had no expectation now of being ignored by unimportant business people.

He had disliked taking the position McPherson offered him at only twenty-five dollars a week, but Georgy had no doubt his promotions would come so fast that he would be splendidly situated by the end of the year. In fact he had been so sure of rapid advancement that he had exaggerated the situation to Harriet.

Harriet was the girl Georgy had been in love with off and on ever since she pushed him off his tricycle the first time they met. She lived next door to the Standishes in Champaign, where her father was an instructor in the State University. Georgy always felt a bit condescending toward Harriet because his father was a professor in geology while her father was only an associate in the dairy husbandry department. Furthermore he had been graduated two years ago and Harriet was still merely a sophomore and on probation again. So when Harriet failed to appreciate him Georgy resented it. He had thought her a bit too flippant when he visited her this last week-end.

"Oh, Georgy!" she had cried when he announced he was in business. "How dreadful! I thought you were going to be a poet."

And when he had explained that he knew business was stupid and absurdly easy to master and that only economic necessity could have forced him to make the compromise, she still insisted:

"But you're a prodigy! It's been in all the papers for years and years. That's why everybody expects you to do something big instead of getting a silly little job like that."

That was when Georgy became imaginative. He had exaggerated McPherson's admiration for his (Georgy's) subtle, rhythmic phrases. He told her what impossible phrases most copy-writers turned out and how much McPherson and Boulder valued a man like himself who was a real stylist.

Harriet was unfortunately materialistic. "And do you make lots of money?" she inquired with characteristic directness.

Georgy was equivocal. "The artist," he said, "must manipulate business for his own ends."

Harriet considered that silently for a while, and Georgy sat watching her.

It was a Spring evening, and the moon peering in under the veranda roof illumined Harriet's oval face tinted faintly with dark, blurred crimson. Her hair was so silken that it did not gleam, but lay like an indeterminate shadow about her cheeks.

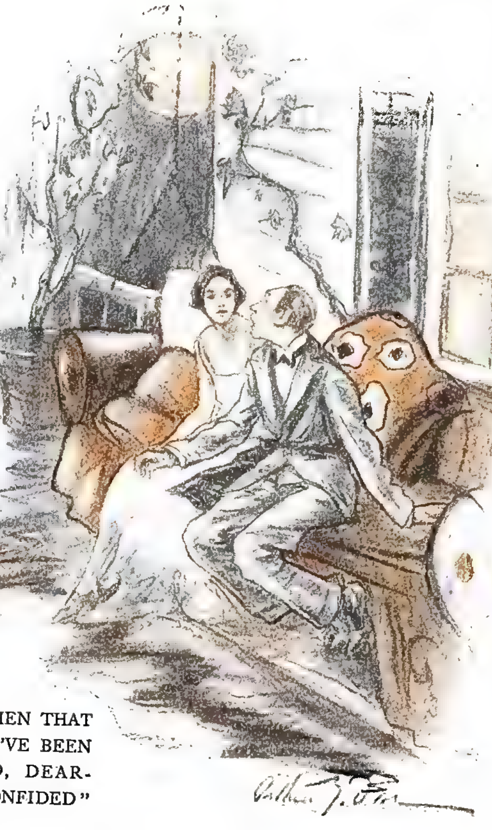
She is beautiful and young and delicate, Georgy thought, and suddenly his eyes grew moist and he pressed his face hard against her cool, velvety shoulder. He was remembering unhappily that his position in Chicago was not as pleasant as he had painted it; he felt a childish dislike of leaving Harriet and going back to the office, where everything was so strange and the hours so long and tedious. It was then that he involuntarily lied; not so much to deceive Harriet as to deceive himself.

"I've been promoted too, dearest," he confided. "I did so well the first week that McPherson promoted me at once."

Back in Chicago Georgy remembered the look of admiration in Harriet's adorable gray eyes and felt a sharp thrust of regret. He decided he had been dishonorable—and nobody had a greater desire to be honorable than Georgy. But the day Boulder read his Fluffy Floor Mop copy Georgy again felt the need of bolstering his pride. That night he composed a long letter to Harriet describing how delighted the agency was with his splendid and unusual work.

"I did the whole layout myself," he wrote, making the words large and distinct as if to convince himself by the very blackness of the ink. "Suggested all the art work, and Boulder *especially* thought it was artistic." Georgy winced, thinking of Boulder, but went on even more rapidly: "I am to be in charge of the whole campaign for Fluffy Floor Mops and write all the copy from now on. The Fluffy F. M. people are very valuable clients—you see the agency is small, and for that reason each account is very important."

After this letter was mailed he found it easier to forget the humiliation of the day.



"IT WAS THEN THAT HE LIED: 'I'VE BEEN PROMOTED, DEAREST,' HE CONFIDED"

BOULDER had called Georgy into his office and said they would go over the Fluffy Floor Mop copy together. Georgy was displeased by this turn of events, for he had expected to be entirely under the guidance of the senior partner. Altho he did not approve of McPherson's seriousness about business he had, nevertheless, a warm liking for the big, whole-hearted fellow; and he was certain he would never care for Matthias Boulder, feeling curiously distrustful and uneasy in his presence. It is impossible, Georgy thought, to respect a man who has never attended opera.

Seating himself opposite Boulder, Georgy determined that whatever the junior partner said in praise of his copy he would accept rather coldly and with reticence. When Boulder asked how he had known certain phrases would be so effective, Georgy meant to smile quietly and refrain from describing how an artist works. There would be no use explaining his instinct for words and cadences to this unsophisticated, dreary little man. He simply could not grasp such things.

Boulder adjusted an eyeglass with a black ribbon which Georgy especially disliked. "I shall read this copy aloud," he said in his dry, brittle voice.

Lighting a cigaret, Georgy listened; he tried to look bored, but he was moved in spite of himself by the lovely flow of his own sentences.

"This is the head, I take it," began Boulder:

> DANCING FEET MOVE WITH THE LANGUOR AND EASE OF PHRYNE ACROSS THE SATIN SURFACES OF A GLEAMING FLOOR

"Am I right?"

"Certainly," said Georgy. He was annoyed by the terse, unsympathetic tone Boulder used in reading the fluent prose.

"What's all this?" he demanded abruptly, staring at a hazy sketch in the middle of the page.

"It's a suggestion for the art work," Georgy explained calmly. "We'll have a ballroom scene—but all the dancing figures are to be dressed in old Colonial costumes of about the period of Dolly Madison, I should say. It must be done with consummate ease and carelessness of line. It will be splendid if Paul Fioret will consent to do it. If he does we'll have something very fine."

"Will we?" said Boulder with a curiously dazed stare. Georgy did not feel it worth while to reply, so Boulder went on reading:

> The perfumed breath of fragrant flowers entwines as with languorous arms the senses of the gently-moving throng. . . . While luxurious tones of a resonant cello wind through the maze of the minuet, delicate feet are gracefully mirrored in the richly shining, polished floor. . . .

The room was ominously still.

Boulder leaned back and puffed at a cigar. "In short," he said, "buy a Fluffy Floor Mop."

"You can have that at the bottom of the page if you like," said Georgy, shrugging, "but of course it will spoil the artistic effect."

"You're against mentioning mops at all, I suppose."

"Oh, of course we'll have to," Georgy replied reluctantly, "but I have done it with more subtlety. You'll see if you go on."

"I can't read any more," said Boulder, hastily putting down the voluminous sheets. "My voice isn't what it used to be."

"I'll read it if you like," Georgy offered politely. "Perhaps I can read it more effectively."

"Doubtless you could," said Boulder, looking absent and melancholy. Then he astonished Georgy by leaping to his feet and shouting in a loud, rude tone: *"Did you ever have an idea?"*

Georgy did not answer the absurd question. He felt very uncomfortable.

"You think," cried Boulder *"that advertising is a matter of words, not ideas! Am I right?"* Silence. *"Am I right?"* he repeated, even more loudly and rudely than before.

"I'm afraid not," replied Georgy. He made his voice very low and gentlemanly.

"We want ideas, not words! We want copy that calls a mop a mop! We don't want a mop called a minuet!"

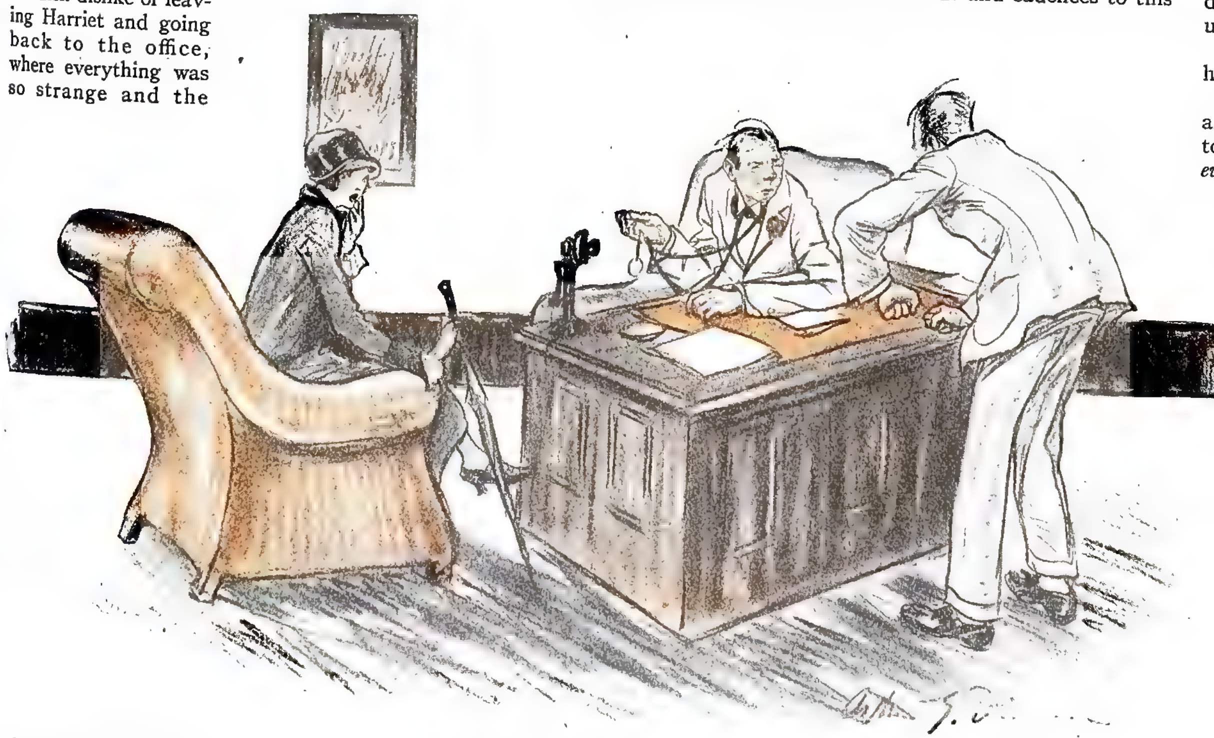
"You have mistaken my meaning," said Georgy, coldly.

"We want mops scented with floor-polish, not languorous perfume!"

"But I didn't," protested Georgy, "mention mops."

"That's a fact," said Boulder. He was taken with a bad fit of coughing and hid his face a moment in a monogrammed handkerchief. Then he was at it again, leaning over the desk and pounding it savagely to emphasize his words. "If you're going—thump!—to learn business—thump!—you've got—thump!—to learn boiling—thump! Boil *up* your ideas—

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34



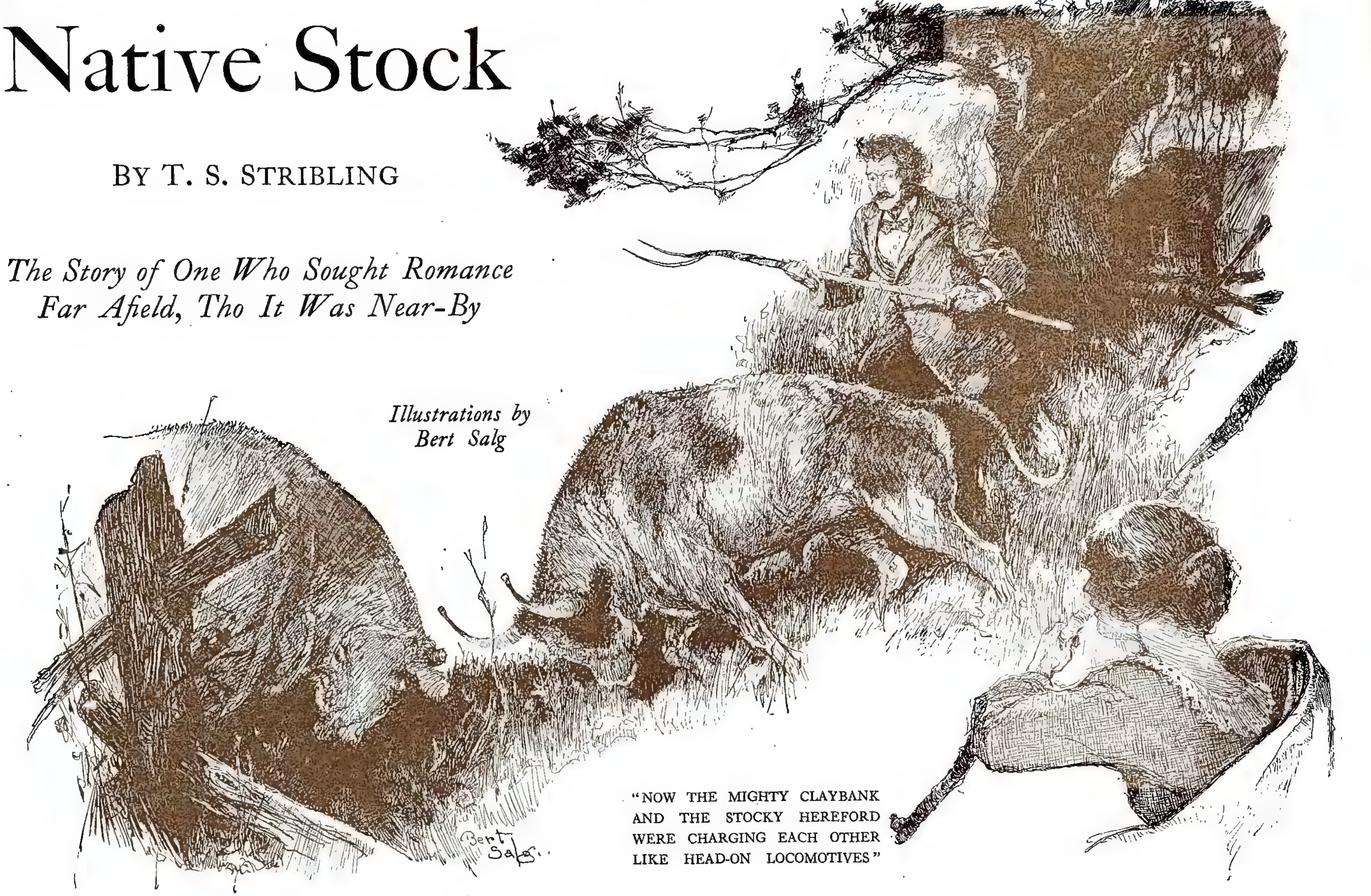
"GLARING AT BOULDER, HE POUNDED THE DESK TO EMPHASIZE HIS WORDS. 'AM I RIGHT?' HE INSISTED. 'AM I RIGHT?' REPEATED GEORGY DOGGEDLY. HE WOULD SAY IT ALL DAY LIKE A MADMAN UNLESS BOULDER ANSWERED"

Native Stock

BY T. S. STRIBLING

The Story of One Who Sought Romance Far Afield, Tho It Was Near-By

Illustrations by Bert Salg

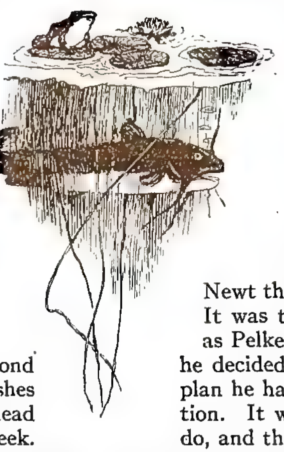


"NOW THE MIGHTY CLAYBANK AND THE STOCKY HEREFORD WERE CHARGING EACH OTHER LIKE HEAD-ON LOCOMOTIVES"

HAD any other person worn Jim Pelker's clothes that other person would have been identified at once as a village lawyer. But Pelker himself eluded any such easy ticketing. Traces of the tie-hacker still remained in his big shoulders, the left a trifle higher than the right; a reminiscence of farm-labor clung to his walk and rough black hair. And besides that no ready-to-wear suit ever did really fit him. Heaven only knows what ideal figure illuminates the consciousness of the Chicago garment-makers when they cut out hand-me-downs for the Southern trade, but certainly it is not the Tennessee hill type.

However, Pelker was not concerned about his clothes. On this particular afternoon he avoided soiling them by walking through the woods instead of following the rut of liquid mud which represented a public road in Wayne County in the early Spring. But his thoughts were divided into two streams: one was of slight import and agreeable; the other was hazardous, consequential, and touched with the overtones of home-leaving, of giving up friends, of moving his Lares and Penates, which means in the end a final substitution and desertion of the old household gods. Pelker was going to move North. Tennesseans of slight ambition move to the generous West, but he who launches his arrow at the sun goes to the congested, the difficult, and opulent North.

The pleasing topic of his thoughts was a baked crappie for supper at the home of his friend Newt Barnett. Not that Pelker knew anything about baked crappie. He did not. He had never tasted one. But during one of his many preachments of progress to his friend Newt he had aroused Newt to the point of digging a fish-pond. It is true a large stream called Hardin's Creek ran within a quarter of a mile of Newt's log house, full of black perch, big-mouthed and little-mouthed bass; but Pelker was a man for progress, and he thought a fish-pond where a man could ring a bell and have the fishes come and swim into a dip-net was far, far ahead of the hazards of hook and line in Hardin's Creek.



So Newt had some negroes dig the pond, and Pelker had written to the Congressman for Wayne County in Washington about the matter. Pelker had put it strongly to his Congressman about Newt's influence and property. Then the Congressman, through mysterious and subterranean channels, eventually had caused the Government fish-hatchery at Friar's Point, La., to send a man clear to Hooker's Bend with two tanks of minnows to stock Newt's pond.

When they received a telegram that the fishman was on his way Newt rushed to his fish-pond, which he had begun a year and a half before, when Pelker sent his application, and finished it. Barnett was amazed. It seemed fantastic that that huge, intangible thing called the Federal Government, which in his past life had functioned to the sole end that white corn whisky should be scarce, hazardous, and expensive, should now strangely reverse its form and present him with two tanks of fish. But nobody was more surprized at the advent of minnows right out of the blue sky, one might say, than Attorney Jim Pelker himself, altho he never mentioned this fact to any one.

THE lawyer proceeded in silence through the woods over whose gray perspectives Spring had woven her first yellowish and reddish gauze. The air held a chill spiciness. A wet leaf-mold underfoot silenced the lawyer's footsteps. Somewhere ahead of him in the aisles of the woods came a multitudinous drumming of woodpeckers. They beat their rolls far and near. Presently Pelker saw the red head of one of these little carpenters vibrating on the limb of an oak straight ahead of him.

The oak was dead; so were all the surrounding trees. All had been ringed and killed by Newt Barnett to make a new ground. This part of the woods showed no Spring tints, but stood gray and gaunt on the threshold of the reviving year. It was characteristic of Newt that he had not felled the trees for lumber. It was too little; he couldn't fool with it; and as Pelker walked through the dead, wasted trees he decided more positively than ever on a certain plan he had in mind for Newt's complete reformation. It was drastic, but it was the only thing to do, and then it might bring his friend Newt happiness. After this innovation he could go North with a peaceful heart.

A few minutes later Pelker saw a pale, almost colorless smoke lifting above the tops of the dead trees, and then, lower down, the flames from a bonfire of dead limbs. A brisk cracking and popping came to the lawyer's ears, and, still closer, he came in range of the slow, drawling voices of the burners. They were standing idly about the fire: Newt Barnett; Newt's hired man, Alex. Labby; and Alex.'s son and daughter. The whole quartet were grinning, and Newt had paused amidst dragging a dead limb to the bonfire to hear the finish of Alex.'s yarn.

Mr. Labby was a small man with a sharp face and an old cap pulled down over his ears. He held a posture of odd dignity with his head tipped up, chest thrown out, and a hand on the haft of his ax. He was drawling away with the utmost seriousness:

"An' me an' the boys stole a hundred an' five old roosters that night, an' jest before sunup we put 'em on the fence around ol' man McLemore's cabin, an' jest when it was gittin' gray light all 'em roosters bust out acrowin'; hunderd an' five roosters settin' there hip-hip-hurrahin'—"

Here the humor of his anecdote overcame Mr. Labby. His dignity vanished. He leaned over, shaking his capped head at the ground, his sharp face contorted in the over-emphasized laughter of the hill-folk. It was a laughter silent, convulsive, and grotesque.

His listeners joined him at the absurd idea of a yard fence lined with roosters all crowing at daybreak.

Newt started dragging his branch to the fire. "Aw, Labby, I see you ketchin' a hunderd an' five roosters in one night!"

"Yes, Daddy," echoed the girl, who stood holding out small rough hands to the pale flames, "you always changin' the numbers, ketchin' more an' more roosters."

Mr. Labby straightened and became dignified again. "Now, Mary Rue, I'm not tellin' *you* this tale. An' it's a fack, Newt, a hunderd an' five——"

At that moment the group caught sight of Pelker and began calling:

"Hay, oh, Jim!" "How's tricks, Jim?"

"How do, everybody? How do, Mary Rue? What big lie is that Alex. is telling?"

The Labby boy began to laugh again, showing an expanse of very red gum and a row of small tobacco-stained, inbent teeth. "He's tellin' about ketchin' a hunderd an' five——"

"Well, you got my telephone message," interrupted Newt.

"Do you really mean to say, Newt, those crappies are big enough to eat this soon?"

The Labby boy burst out excitedly, "Jim, t'other day

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I saw one two feet long if it's a inch, an' broad as a fatt'nin' hawg."

Jim whistled and nodded at Newt. "What did I tell you? That comes of getting the right stock even in fish. I preach it, Newt—blood counts. Why, just by putting the right sort of stock on this farm and *tending* to them, you could—" Mr. Pelker looked across the thin acres of an adjoining field whose reach of blackweed and darkened, tangled cornstalks was broken here and there by outcrops of red clay where nothing would sprout. The meagerness of this view did not daunt the optimist, but he saw something in the field which made him exclaim:

"Newt, I thought you were going to get rid of that old claybank bull."

"I did mean to," agreed Newt, a little uncomfortably, "but I ain't had no opportunity yet."

"Where's your Hereford?"

"Down at the barn. I keep Napoleon Bonaparte up here so they won't fight."

"That Hereford ought to wipe this claybank out of existence."

"He kain't do it," put in Mary Rue promptly; "Napoleon can butt over a field full of them Herefords."

Pelker was rather surprized at the girl's defensiveness. He glanced about and received a certain swift picture of her brightened black eyes, oval olive face, and loops of black hair about her forehead. Her straight, hanging dress displayed vaguely her girlish form. But it was her eyes that held his own for an instant. Mary Rue's eyes always reminded Pelker of muscadines—the same vivid purplish black. Then his attention passed away from the girl, as he was not interested in the fighting qualities of the two bulls.

"But, Newt, there've been buyers down through here, two or three; can't see why you want to keep that rack of bones——"

The rack of bones advanced to the partition fence and shook his huge yellow head and spread of horns at the crowd. He was really not a rack of bones, but was in lanky, muscular trim, as were Pelker, Newt, and the Labbys.

"He knows you are talkin' bad about him," said Mary Rue, in a tone of simple conviction.

"That's one reason I haven't sold him yet," admitted Newt. "Mary Rue sort uh claims him in a way. His mammy died of ivy-p'ison when he was a calf, an' Mary Rue fed him milk in a bucket. Now she don't want him sold to the cattlemen an' git him shipped off som'er's where they'd haul him up by his hind legs an' cut his th'oat an' him still alive. Mary Rue kain't stan' that."

The lawyer looked at the vast yellow bull and then at the slender muscadine-eyed girl and gave a snort of laughter at the incongruity between this enormous bantling and its foster-mother.

Mary Rue's cheeks warmed slightly. "He minds me," she said, "an' he can whup ever'thing on the place."

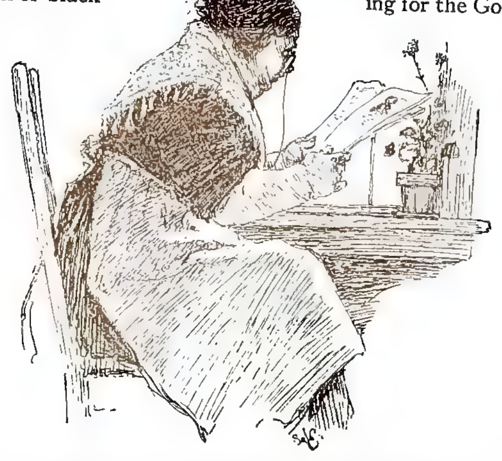
"Mary Rue is like Paul Bunyan's wife," began Mr. Labby. "Ol' Miz Bunyan didn't have no gate, Paul bein' a carpenter, so she had to lift the calf over the fence ever' mornin' at milkin'-time. She kep' this up tull her calf got grown, an' she was liftin' a cow over the fence what weighed twenty-five hunderd an' fifty-six pounds."

"D' reckon anybody ever did do that, Pa?" inquired the boy ingenuously.

The father seemed annoyed at such skepticism. "Crimini alive, 'Gustus, ain't it reasonable if she kep' on ever' day there never would come no special day that could stump her? Crimini, 'Gustus, you don't seem to have no reasonin' faculties!"

Augustus Labby grinned, exhibited his red gums, and small, inbent teeth, and preserved his attitude of philosophic doubt.

BY THIS time the procession had reached the goal for which it had set out, the fish-pond. The pond had been dug on a slope near a big spring which served Newt with water. The upper side of the pond had been dug down and the lower side diked up a trifle. It was weed-grown. The water in it had somehow become amber-colored for no very clear reason, for the spring which fed it was cold and limpid.



"A PICTURE OF THE HEAVY DUTCH PORING OVER THE MATRIMONIAL JOURNAL VAGUELY AMUSED PELKER"

From a certain position the investigators could see the course of the sunlight falling down through the water and the weeds. All four maneuvered themselves to such a position and stood waiting for the Government fish to show themselves in this dim watery little world. They whispered so they would not scare them.

"I certainly saw one this mornin'," aspirated 'Gustus. "I was stan'in' right there." He pointed guardedly.

"Sh-h!" from Mary Rue, and she pointed with tense excitement.

Every one peered intently. Then Pelker saw a large shadowy form move slowly into view with a faint undulation of fins and tail; then it seemed to melt again into the shadow of the weeds. The apparition moved the watchers to abrupt action.

"Gus, run to the house an' git that old seine," directed Newt.

"Look here," inquired the attorney, "I've always heard about ringing a bell at a fish-pond and the fish come up to eat——"

"Newt's never fed 'em anything," said Mary Rue.

Suddenly Mr. Labby bent over in a paroxysm of laughter, shaking his becapped head at the ground. "I—I kin see Newt now r-ringin' a bell over this f-fish-pond!"

The two men and the girl looked at Mr. Labby smiling mechanically without thinking of what he was saying.

"You say you haven't fed these fish?" asked Pelker, who had a vague impression that he had gone to enormous trouble to stock Newt up with the crappies.

Newt evidently shared the same impression, for he cleared his throat apologetically. "I never could think of it, Jim; I hadn't been used to feedin' fish."

"No, he never did give 'em nothing a tall," proceeded Mary Rue. "Me an' 'Gustus come down here oncet in a while an' throwed 'em a little truck jest to see if they'd eat, but they never did."

'Gustus, who by this time was hurrying back with the seine, caught the drift of the conversation, and said the corn they threw in lay on the bottom till it swelled up and the mud covered it.

"Anyway, they've got fat on something, Newt," declared Pelker enthusiastically; "it shows the result of getting good stock. The Government man told me—" but as no one was listening to him except Mary Rue, the attorney broke off and watched 'Gustus and his father get down into the pond with their seine. The pond was built narrowly for the express purpose of easy seining. Newt had insisted on this because he had never believed in the bell method of persuading fish to come into a dip-net. Some fish might do it, but everything on his place was more ornery than ordinary stock. And for Pelker to imagine that the fish in his pond would not share the prevailing disposition was silliness. So he had dug it narrow.

Mr. Labby and his son got on opposite sides of the water, thrust in their poles, and began niggling them along the bottom, getting the net over the weeds as best they could. Both seiners and onlookers almost held their breath, momentarily expecting a rush of huge Government crappies against the web. However, nothing happened. The net moved on and on, and was almost at the end of the pond. Newt was growing disheartened when came a visible tug at the uprights. Next moment 'Gustus and Mr. Labby heaved their poles out on the down-hill side. Came a great flying of water; a big steel-and-silver form flashed and struggled in the meshes.

Everybody ran to it. 'Gustus got his finger in its gills.

"It's a big 'un! It's a whopper, Jim!" he exulted. "Now, ain't you glad you ordered Gover'munt fish! Don't this beat goin' to the creek with a hook 'n worm?"

Everybody was admiring it by this time.

"That's faster than I thought any fish would ever grow," began Newt, when 'Gustus yelled, "Ouch! It finned me!" Then staring at it, he cried, "Why, this is a derned ol' catfish we've caught, Newt!"

"A catfish?"

"Sure it's uh catfish!"

"Why, it kain't be a catfish!"

"But it is! Look! It ain't got no scales; it's got whiskers; its head's as flat as a biscuit-board, an' the derned thing's spiked me, I tell you!"

Pelker inspected the catch with astonishment. In the glamour of the catch he had mistaken its genus and species, but now that 'Gustus had pointed them out there was no way not to recognize it as a catfish. He stood gazing at it blankly. "Well, how in the Sam Hill?" He stared at the cat and then at the pond from which it came. "Newt, what in the Tom Walker——"

But Newt's stretched eyes were equally without information.

Suddenly Mary Rue burst out with a remembered fact. "I know! I put that catfish in the pond!" Her tone demanded congratulations.

Pelker stared at her. "*You* put it in?"

"Yes, I found it in 'Gustus's fish-box one mornin' last Fall down at the creek an' I jest thought I'd put it in the fish-pond."

The attorney leaned toward the girl. "Put a *catfish* in a fish-pond?"

"Why, ye-es," dragged out Mary Rue, somewhat taken aback at this cold reception of her news.

"What did you do that for?" demanded the lawyer with desolation in his voice.

"Well, I—I—" stammered the girl, quite apprehensive now. "It was a fish, an' I—I thought it would be nice to have some—some home fish in the pond. I didn't—I didn't—to tell you the truth," finished Mary Rue rapidly, "I didn't like strange fish to come in an' take up the place of our home fish completely. That's why."

The men were in consternation at this strange feminine quirk.

"Well, Mary Rue," cried her father, "of all flighty females!"

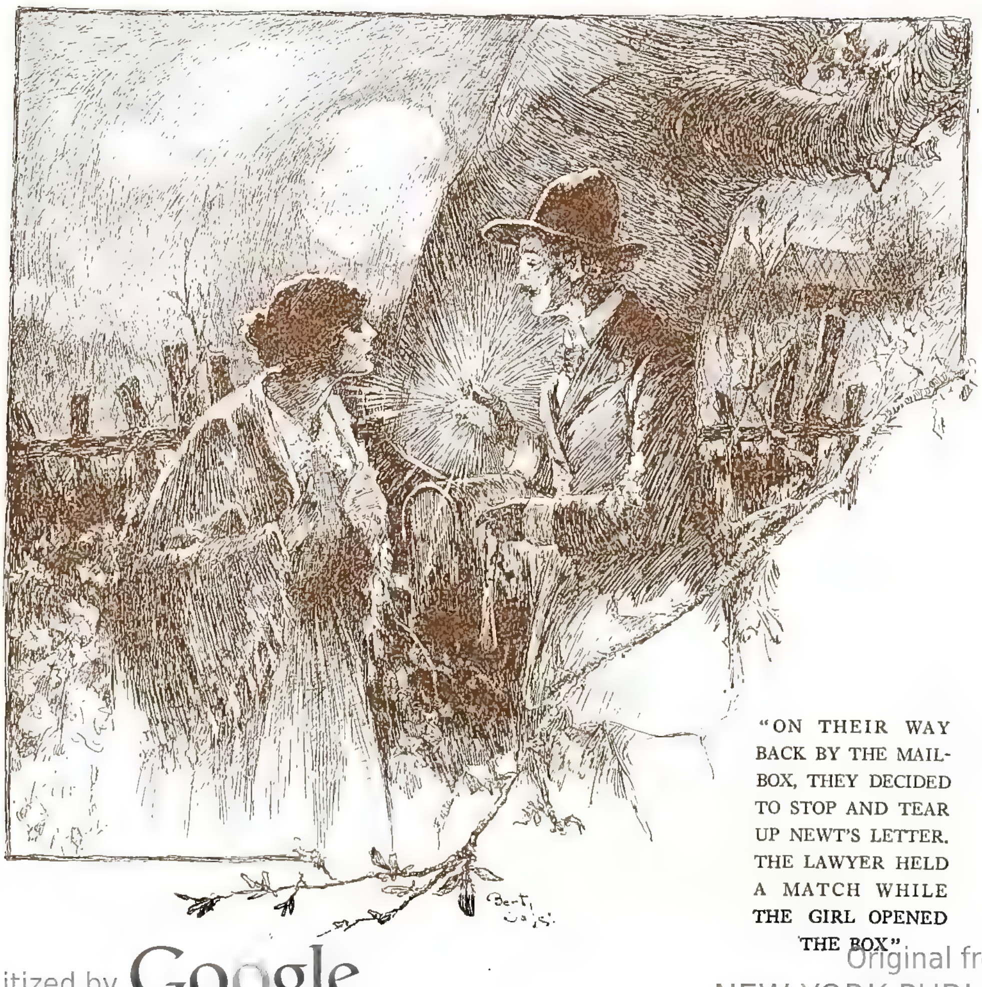
Mary Rue flared up. Other men could say what they liked, but her own father couldn't abuse her.

"Well, there's your old fish-pond, Pap," she retorted. "I haven't taken that off, I hope. Go on back an' seine out your crappies. You jest happened to ketch the one I put in."

This outburst was clearly meant for Pelker and was so accepted by the crowd. Mr. Labby retired into the background, whence he had emerged.

"We've already seined out all the crappies there are in the pond," said the lawyer with cold dignity.

The girl looked at him. "You haven't caught nothin' but this cat."



"ON THEIR WAY BACK BY THE MAIL-BOX, THEY DECIDED TO STOP AND TEAR UP NEWT'S LETTER. THE LAWYER HELD A MATCH WHILE THE GIRL OPENED THE BOX"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

SAND

By MARY HEATON VORSE

Illustrations by Clark Fay

How a Great Love Came to a Girl Who Broke Through All the "Thou-Shalt-Nots" Which Wreck Many People's Lives

SAND. There was nothing but sand in the world. The sand was no longer docile and soft underfoot. Sand had acquired a life of its own. Sand could make a man do things he didn't want to do. It stung Dene Swanson's face until he zigzagged in his path to keep from its punishment. It made him shug up the neck-piece of his wind-proof shirt as far as it would go. The stinging, furious sand made him bend almost double to walk against its might.

Dene was "walking the soft sand," as the coast-guards put it—guarding the coast for vessels in distress. There was nothing soft about this sand. Each grain had a bite in it that could make a man wince. For a while the wind blew straight in his face, implacable, straight, and then it seemed as if the beach lifted itself. It lifted itself, but not as a single thing—lifted itself made of hundreds of small particles, sharp-cut, to overwhelm him. The swirling sand surrounded Dene like flame. He had to get through it. It was his duty. Besides, he had met it before, tho not as bad as this. The wind freshened. With it came sand—sand—sand.

The sand which lay under his feet, at worst a clogging thing, had arisen, alive, vicious, victorious. It was as tho the sand said, "I am so soft. I am so docile. But, man, I am your master!"

Dene thought, "Some storm, this!"

A piece of sand-cliff fell, and swamped Dene to his knees.

"I always knew that old cliff was runnin'," he thought. "Undermined, too. Lucky I wasn't walkin' inshore."

He went on, feeling the trickling of sand through his clothes everywhere, down his shirt, into his hair, into his shoes.

Dene's course was a strip of soft sand. On one side was the high sand-cliff furrowed with gullies, soft in some places, hard in others; on the other the sea, the whole of it shrouded in fog.

"Of course you got to have fog on top of everything else," thought Dene. "Anyway it'll be better comin' back. Wonder what the wind's makin'. Pretty nigh on sixty miles. Take some little car to keep up with her! Just my luck! I ain't on liberty to-night instead of to-morrer."

Swift as a motion-picture he saw the living-room of his home, which had a look somehow like the cabin of a ship. There were rugs there that Dene's father had brought back from the Arctic when he had been a young man, and the riding-light of a vessel, and on the mantelpiece a big sextant. His mother would be mending something. She was a tall woman who looked like some heroine of the north grown old. His father would be reading—some of the kids studying, some in bed. It would have been a cinch if he hadn't had to go out and find his brother, Denny. His oldest sister, Elsa, would be sitting somewhere with a fellow she was going with. They were going to be married before long.

"I'd kind of like to get married," thought Dene. Then a well of blackness rose up in him. He thought of the last girl he had gone with. She'd go with him yet, but he wouldn't have anything to do with her. She'd double-crossed him. Besides that, she didn't work. She was always on the street, always to dances, always liking to get him into trouble with other fellows. He remembered how she looked, her pale face framed in blue-black hair, a flower between her teeth, a bright-colored waist, and a flame in her eyes when Morris started something with him on account of her. That was why he gave her up—among other things. Since then butter wouldn't melt in her mouth after her first pride had worn off.

"I know what she wants. It's to get me back and throw me down," thought Dene as he fought the sand. His liking for her and disgust strove together.

The picture of the girl, taunting, desirable, and yet no good, came to him sharply. Beside it the face of his mother with her piercing blue eyes that were so tender and at the same time seemed to know everything. A woman you couldn't put anything over on. He knew just how much his mother had hated his going with that girl, tho she never opened her mouth. For a second a dark gush of anger made him want to revenge himself somehow on that girl.

There came a whirling blast of wind. Dene could think no more; he could only fight against the wind and the sand that were like solid things—a stinging wall against which he couldn't walk.

Head down, he crashed into something soft, something wind-blown that was charging on. A voice screamed against the uproar of the storm. "That you, Dene? Guess we both missed the half-way house." Dene's flashlight made a little, inadequate track through the fog and blowing sand, and lighted the face of Morris, the coast-guard from the nearest station. Dene should have met him at the half-way house. The two men turned toward its shelter when, one after another, faltering, indistinct lights scratched the darkness out at sea—lights which mean, the world over, a vessel in distress.

"A wreck!" Morris's voice and Dene's screamed together against the wind, the words blown from their mouths.

"A vessel gone ashore on the bar! It's up to you, Morris. It's on your old man's stretch." His voice sounded like a radio disturbed by an unquiet ether.

"It ain't," said Morris. "That wreck belongs to you. Look where she lays, Dene. Look how you come out o' your way."

Both of them were fumbling for their fuses to signal. Then Dene turned and ran, Morris's words coming to him as from far off. "Beat it, Dene. They'll want you."

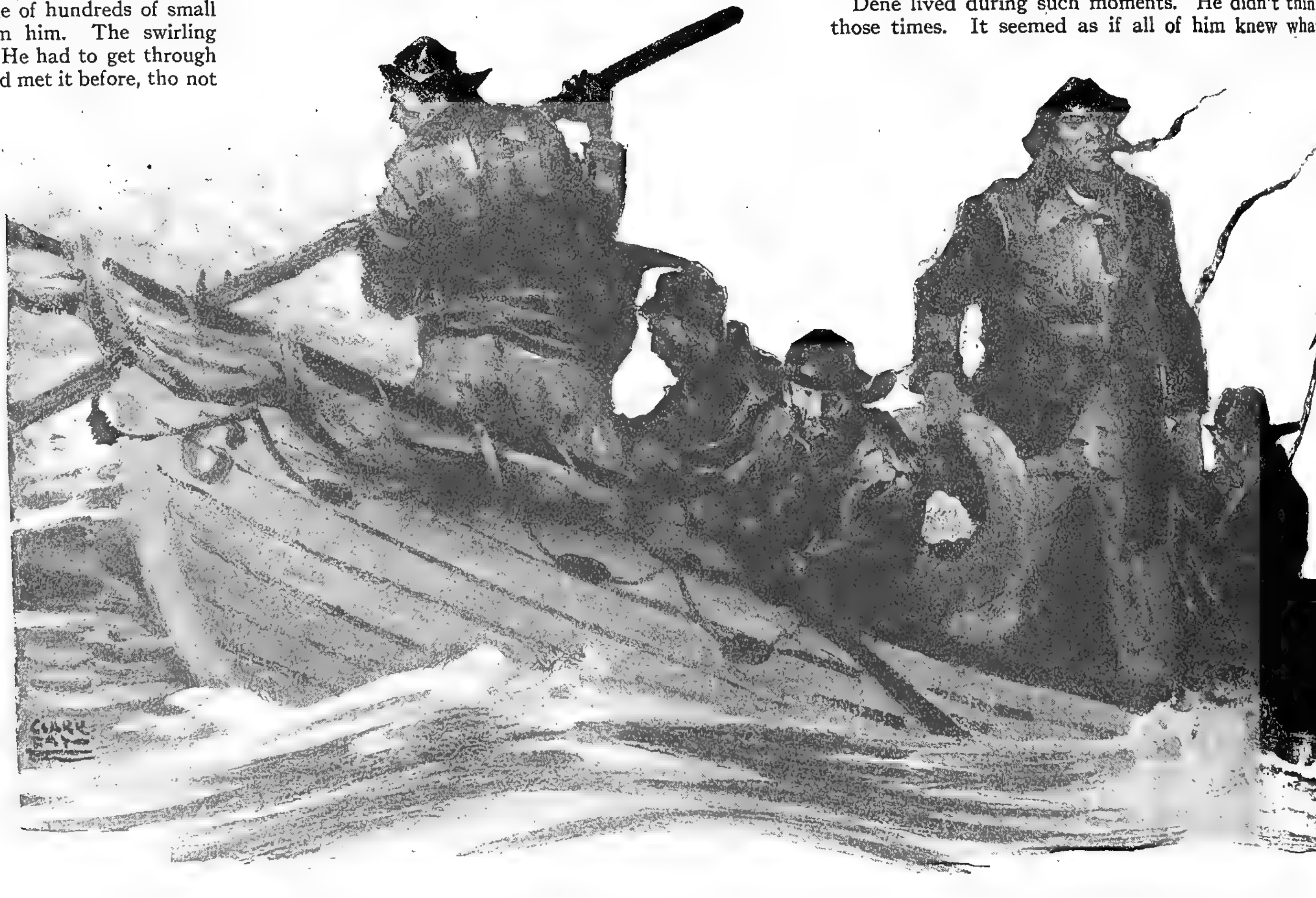
With the wind behind him, it seemed as tho he were some nocturnal thing wind-blown, part of the night. Wordless desires formed themselves in his mind. He had to help. He lusted for the danger of helping. He knew he could pit himself against peril and win. It was as if he were playing a game of life and death and the odds, some way, on his side.

Dene lived during such moments. He didn't think at those times. It seemed as if all of him knew what he must do. It had always been like this with him, ever since he was a boy and sneaked out in boats when the wind was up and no youngster should have been in the bay. It was these sudden explosions of danger that kept him a coast-guard.

He figured to himself how long it would take them to get the life-boat out; his chances of being there. If only he could get there in time, they'd use him above any one. The vessel had gone ashore far up. There was a smooth stretch of sand between the station and the bar. They would drag the boat up a ways to launch her. His chances of making it were fairly good with the wind helping him. Besides, they were short-handed.

As Dene ran he saw the Coston lights from the station. They were obscured and seemed to promise nothing to the vessel, which signaled and signaled again. There was panic in the signals. Men and women, perhaps, afraid of their lives—women aboard most likely to account for the fear behind those signals.

"There's got to be some snappy work," Dene thought. There had been no promise of snappy work in the station lights. They had appeared in the mist and gone out lik



"THE LIGHT OF THE BLOWING FLARES THREW INTO SHARP RELIEF TWO GIRLS CLINGING TOGETHER. 'JUMP, YOU GIRL TO THE RIGHT!' THE CAPTAIN'S ORDER CAME SHARP. IN THAT MOMENT BOTH GIRLS JUMPED—THE FEARLESS GIRL WHO HAD BEEN ORDERED AND THE LOVELY WHIMPERING THING CLINGING TO HER" a man turning in his sleep. Dene lumbered on, urged by his own desire and by the panic he sensed in the vessel. He had to make it. Through the fog he saw the long-boat's flare moving slowly, indecisively, as tho an unseen giant hand forever drew it back. Again came the signal from the vessel. The fog had lifted a little. The signal shot forth, clear and eloquent, serene, leaving behind it, Heaven knew, what despair.

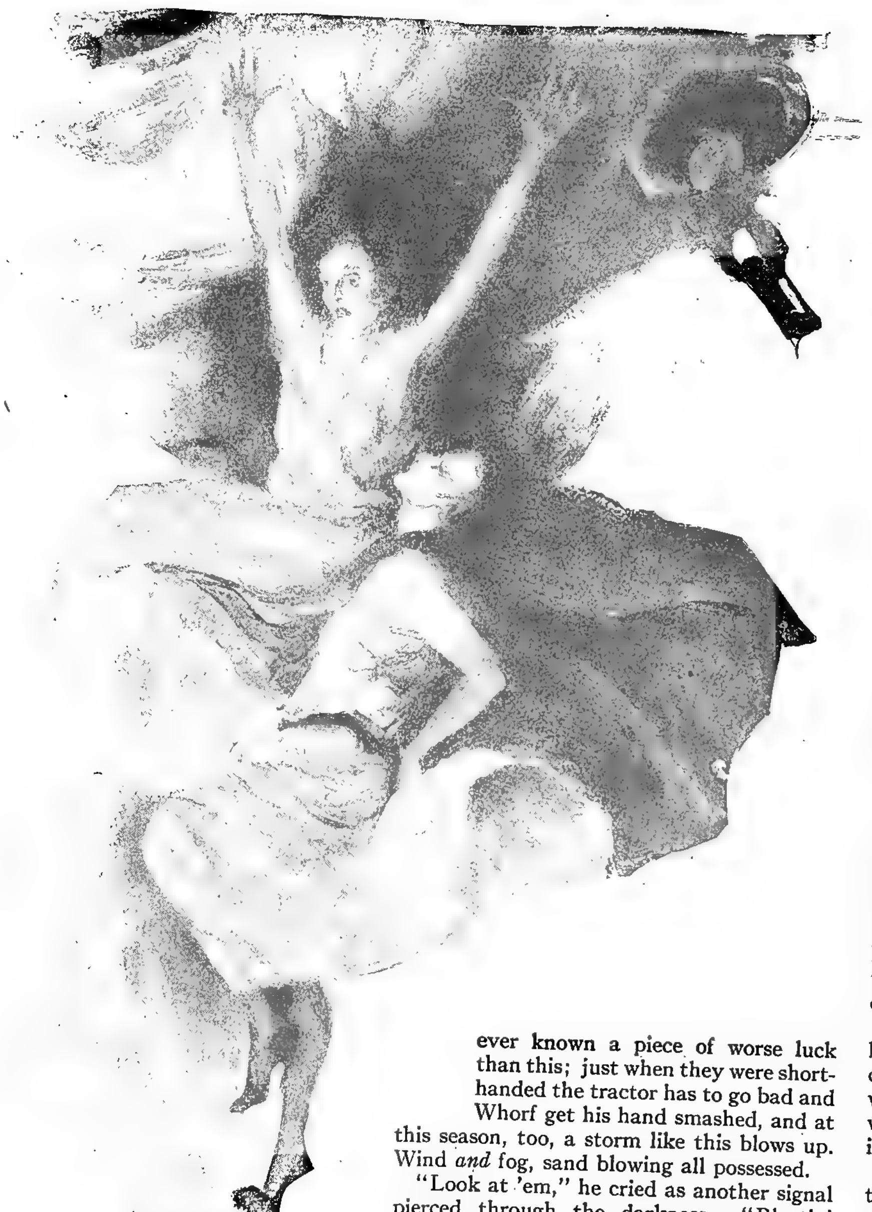
Dene could see the life-boat distinctly now, a dark huddle picked out here and there by the flare which guided it. The long-boat, drawn by a giant horse, with men on either side of it, moved like a lazy, indifferent animal. Inadequate in the face of the storm and the urgent signals.

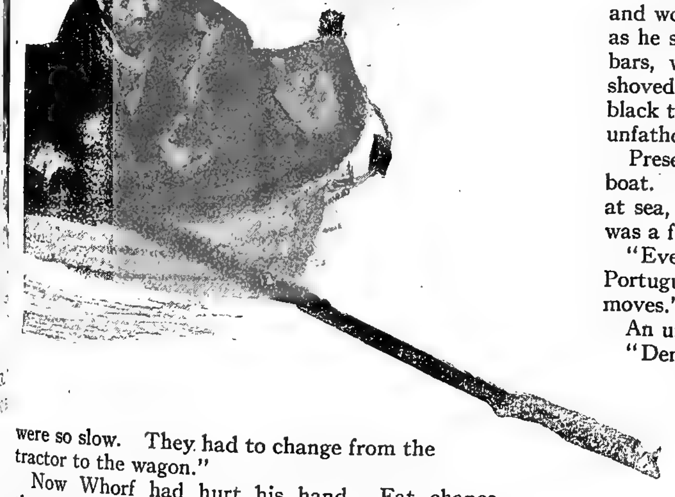
Dene heard the inarticulate sound of pain of a man who takes being hurt as a matter of course. The captain's voice hurled itself through the storm.

"That you, Whorf? What ails you?"

"Smashed my hand when we was tryin' to fix the tractor," a voice answered, pain in the voice.

"The tractor," thought Dene. "That's why they was crawling. That's why they were so slow. They had to change from the tractor to the wagon."





Now Whorf had hurt his hand Fat chance those folks had out on the bar. Just then the flare silhouetted the horse; the fog about it exaggerated its great size. The horse looked like a monument to the darings and small fidelities which save men at sea. It's all so commonplace when you are at it. Men turning out grumbling. The work of getting out the long-boat. The captain voicing his ideas about folks who get into trouble off sand-bars. There is no romance in it.

The great horse stood there in the face of surf, quiet, reliable, as tho it said, "I have saved a hundred men. I'll save a hundred more."

Dene looked at it, and, looking, was certain they could save the people on the wreck. He was as quiet, as full of purpose as the great horse.

"Where's Dene?" cried the captain's voice.

Dene stepped out into the light before the captain and said nothing.

The captain did not acknowledge his presence. All he said was:

"You stay back, Whorf. You wouldn't be no good with that smashed hand o' yourn."

Then suddenly he let loose a jet of fury. No one had ever known a piece of worse luck than this; just when they were short-handed the tractor has to go bad and Whorf get his hand smashed, and at this season, too, a storm like this blows up. Wind *and* fog, sand blowing all possessed.

"Look at 'em," he cried as another signal pierced through the darkness. "Bleatin' like sheep. I know what they be—a Guinea boat that's took Black Head Light for High Point. If it had been ca'm as a wash-basin they'd have done it just the same. Yes, sir, a Guinea boat with chickens on it, an' a pig if it ain't et, and women and kids. Got her, men?" He rent the night as he swore at Guinea boats, storms out of season, sand-bars, which can all blacken a captain's life. As they shoved off, the fog lifted, and Dene, pulling, could see the black trough of the sea in between the breakers, then the unfathomable blackness of the sea.

Presently they were alongside her. She was a Guinea boat. Panic swayed her. They had buried the captain at sea, and the mate had brought her in. On the decks was a furious fighting and clutching.

"Every man takes his turn," the captain called in Portuguese. "Stay quiet. I'll shoot the first man who moves."

An unnatural quiet followed his words.

"Dene, take 'em down!" ordered the captain. "When I say jump—jump!"

Dene had got a picture of women, children, panic-stricken men.

The light of the blowing flares threw into sharp relief two girls clinging together. Dene's eyes returned to these girls as he lifted women into the boat. One of them was a girl with dark hair that had come undone. She allowed the other girl to cling to her, but she herself stood fearless, ready for life or death, a girl to stake one's existence on. The other girl, who clung to her, was evidently her sister, and she whimpered like an animal in pain. So they stood, waiting their turn, one girl with her head up, her sheltering arms around her frightened sister.

"Jump, you girl to the right!" The captain's order came sharp.

In that moment both girls jumped—the fearless girl who had been ordered and the lovely, whimpering thing clinging to her.

In the fraction of a second choice laid its heavy hand on Dene. He never accounted what drove him. He caught the girl who had stood there like a figure of victory.

There was a noise of something inert slamming against wood, and a splash. Then a noise of something floundering in the water, a life-preserver thrown over; then a ray of light fell on a little hand lifted about the black surface of the sea.

The girl whom Dene had saved sat where she was told, quiet as she had stood on the ship. Dene, handing down the people, heard her voice. She said:

"My poor sister!"

Without looking at her Dene knew she was sitting quietly—that she would stand in the face of this, as she had stood in the face of her own imminent death, the one person on the vessel not eaten by panic. The only one not tossed around, terror-stricken, since folded in her was something unassailable, something that matched him when he laughed at the danger of the sea.

The life-boat filled. The order was given to make for shore. Only some clamoring men were left behind. The captain admonished them:

"Set still, you fools! Nothing can harm you 'less you harm yourselves. We'll be back after you soon!" As the boat made off through the fog one could hear their lamentations.

"No nerve—that's what ails them," remarked the captain, but the wind blew his words into the fog, impotent and powerless as the cries of the men. They made their way over the black water. The life-boat was brought up on the high crest of a wave. Then the dark company walked down the beach to the life-saving station. Dene could see by itself a little band—the fearless girl, a gaunt woman who must have been her mother, the father sobbing loudly.

"Oh, my daughter! My daughter! My beautiful daughter!"

Some younger children. The other people did not dare approach them. They were cut off from humanity by grief. And the grief of the two women was too deep for tears. The older woman, stunned. The girl, fighting sorrow.

Whorf was shepherding the drenched people. His flare gave an uncertain ray through the fog. Some way he had made a bandage for his smashed hand, and then waited in the fog and wind. He expected no praise for it. He would get none. It was all in the day's work. You got your hand smashed and then you sat down in a sand-storm and waited for the long-boat to come back. It was a matter of course.

There was no event in the second rescue. The mate had remained behind and had clouted what was left of his crew into silence. He could deal with men, now the women were saved. He came last into the life-boat, a man still with courage, ready to face death if he had to. He said in English: "We are lucky to lose only one."

"Dang lucky," said the captain. He would have liked to have added, "And I wouldn't have staked much on that girl, either, except for looks. A trouble-maker." But he kept this to himself. The girl was dead, and he had seen her small hand in the ray of light, had even seen the cheap ring on it.

The mate walked with the captain along the beach.

"This is my fault," he said. "I have mistaken the light."

"Uh," said the captain, "I know," and into the unending darkness he threw, "Many another's done the same."

"I shall never go to sea again," said the mate. "Not after to-night."

"How come you mistook them lights?" asked the captain. The mate answered simply, as tho before the judgment-throne:

"I didn't know enough. That is why I can't ship again. Or again be an officer. Men like me must take orders. They can not be trusted." Again he spoke as tho from the grave.

The captain wanted to say something commonplace, like, "Oh, come! You'll feel different about it to-morrow." The words choked in his throat. He knew the man was speaking the truth.

After that no man spoke. They flowed along, a dark trickle of misery, despair walking beside the mate, who was not shriven because he had confessed.

NEXT day the dead girl was washed ashore almost in front of the station. She lay there as tho sleeping in her soaked bright dress. She was still beautiful and provocative. It seemed as tho in another moment she would open her eyes and run down the beach. The company of saved people rushed out, curious, some dressed in crinkled, dried clothes, some in fantastic things from the slop-chest.

Dene with another fellow was detailed to drive them off, and they went away, chattering together. The father was prostrate from grief; the mother knelt praying beside her daughter. On one side stood the young mate, his arms crossed, immovable. And near him, unnoticing him, Regina, the girl that Dene had saved. The wind outlined her body. She seemed like something that had wings, yet something so stedfast that it could transcend grief.

She crossed slowly to her mother and held her in her arms as tho to communicate to her her own courage, altho knowing that her gesture would be vain, and that a generation divided them, and that her mother was suffering death. Her mother had always loved her sister best. Her beauty had made a sort of vicarious fulfilment of all the things which her mother had never even tasted. Dene was brought from his contemplation by his captain, who said:

"Well, get a move on yer! What you standin' there for? We got to get 'er in, ain't we?"

He went forward to pick up the girl he had killed, and as he touched her wet clothes a shiver went through him. Because of him, this girl was lying dead. If it had only been a chance, which girl he took in his arms, he could have borne it.

But the choice between life and death had been his. Useless to say it didn't make any difference. The other girl wouldn't have lost her nerve and might have got the life-preserver. Definitely, Dene had willed the death of the girl he was carrying. Such a girl, slithering down into the dark water, the prey of panic, couldn't save herself.

When they came back Manta had gotten out in the cart. He was a man of substance and respected in the town. It seemed that the stricken Desalvos were his relatives, and their house was prepared for them. He was a wide-shouldered, paunchy man, whose dark hair was slicked down on either side of his face. They clung to him, all but Regina, who greeted him punctiliously. The mother flung herself around her brother's neck, telling him an incoherent story in which was mingled the loss of her daughter and the valuable things she had brought with her. At the sight of help she had let herself crumble.

"Where is she?" asked Manta.

"Show the way, Dene," the captain commanded. So again Dene looked on the girl that he had willed to death. In the half-light she looked singularly like the other girl who had played fast and loose with him. Dene felt he had murdered her. He was standing beside Regina and he put out his hand to her, and she put her hand in his. It was the only gesture of comfort which she had allowed herself. Soon, absent-mindedly, she drew her hand away. When her hand left his it was as if Dene could not see.

Blackness enveloped Dene. Then the blackness tore like a dark curtain, and in some fashion there was revealed to him the intolerable fury of the sea. It visualized itself to him in rowing across the shifting cross-currents. He felt it in the undertow which drowned men so easily. He saw death in the sudden squalls which left wrecked vessels and drowned men in their wake.

He had been invulnerable to each of these things, somehow stronger than they. It was as tho he had been living on one side of a curtain and a monstrous hand had rent it, and through this curtain Dene saw death. Death in shoals, death in fog, death in reefs and sand-bars, all around him. All around him death that was clamoring for Dene, just as it had engulfed the lovely whimpering girl.

The Desalvos had left. Dene had a last image of the stern mother, bewildered men, and the girl at once tender, trying to soften her mother's grief, and defying grief herself. Dene heard the captain speaking to him as tho in a foreign tongue.

"Well, what's ailing you, boy? Time you started on your liberty."

He reached his mother's home, taking a short cut. How cheerful it was there! Everybody laughed and played and greeted Dene as tho he hadn't killed a girl last night, as tho he hadn't learned the truth about the sea. Yet the truth was written large for any man to read, in wreckage along the shore, in tombstones which read "LOST AT SEA."

Everybody wanted Dene to tell him about the wreck. It was unbearable. Dene ate his dinner and went out on the street. He met the girl who had played fast and loose with him. She was dressed in her prettiest. Dene could imagine the dead girl as provocative as she.

"I hear you're the hero of the wreck, Dene. Tell us about it," she lisped. "Going to the dance, Dene, to-night?" she insinuated.

"I ain't sure," Dene replied heavily. "I'm kinder—tired."

That was the only way that he could put it to himself that the choice between life and death was too heavy for his young shoulders. If only he hadn't known what he was doing. If he had caught blindly at the girl he had saved! The sight of this other girl, lovely, useless, a trouble-maker, opened the wound in Dene's heart. He had begun to feel stunned, like the group of shipwrecked sailors who had gathered near the post-office, who stared at the world with vague and stupid eyes, as tho they wanted nothing.

Dene turned abruptly up a side street. Coming down, it was Manta and with him the girl. At sight of Dene her face lightened. She turned toward Manta, then ran ahead of him, stretching out her hands. As Dene took hers her eyes filled with tears. She was ashamed of her tears, and dropped his hands and returned to Manta. Life outside was more unbearable than at home. There Dene could shut himself up in his own room. That was bad, too. Alone by himself, pictures filled his mind. Presently he would have to meet the noisy supper-table, and they would talk about the wreck and he would have to tell in words, of pictures that he could see when he sat alone by himself. It didn't happen this way.

When Denny began, "Tell us about the wreck," his mother said quickly:

"I don't want to hear about any wreck; it gives me the creeps."

Dene looked down at his plate. He felt as he had when he was a youngster and his mother knew everything.

THE station was like a tomb when Dene got back. Then a group of the coast-guards came along, still talking about the wreck. Dene avoided them, for their talk was translated in his mind to his having killed the girl, and his monstrous knowledge of life's insecurity. The old man said to Dene:

"With the tide runnin' in like 'tis, you'll have jest time to fetch across to Varport. I got my dang report made out, an' I want it mailed. Gosh, if they don't wind a corpse up in red tape if it's drowned. Washington, the township, and God knows what all."

"Ain't—ain't she gone yet?" asked Dene.

"Gone? Dog my cat! How'd she be gone? Medical examiner, permission to move from one township to another, and if this station had be'n builded right we'd 'a' been in the township of Varport—but it might 'a' be'n resky what with them tides and currents to build it further down," he said with sarcasm. "Hustle on, Dene! You jes't got time."

Dene knew well enough why he was being sent. After a storm there were none of the other men who knew the currents that set in between the station and Varport. A sudden impulse came to him to scream:

"Why in —— didn't you send some one else?"

But discipline held him. He walked to the cove where the dory was kept, and began pulling with the inflowing tide. Then a strange thing happened to Dene. He had the tide with him, altho the inlet was full of swirls and tricky—the kind of thing that capsizes a man's boat. All at once he had lost his instinctive knowledge of these things. He might have been in a boat for the first time.

He made his way cautiously, like some one who had never crossed this space of water before.

"It's on account of that girl," he thought. "She gives me the willies."

On the way back it was worse. Things had delayed him in town. Dusk was falling. These were the times a man relies on instinct—the knowledge he has amassed unknown to himself, or the knowledge bred into the bone and muscle of him by seafaring people. The very build of him had made it easy for him to pull a boat. Things in him that were like his mother—her steady eyes and her ability not to worry. All these things had gone. Dene had no instinct. All his mind was bent on self-justification.

"Who'd 'a' done better?" he wanted to know. "Who could 'a' done any other way?" But while he justified himself choice stood before him accusing, unrelenting. Choice had been a sort of revenge against the girl who had dared to play fast and loose with him.

He saw them again, one so like her sister, unshakable, ready to sacrifice herself, and the one who was the prey to panic, the trouble-maker, who lived for the enslavement of men—who could even wind herself around her stern old mother with her loveliness.

"Bet I'd been fool enough to fall for her," Dene thought, and at that moment his dory swirled in one of the treacherous currents. There were flat rocks in the inlet, black and menacing like crocodiles, and, except at low water, hidden treacherously.

"Why," thought Dene, "I've come to the Shark's Tooth. How'd I get to the Shark's Tooth?" He managed to right himself, and pulled up-stream against the tide, the death-bringing, swift-running tide that swamped you before you knew it.

There was barely light enough for him to see. And the instinct which always carried him sure had left him. He had to think. He had to plan his strokes, make out the landmarks, and he had been so sure of this inlet that he could have gone across it with the wind raging and the tide against it, as if he were walking to his mother's house. Bewilderment bound him. He didn't know what had happened to him.

He knew there was a dead girl and a live girl, and somehow both of them might have been alive but only for him. He fought this inner crumbling of himself, but it was like boxing with the air.

The weather after this was mild and sweet. There was nothing for Dene to bother about—except meeting his mother's steady eyes—her eyes that looked through him and seemed to know that he, too, had been lost in the wreck.

Two weeks later, when Dene was in town, he walked through the narrow streets riddled with endless rights of way, where he knew Regina lived. He walked along, hangdog fashion, as tho visiting the scene of a murder. Houses were set in disorderly rows and painted bright colors. The front yards were gay with flowers and the vegetable gardens used every inch of the land.

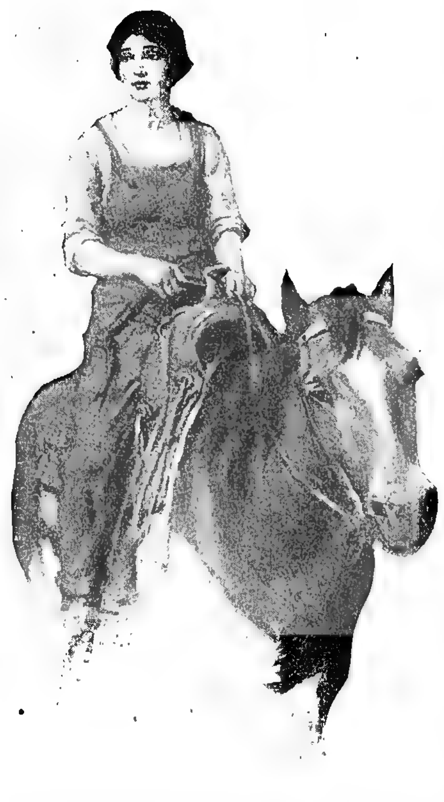
From the clothes-lines brilliant-colored garments billowed grotesquely. If the women had nothing else they had color anyway for adornment. The heavy men's clothes gave the history of the work they did. Women talked over fences; women took in clothes; they worked in gardens. Every here and there was a desolate house that spoke of poverty, of not enough energy to use the bit of land. Suddenly Dene knew how these people felt.

He hated himself for walking at random through these lanes. He hated himself, not for being there, but because it was impossible for him to ask:

"Where are the Desalvos living at?"

He did not need to ask. The girl's mother came from one of the houses and asked him in. There was no gainsaying her. Dene had wanted to know where they lived. Why, he couldn't have told, but to go into the house—that was another thing.

They had settled themselves since they came, even to the picture of the Virgin; but through the house, pervading it, was an atmosphere of mourning. Dene sat down in the living-room. He was surrounded by the mother, the two brothers, the smaller children. Regina sat a little ways apart. The mate of the wrecked vessel also stood with the air of some one about to leave, and who when he went would have no more place to go than a disembodied spirit. The mother looked at him from the sunken caverns of her eyes.



JUDITH GARE

heroine of the prize novel

"Wild Geese"

which begins in

August Pictorial Review

Judith is a child of the open air, wilful, lovable, but always a strong and dominating figure, whether engaged in farm drudgery or flying through the fields on a foam-lathered stallion.

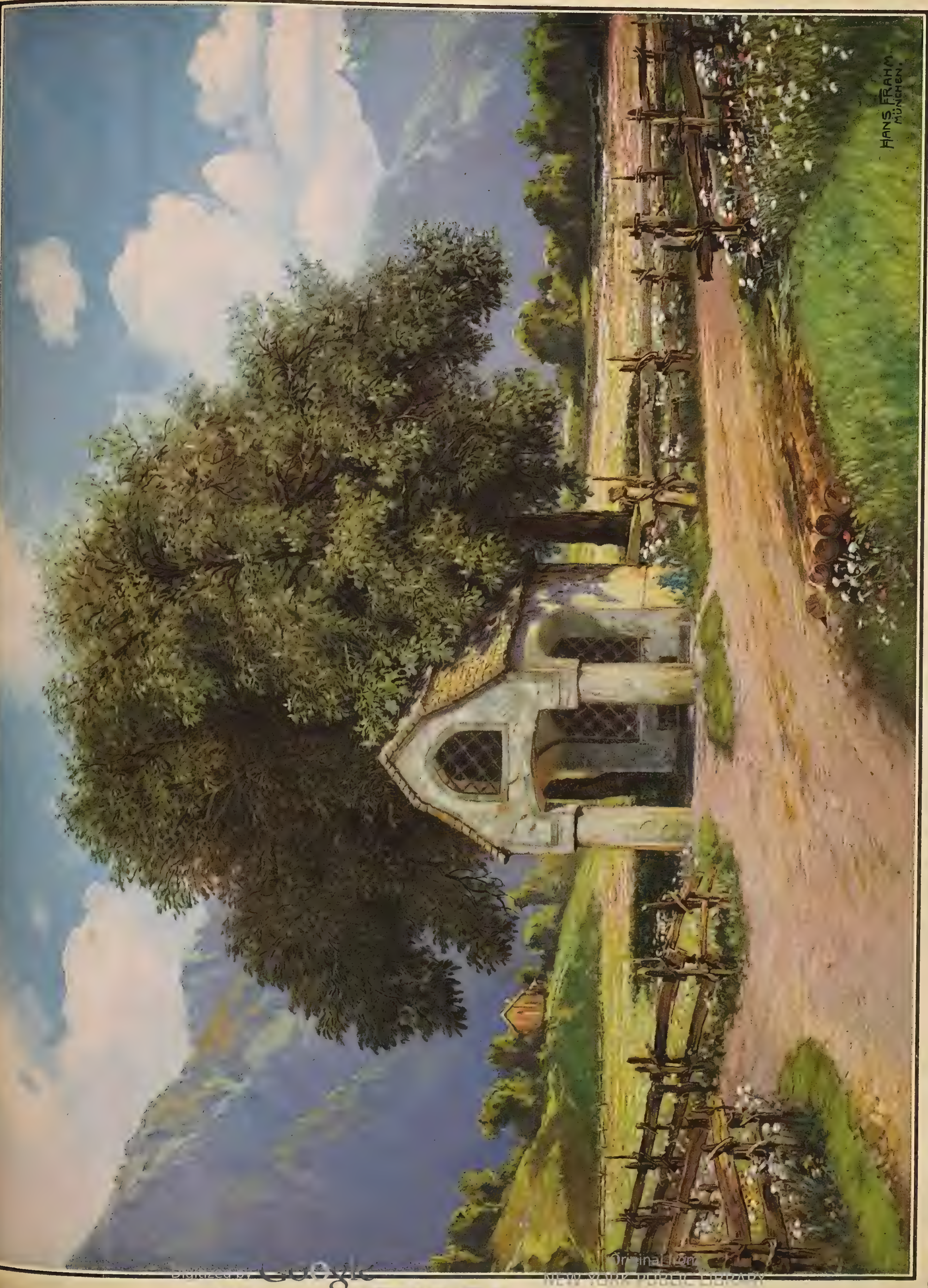
She makes a terrific struggle for her chance in life. She has a passionate yearning for release from a tragic inheritance and sordid environment.

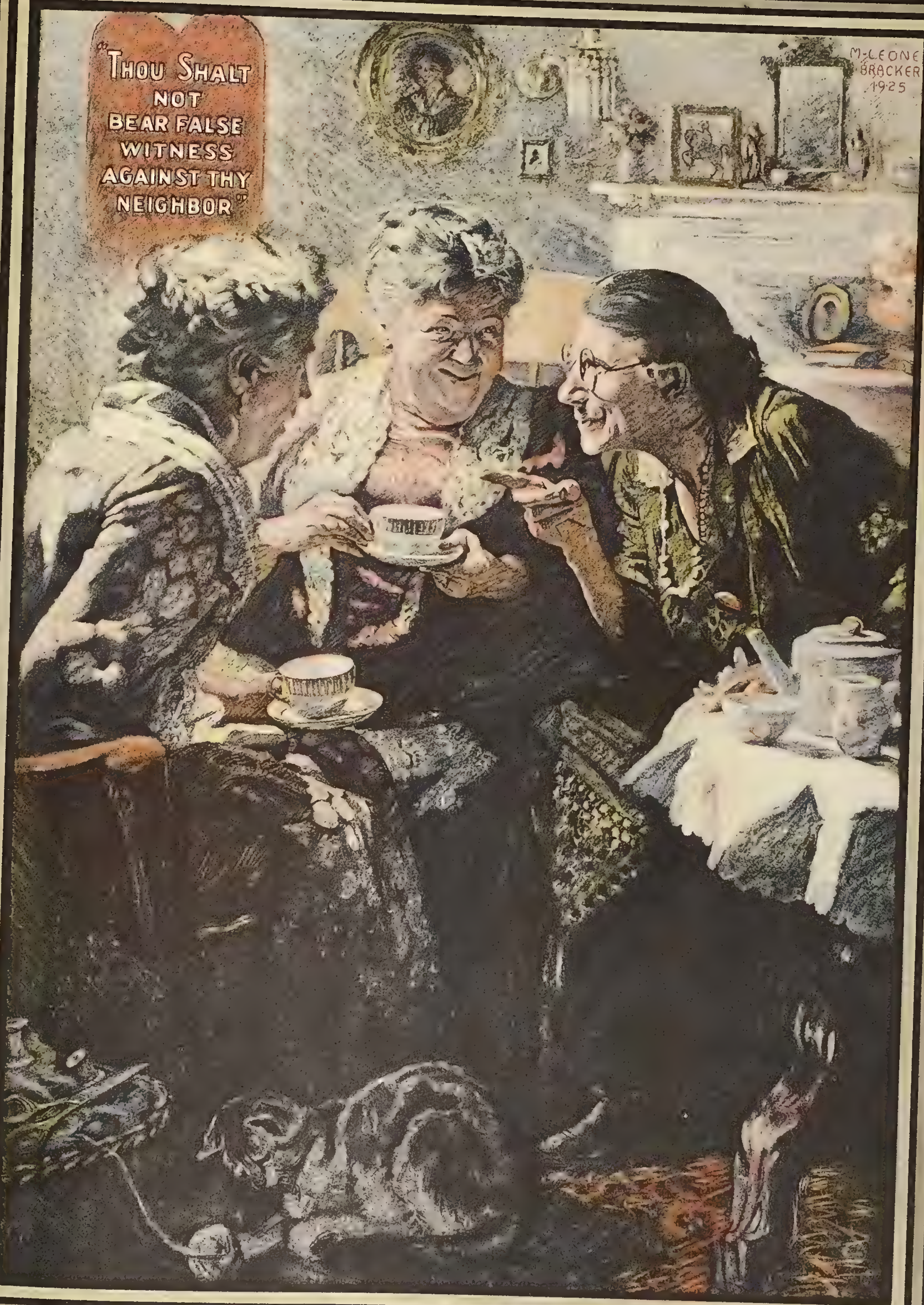
As she strives for better things she battles with the suppressed emotions of a weak mother, the deviltries of a fanatical father, and the indifference of a colorless sister and brothers.

It is a vivid, dramatic, and compelling story.

"Wild Geese" is the novel that won the $13,500 prize awarded by Pictorial Review, Dodd, Mead & Co., and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. It is the first book of a young author, Martha Ostenso. Her career is outlined on page 48.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 41


HANS FRAHM
MÜNCHEN.


"Thou Shalt
Not
Bear False
Witness
Against Thy
Neighbor"
M. Leone
Bracker
1925

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

"Thou Shalt Not Bear False Witness Against Thy Neighbor"

NINTH COMMANDMENT

Drawn by M. LEONE BRACKER

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Her Husband—Right or Wrong?

Sometimes There May Be Too Big a Price to Pay for Self-Respect

By Genevieve Parkhurst

"IF JIM BRATHWAITE even so much as looked at another woman I'd leave him on the spot!"

The deliberate bravado of her words was belied by the tired tones in which they were spoken and by the anemic qualities of her pale, flabby cheeks and lids. She was sewing lace on a soiled and wrinkled bit of linen which showed plainly that work on it had dragged on and on, that it had been laid aside and forgotten, to be taken up in occasional spurts of futile endeavor. The thread knotted. She jerked feebly at it, and then handed it over to one of the other women on the veranda, who undid the knot with a deft and sprightly twist of the thread.

A faint but significant smile was exchanged by Mrs. Brathwaite's three companions as she went on:

"Not that Jim would ever think of such a thing—for he's the soul of honor and devotion. But I can't understand how you three can sit there and say that you think Helen Gray was foolish to have left Don after the way he acted."

Another smile was exchanged, and one of the three, the Sprightly One who had undone the knot, asked, "What did she get out of it? Alimony too small to live on, hard work for which she's not fitted—and a heart-breaking loneliness."

"She has her self-respect—that's something," interrupted Mrs. Brathwaite.

"Not much to brag about as an exchange for a comfortable home and a husband who, on the whole, as far as husbands go, was a fairly good one. She says herself that he was as gentle as a lamb about the house—that he anticipated every wish. What if he did skylark about a bit? To my mind Helen made a sad mistake. She thinks so herself now—when it's too late. And she's still in love with Don." The Sprightly One's head gave a slow, sympathetic shake. "Bad advice from some one, I should say," she added thoughtfully.

Mrs. Brathwaite burst into tears.

"*I* told her to do it. And I'm not going to stay here and have *my* motives questioned," she whined, crumpling her sewing and thrusting it into her grass-mesh reticule.

"Don't whimper, Mollie B.," spoke up a young wife from the golf-sock she was darning. Her bobbed hair was the color of ripe wheat-tips as the sun touched it through the latticed vines overgrowing the veranda. The twinkle in her blue eyes matched its gleam as she went further. "Only a case of mistaken judgment—old stuff—that. If my Willie strays from his fireside I'll pop out and do the same and let it go at that." She gave a smart flick to the darning-wool.

This was too much—entirely too much—for Mollie B. She departed in tears and in spite of her companions' attempts at mollification.

When she was gone the Sprightly One dropped the velvet bag she was beading. Smacking her lips, she exclaimed, "If she doesn't bear out what I'm trying to say! There she is, the world's most futile creature! Why, she can't even take a stitch without knotting her thread. She can't serve tea without knocking over the cream-pitcher or spilling the tea. If she gives a dinner-party she has to call in the neighbors to plan it for her—and the next day, without having done a stroke of work, she's a wreck. Jim Brathwaite's her eyes, ears, hands, and feet. She's whined him into an abject slavery of attention and consideration. And yet—" she slid a shy, wise glance about the circle of three—"every one knows what he is——"

"Every one but Mollie B.," laughed the Flapper Wife.

"That's just it," acknowledged the Sprightly One. "And if she ever found it out she'd leave him, sure enough—her futility is as determined as it is effective. He'd marry again. He's that kind. And where would she be? Mollie's not the sort who can walk alone. And at her time of life it wouldn't be easy to get another husband." There was a glint of malice in the sudden tightening of her lips and the narrowing of the corners of her eyes as she declared further, "I'd stick till death before I'd give a man like that the satisfaction of freedom and the chance to marry another woman."

The other member of the remaining group of three had, until now, been a silent listener. Her hair was a smooth silvery gray and her eyes were serene with a knowledge of life which experience had ripened to a mellow maturity. Smiling wisely at the Sprightly One, she entered the discussion.

"I do not think either is exactly right," she said. "The question is too big and has too many facets to be disposed of with a fillip. I agree that a woman whose husband is kind and satisfactory is foolish to leave him because, perhaps, in an off moment, he pays attention to some other woman. The world is yet hard upon women in general, and few of us are capable of battling with it. Marriage is at its best so difficult a relationship and it requires so much giving and taking to make it successful that a little forbearance and forgiveness go a long way toward redeeming a recalcitrant husband.

"On the other hand it does wear away woman's endurance and self-respect to be constantly overlooking masculine diversions. I've known so many women whose lives were devastated by it—as many as I have seen suffer because they were too spontaneous in breaking up their homes and their marriages. Neither do I believe in retaliation. Love and happiness can not be maintained by tawdry tricks which leave those who play them spiritually poorer.

"Above all do I decry the wife who clings to a man when he no longer loves her and when she no longer loves him, her only excuse the malicious intent to keep him from freedom and the possibility of a happier future."

THIS conversation, repeated practically verbatim, was overheard recently on the veranda of a woman's club-house, where I happened to be waiting for some one. I am not given to eavesdropping, but in this instance I permitted myself the lapse. Men and women are to-day walking so easily in and out of marriage that many are wondering whether or not the exit should be guarded, and, if so, what leeway should be given so that those who can not live together harmoniously may have an end to discord.

Now, I am one who thinks that it is not short of sacrilege for a husband and wife who no longer love each other to continue their relationship. But there are many who do not agree with this opinion. Some believe that the individual marriage once a fact must always be a fact. Others, with varying widths of vision, declare that there are certain conditions which warrant divorce. And of this latter class all place at the top of the list unfaithfulness as the cardinal and unforgivable sin in marriage.

"A woman's self-respect is at stake!" they exclaim with much lifting of the eyebrows and tightening of the lips.

I have known so many women who have paid too great a price for maintaining this so-called self-respect. I have seen them going out from sheltered homes into a world in which they were both inadequate and misfit. I have seen them lonely and tired and hungry. I have seen and heard so much of this sort of thing that I think it is time to bring the question to a sensible debate.

And it seems to me that the discussion I heard on the veranda of the club-house furnishes a fine foundation upon which to build it. Let us take the case of the aforesaid Mollie Brathwaite. According to her friends, who seemed to know her well, she was a woman feeble and inadequate, who both played upon and preyed upon her husband's tolerance and generosity. By her own words, if she were to discover that her husband could possibly be guilty of admiring another woman she would leave him "at once." And where would she be? At the best she would be lonely and without an anchor in a world which is not overkind to the inept and selfish.

A friend of mine—a woman whom I have known for many years—in a moment of overwhelming anguish left her husband. He tried in vain to persuade her to return to him. She was young and intense, and refused to be conciliated.

In time she divorced him. But she has never been happy. She has never cared for another man well enough to marry and she is very lonely. "No man could have been better to a wife than he was to me," she has said. "He gave me everything I wanted. He waited on me, hand and foot. He never spoke a cross word. He rarely spent an evening away from me. Wasn't I a fool?" And when she asks this question there are tears in her eyes.

I think she was a "fool." The woman who loves intensely is always at the mercy of the man she loves. It is not in her nature to love easily or lightly and she is apt to be more miserable when away from him than when with him.

There are ten commandments and eight beatitudes. The man who lives up to the majority of them but in off moments breaks one or two is no more culpable than he who keeps one or two and breaks all the rest. Nagging, niggardliness, unkindness, and cruelty are the supreme crimes in all human relationships. They are the real goads which drive women to desperate means of escape.

On the other hand no one with an ounce of understanding would advise a wife to remain married to a man who constantly wanders to other firesides. Nothing so devastates a woman's spiritual fiber. Life holds no more tragic spectacle than the wife who clings to a man who so palpably gives evidence that he no longer loves her or wants her about. Between the extremes there are wise and workable means by which a woman can hold to her love with dignity and self-respect. A case of this sort I have in memory. It is of a man who in his early married life wandered from his home, leaving his wife and baby. In spite of her agony and of the protests of her indignant family the wife refused to divorce him. "He'll come back," she would say. "He loves me, I know."

He did come back, abject and in poverty, and she took him in without recrimination or reprisal. She went to his former employers and got them to reinstate him. That was thirty-five years ago now, and I have never known a more devoted couple. They have a happy family of children and grandchildren, a home into which every one delights to go because of its atmosphere of contentment and well-being. This woman has achieved a high degree of self-respect. In it there is no taint of selfishness and false pride and resentment, but a full measure of the enduring qualities of a love big enough to sacrifice, to understand, and to forgive.

Many may say, "But if a man loves one woman he can not care for the company of another."

I thought this, too, when I was young and looked on life through the eyes of an effete tradition. Through many years of observation I have come to know that it is a rare woman indeed who holds within herself the perfection and the power to be all things to her husband—just as rare a jewel as the man who is able to walk the eternal road with a woman without casting his eyes about at others as they pass. To some women are given beauty and charm; to some intellect; to some the deep maternal instinct which bids them mother the man they love. Few have all of these. And it is a wise woman who knows this and, all other things being tolerable, holds her place in her husband's affection by the bit of her wisdom—by a fine recognition of her own shortcomings and a gentle tolerance of his.

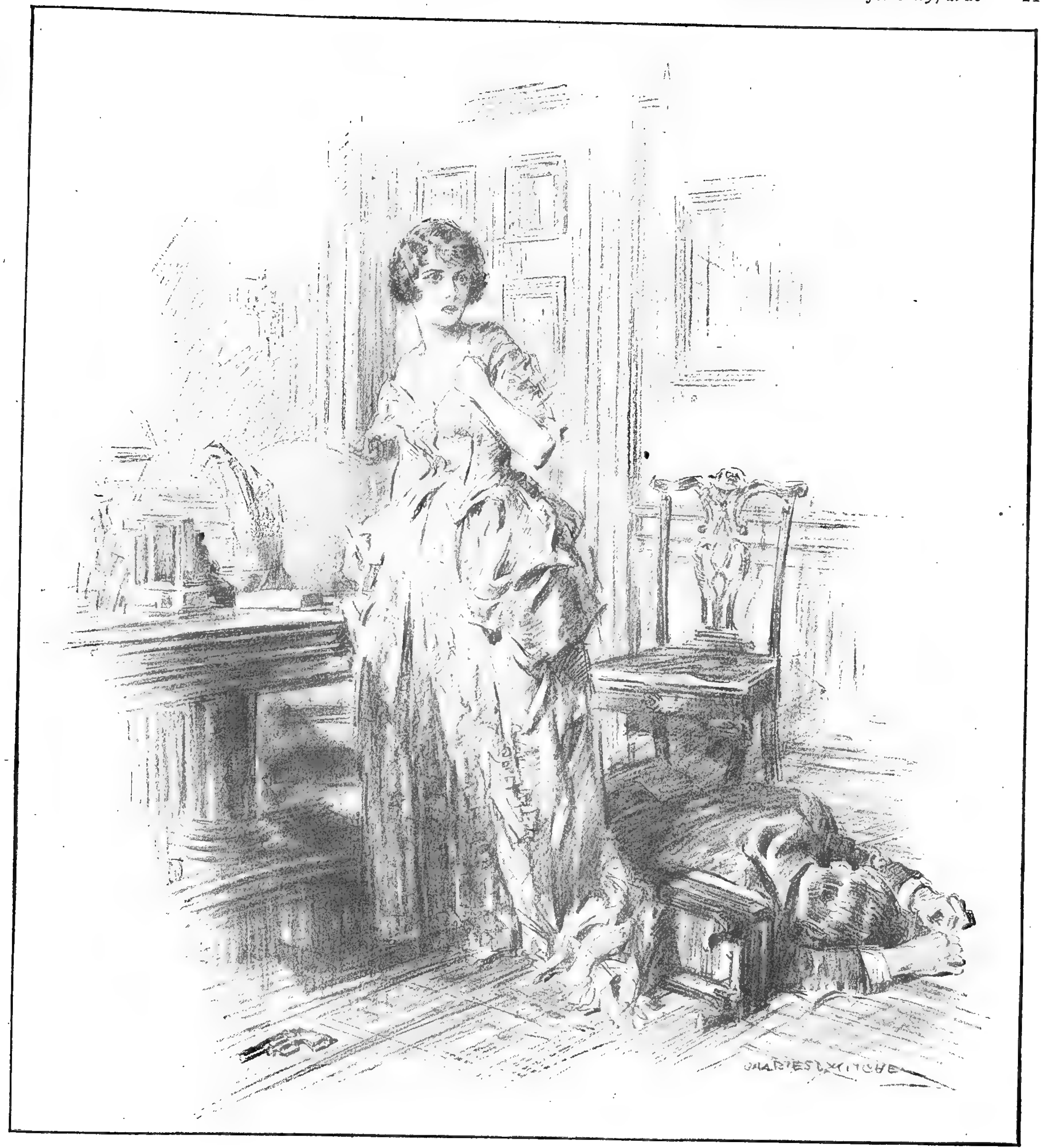
The Ten Commandments

NINTH COMMANDMENT

"Thou Shalt Not Bear False Witness Against Thy Neighbor"

MANY an individual who considers himself, or herself, a virtuous citizen and a faithful religionist is frequently guilty of infractions of the Ninth Commandment. Tale-bearing, slander, and backbiting dwarf the soul, smirch the mind, and wizen the features of those unfortunates who make a regular practice of these uncharitable habits. Mr. Bracker's pictorial satire on the preceding page is indeed a graphic interpretation of a scene much too familiar in human experience.

Next Month the Tenth Commandment



"COURAGE EBBED BACK. SOMETHING MUST BE DONE. POLICE. AMBULANCE. SHE STARTED TO LEAVE THE ROOM. THE MAN GROANED, VERY FAINTLY."

This Is the Story of a Girl Who Defied Love to Reach Her Heart, Who Loathed Romance, Whose Coldness Was a Byword

The CRYSTAL CUP

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON

Author of "Black Oxen"

In Four Parts—Part three

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

THE novel "Nothing and Nobody," by Elizabeth Pelham, was published in the Spring, and as critics and columnists pronounced it another notable contribution to undiluted Americanism, and as her publisher's enthusiasm expressed itself in picturesque advertising it had a fair success. The sale barely reached seven thousand copies, but the event established Elsie in sophisticate society, and the Lucy Stone League invited her to sit at the speakers' table at its annual dinner.

"But privately I don't think much of it," she said to Gita. "They are all very kind and overlook defects because it is modern and sincere and rather disagreeable. But I know I'll do better and better, and I never was so happy in my life."

"Eustace thinks it a remarkable first novel, and I know it by heart. Seems all right to me."

They were in Gita's sitting-room in the East Twelfth Street house, the windows open to the warm breezes of Spring.

"How is Eustace's book getting on?" asked Elsie, who was still able to interest herself in the work of other authors. "It should be nearly finished."

"Haven't seen him for a week. He has his meals sent up-stairs. Says he always becomes the complete hermit toward the end. I suppose he doesn't even shave."

Elsie looked at Gita speculatively.

"Your experiment has been a success," she observed. "I wondered if it would——"

"Of course it has been a success. We've even had our little tiffs. Sometimes, particularly at the table, I feel almost domestic. But when we have an evening at home he comes down-stairs to call and we have one of our old wonderful talks. The more I see of all these clever men the more I admire Eustace. I've missed him terribly these last weeks."

"Too bad more husbands don't take a leaf out of his book. In some ways your marriage is an ideal one."

"All ways."

"Well, of course all women wouldn't think so."

"More fools they."

"Gita—" Elsie hesitated. She seldom pressed too close to this still incalculable friend.

"Well?" Gita, who had returned at two in the morning from a party at Potts Dawes's, was sunken deep in her chair. She had lost some of her color, but her pink negligée shed a soft glow over her face.

"Gita," Elsie began again.

"Well?—once more. You look as if you had something on your mind. Better get it off."

"I can't help wondering—I witnessed a good many changes before you married—but this Winter in New York has changed you still more—and I can't help wondering if you aren't eventually going to fall in love with Eustace."

Gita stared at her. "With Eustace? What an idea! Why don't you ask me if I don't think of spoiling the very most ideal relationship that ever existed between a man and woman?"

"Well, that's a matter of opinion."

"Only one opinion under this roof."

"Then you've changed less than I thought."

"Odd if I should change in that respect."

"But you might fall in love with some one else. You've met a good many attractive men these last months."

"None half as attractive as Eustace. He always both rests and stimulates me and his manners are perfect. More than can be said for most."

"And do you mean to live like this for the rest of your life?" asked Elsie.

The Story of the Story

BEAUTIFUL Gita Carteret had fallen heir to her grandmother's fortune and the family manor-house in Atlantic City after years of living drably in Europe with a dissolute father and a disillusioned mother. A disgust of men had been Gita's natural reaction to her father's fast friends, and she had sought refuge in an inner reserve and a forbidding exterior.

But Polly Pleyden and Elsie Brewster, Gita's only intimates, prevailed upon her, soon after her grandmother's death, to abandon her boyish behavior and to fashion herself along more feminine lines. A concentrated course in social training in a short time produced an up-to-date butterfly, and Gita was ready for her first flutter.

Independent by nature and utterly unromantic, she proposed matrimony to Eustace Bylant, a beau-about-town and among authors a best-seller. As he was actually infatuated with Gita, Bylant readily adapted himself to her attitude toward love—"only friendship glorified"—and the odd couple agreed to be married after a fancy-dress ball that Gita gave in the old manor-house.

After a gay season in New York Gita found herself growing dependent upon frivolity and upon the admiration that men felt for her. Was her change in temperament consistent with her real nature and would she ever grow to care for Bylant? Then comes a disclosure of a new Gita.

"Of course. Why not? Life is perfect. When I look back on those long twenty-two years before I landed in Carteret Manor I can hardly realize my good luck."

"Oh, I admit that. And you were doubly fortunate to have the mental equipment to make the most of it. But you're missing something, you know."

"I'm not." Gita set her mouth obstinately. "Don't talk that old tosh."

"Call it what you like. But no woman escapes it. Even Polly is more than half in love with my brother."

"Is she?" Gita opened her eyes. "She's never said a word to me about it."

"Bad sign, as you see her nearly every day. He's been there to dine several times and I know they take walks together in the park. I fancy the pursuit is on her side, but when a woman makes up her mind to marry a man she generally does."

"But I don't quite see her as the wife of a struggling young surgeon."

"Nor I. But love has been known to do queer things to people."

"I always said she was far too good for her crowd, and I've seen signs more than once that she was sick of it. But they're not suited at all. Have you given him a talking-to?"

"Do you think I'm an idiot?"

"I haven't seen him since the night of the Christmas party. Then he looked like a beau cavalier and was certainly devoted to Polly." Gita almost blushed as she remembered his explosive declaration to herself.

"I rather thought you'd made an impression on him," said Elsie. "And that wouldn't have done, either. I suppose I don't want him to marry at all. He's the sort of man who is better off alone. Perhaps I'm all wrong. I'd be a fool if I thought I knew my own brother. I wish you'd ask them to dine and then tell me what you think of it."

"I've asked him several times, but he always gave some excuse. When Eustace has finished his book we're going to have a celebration and I'll tell Polly to bring him."

"Well—if I were a different person, and you were a different person, I'd ask you to use your own wiles and break it up. But as it is——"

"I should think not!" Gita sprang to her feet. "Let's go for a walk."

EUSTACE, unshorn and unshaven, banged out the last word of his novel, tore the page from the typewriter, and flung it to the floor. Then he hit his machine a blow with his fist, rattled the case over it and, swinging about in his chair, scowled at the scattered manuscript. When writing a book in the seclusion of his chambers he bore little resemblance to the Eustace Bylant known to his world.

He had plunged into his novel as a beneficent refuge the day after he found himself shut up in this narrow house with Gita, and his theme had not only absorbed but exhausted him. Gita and he rarely met before dinner, for he rose at nine and worked until four, and on what he called his off days he went to a gymnasium, played golf, or took a long walk in the country. This last week the pace had been terrific and he had barely left his rooms.

He hardly knew whether he loved his book or hated it. He always finished a novel with regret, and this had certainly been a friend in need! But his nerves were jumping, and his violated ego clamored for utterance.

He took a hot bath and cold shower, and, not daring to trust his unsteady hands, slipped out of the house and went to his barber. An hour later he was sauntering up Fifth Avenue to one of his clubs, cool, aloof, immaculately groomed. This club, of which he was a member, almost by inheritance, always called him at the end of an intellectual orgy. The reaction from the long strain was apt to be sharp and violent, and he moved automatically toward men who hardly knew him as a novelist and were quietly amused by the word "temperament."

At half past seven he met Gita in the drawing-room and gallantly raised her hand to his lips.

"I feel as if I had just risen from the dead," he said, smiling, "and had ascended not to earth but to a vision of paradise."

"Nice to hear your pretty compliments again, dear Eustace, and nicer still to have you back. But you look rather fagged—must have been working hard."

"Pegging away like an old cart-horse, but the job's finished, thank Heaven. A week or two of polishing and then nothing more arduous than proofs to correct."

"I'd love to help you with them."

"Well, you shall. We'll be over at the manor then and I'll really see something of you once more. Have we anything on to-night?"

"Music at the Pleydens'. I hope you're not too tired to go? I dared not accept for dinner, but promised Mrs. Pleyden I'd bring you later if it were humanly possible."

His sigh of relief was inaudible. He meant to woo her and win her, but he was very tired, and a part of his brain still reverberated to the echoes of his creative energies. "Nothing could give me more pleasure than an evening of music except to dine alone with you and enjoy a good dinner once more. By the time a tray reaches the third floor things are lukewarm and tasteless. Shall we go in?"

The long narrow dining-room was at the front of the house, rather somber with its tapestries and Jacobean furniture, but lit with long red candles as slender as reeds. Topper had been left in charge of the manor, and they were served by a trim maid. Gita, at the head of the table in a shining yellow gown with a jeweled sunflower at her breast, was a grateful and refreshing figure after his incarceration, and he felt toward her as he would have done toward any beautiful woman who had never stirred his pulses, altho they talked of intimate things.

"You've no idea how I've missed you!" Gita exclaimed as their eyes met and smiled. "But of course you forgot my existence."

"Ah—well, I must be rude and confess that I did. But I am sure you understand."

"Of course I do. And I never resented it even when I wanted to talk to you more than anything else in the world."

"I once told you that you would make a model wife, and, I remember, you retorted that you hated the word, and substituted 'partner.'"

"Oh, I'm used to hearing myself called your wife and don't mind a bit. Words only mean what you put into them, anyhow. To most foreigners, for instance, all our words mean nothing."

"Quite true. What have you been doing with yourself?"

"Oh, opera, matinées, concerts, dinners, parties, walking, shopping—getting Summer things—enjoying myself every minute."

"Not a bit tired of this gay life?"

"Rather not. But I'll be glad to get back to the manor."

"I suppose you intend to have house-parties? But it would be a delightful change to have you to myself for a bit—say a month?"

"'Fraid we'd get talked out and bore each other, but a week between each party would strike a happy medium. I never intend to give you a chance to tire of me." And she gave him a dazzling smile.

He made the proper gallant retort, and asked, "What time do we show up at the Pleydens'?"

"Ten-thirty. You've just time for a cigar in my ark. I simply long to see you in your chair again. It's over a fortnight since you paid me a call."

THE Pleydens lived in a double apartment on Park Avenue, and until lately the large drawing-room had resounded with jazz at least once a week. During the Winter Mrs. Pleyden gave two musical evenings, a large dinner once a fortnight, followed by bridge, and numerous luncheons.

To-night, altho it was late in the season, a large company was assembled. Mrs. Pleyden wore a jeweled band above her eyebrows, and her gown of eucalyptus-green satin, embroidered with silver finished at her instep, was as modish as Polly's. A short string of pearls clasped the base of her throat, and at the end of a long chain of platinum and small diamonds she carried a lorgnette.

Her concerts were always events, for she had the fine taste in music of educated New-Yorkers. The musicians performed on a raised dais at the end of the long room, and the guests sat as comfortably as might be on rows of gilt chairs. Mr. Pleyden was not present. He was the able and industrious president of a railroad system and spent his evenings in his library reading detective stories.

But Mrs. Pleyden looked less placid than usual as she stood by the door receiving late guests while a coloratura warbled. Her eyes wandered to Polly, who sat in a niche by the chimneypiece with Dr. Pelham. Mrs. Pleyden was not as worldly as the mothers of her own youth, but she drew the line at obscure surgeons whose parents she had never met. That he was the highly esteemed associate of Dr. Gaunt in no way tempered the misfortune that threatened the house of Pleyden. He might be a famous surgeon himself twenty years hence, but at present he was a nobody. And altho girls sometimes married young men obliged to toil and economize, and were content to live in unfashionable neighborhoods, it was always with a husband of their own class, and their position was still as assured as that of their friends with spectacular American incomes.

But Mrs. Pleyden had seen enough of Geoffrey Pelham to comprehend that if Polly married him she would drop out. It was only too plain that society bored him. Her father would be willing to give her a large allowance, but Pelham was not the man to live on his wife, and Mrs. Pleyden knew that he contributed to the support of his mother and sister. The future looked dark and dubious. She had seen Polly interested before, but never serious.

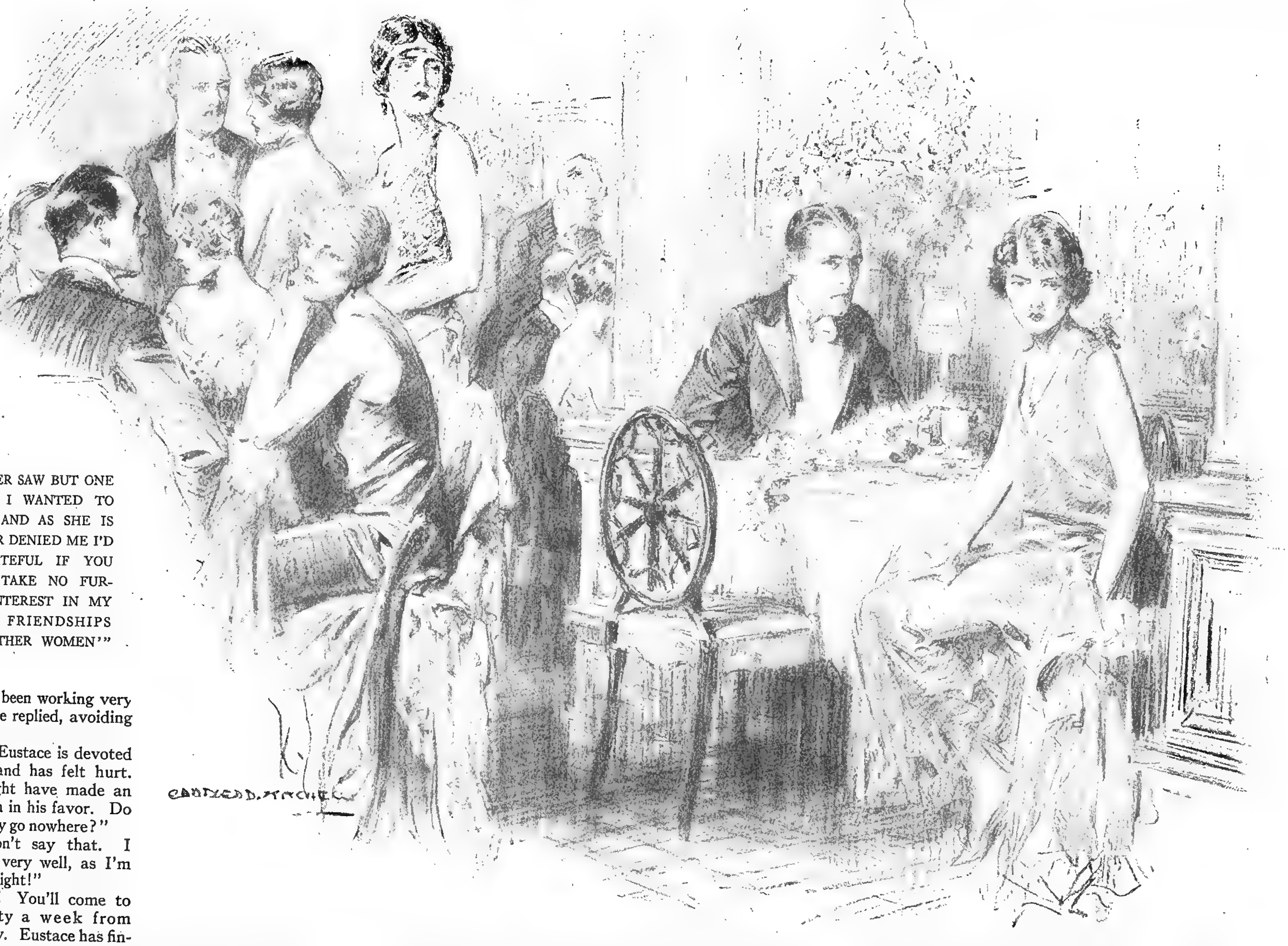
And then she noticed that Pelham, whose ear was bent to Polly's irreverent whisperings, was looking at Gita Bylant. Staring at her. His eyes looked bedazzled. She was sure that he had not yet asked Polly to marry him, and altho he was obviously attracted by her, he had never given the impression of a man desperately in love.

But at this moment her heart gave a throb of mingled hope and resentment. Altho she disapproved of Gita, the creature might have her uses, and, if she chose to exert her wiles on Geoffrey Pelham, so much the better. Eustace was able to take care of himself. But Gita, after a smile and nod to both Polly and Dr. Pelham, had devoted herself raptly to the music.

The musical program lasted but an hour and a half. As the company moved toward the dining-room Gita found herself beside Geoffrey Pelham, who had surrendered Polly to Park Leonard, a new and increasingly determined admirer. Gita noted under her eyelashes that he more nearly filled Polly's old ideal than any of her numerous court, certainly far more than Geoffrey Pelham. Leonard was a partner in his father's eminent law firm, and in spite of a personal fortune was ambitious, active, and diligent, going rarely into society and never to jazz parties. He had dark hair and gray eyes, clean features, almost sharp, and a square chin.

Polly found him useful as a red rag, and nodded her head indifferently to Pelham as she gave Leonard permission to sit beside her at supper. That Gita's black eyes had played havoc in Geoffrey's unsusceptible heart had never entered her mind.

GITA had learned the lesson familiar to all American women: that conversational initiative was one to be cheerfully assumed, more particularly with men as silent as Geoffrey Pelham. She began by reproaching him for his neglect.



"'I NEVER SAW BUT ONE WOMAN I WANTED TO MARRY AND AS SHE IS FOREVER DENIED ME I'D BE GRATEFUL IF YOU WOULD TAKE NO FURTHER INTEREST IN MY CASUAL FRIENDSHIPS WITH OTHER WOMEN'"

"I've been working very hard," he replied, avoiding her eyes.

"But Eustace is devoted to you and has felt hurt. You might have made an exception in his favor. Do you really go nowhere?"

"I won't say that. I couldn't very well, as I'm here to-night!"

"Well! You'll come to our party a week from Thursday. Eustace has finished his novel and we're going to have a blowout. Don't try to think up an excuse. We'll expect you."

"I was only trying to say I'd be delighted."

They found a table for two in a corner, and altho surrounded by high chatter their tête-à-tête was unlikely to be interrupted.

Gita was still uninitiated in coquetry, but her eyes, as she turned them on Pelham, were not devoid of challenge, altho she was at the moment consumed by nothing more dangerous than curiosity.

"I hear you are devoted to Polly," she remarked.

He flushed, but answered coolly, "Devoted is hardly the word. I have a great admiration for Miss Pleyden and she has shown me much hospitality. I've never found time to be interested in any one."

"Polly has more in her than you suspect. She is not only a dear, but she really has a mind if she would only cultivate it."

"I more than suspect it. As I told you before, I find her admirable."

"I was delighted when I heard of the friendship. I've always feared she'd marry some duffer and come to her senses too late."

"I should say she was less likely to make a mistake than most girls, and Leonard, for instance, is a fine fellow."

"He'd do very well," Gita said musingly. "Polly always said she'd never marry until she met a man of that sort." She shot a glance at Pelham, who was calmly consuming a plover.

"I'm sure she couldn't do better."

"But——"

"Well?" Pelham looked up, and in his own eyes there was something of challenge.

"I mean—well—you see—I hardly know how to say it, but I believe Polly is really interested in you."

"I have amused her because I am a rank outsider, something entirely different from what she has been accustomed to." And he helped himself to chicken salad.

Gita was torn between what might be a betrayal of Polly and the desire to come to her assistance. She had heard that men sometimes needed but a seed deftly planted to be flattered into complete surrender. And Pelham was not the type to feel only the joy of the hunter. Affection for Polly conquered.

"I believe she is really in love with you," she said.

He turned pale, but looked at her steadily. "If I thought that were true I should refuse to discuss the subject at all. But it is not. Am I to understand that you have turned match-maker?"

"Not I. But I'd like to see Polly happy."

"Do you mean that you want me to marry her?" His voice had a harsh directness, quite unlike the mellow, subtle tones of Eustace Bylant.

To her surprize Gita felt her face flush, and she dropped her eyes. "Yes, I think I do." But she frowned.

"I never saw but one woman I wanted to marry and as she is forever denied me I'd be grateful if you would take no further interest in my casual friendships with other women." He was very white, but his voice was hard and deliberate and his eyes angry. He lifted his fork, and his sensitive fingers were steady.

Gita turned cold, and the blood left her face and seemed to settle about her heart. She was astounded and horrified, and then she felt a sensation of pure terror. What had happened to her? She had heard a great deal of the magnetic attraction between men and women, but all such vibrations had glanced off her as harmlessly as lightning from basalt. If she no longer regarded the subject of sex with profound distaste she was totally uninterested. Eustace had taught her that men could be clean and decent and wholly admirable.

SHE dropped her handkerchief on the side farthest from Pelham and bent down until the blood returned to her head. She had been startled—Geoffrey Pelham!—and horrified that she was the innocent cause of desolation in two hearts capable of the highest happiness. Polly was doomed to bitter disappointment, and this honorable and remarkable man would go through life a dreary bachelor for her sake. She felt Jezebelian, and loyalty flooded her for Eustace. For the moment she was almost angry at the man whose life she had unwittingly ruined. Then she turned to him and said calmly:

"That was an awkward silence, but you frightened me out of my wits. Will you peel me a peach? It's a pleasure to watch you. And when I eat a hothouse peach in Winter I feel as if I had dissolved a pearl in champagne."

It was Mrs. Pleyden's habit to move to Atlantic City in April, and she began the usual preparations on the day after the party in spite of remonstrances from Polly.

"I'm sick to death of Atlantic City, and, besides, I hear they're having a rainy Spring. I've a lot of things on here and simply can't go."

She was lying on a sofa in her mother's bedroom and wore a pale-green negligée, in delicate harmony with the pink of her cheeks.

Mrs. Pleyden, who was packing her jewels for the safe-deposit vault in her bank, looked up critically.

"The house in Chelsea is ready and the servants go to-morrow. I'm surprized you made any engagements."

"I don't think I'll go," announced Polly. "I can stay here with father. He told me yesterday he'd be delighted to have me, and if he can make himself comfortable with two servants and a caretaker I can."

Mrs. Pleyden bent over the large box with an anxious line between her brows. It was seldom she came to an issue with her daughter.

"But, my dear, you would have a dull time. All the girls will have left shortly, either for Europe or the country."

"I shouldn't. I'm sick of parties. I only want to be quiet for a while. Nothing very quiet about Atlantic City."

"I am afraid, my dear, you have another reason. You want to be able to continue to see Dr. Pelham."

"Well, what if I do? He's the only man that interests me—makes me feel as if I had brains instead of jazz in my skull."

"He's an intellectual man, of course, and if he ever talks at all, no doubt what he says is illuminating. But aren't you rather young for intellectual friendships? Besides, how about Park Leonard? I should think he was quite as clever as Dr. Pelham and a good deal more versatile. Certainly, more your sort."

"I like him well enough but I happen to like Geoffrey Pelham better. He interests me and Park does not. Those things are not to be explained."

"Isn't it merely because Dr. Pelham is rather difficult? You are used to having men fall in love with you, pursue you as Leonard does."

"Maybe. What does it matter?"

Mrs. Pleyden abandoned diplomacy. It had come to what Polly herself would call a show-down.

"Do you intend to marry him?" she asked.

"I shouldn't be surprized."

"Have you thought what it means?"

"Yes, I've thought of it considerably. But if Nell Croydon and Hallie Le Kay can stand it I guess I can. Besides I always like anything for a change! And in a few years he'll have a large income. Dr. Gaunt told me the other day that Geoffrey's personal practise was increasing rapidly, and of course he has his associate fees."

"Very well. If you are able to see yourself living in an up-town flat, changing an incompetent servant at least once a month, and making over your clothes, cut off from everything, and with a man who hardly opens his mouth, I have nothing to say. But are you sure he is in love with you?"

"No, I am not, and that is what makes it exciting—waking him up. And don't you imagine he never talks. He's bored stiff at dinners, and that he comes at all means a good deal; but when we take walks together he opens up, and sometimes is almost boyish."

"Ah, you are sure you can make him love you?"

"I am," said Polly serenely. "Just you wait."

"And," Mrs. Pleyden took another plunge, "has it never occurred to you that he might love some one else?"

Polly sat up straight. "What on earth put such an idea into your head?"

"I mean he is in love with Gita Carteret."

Polly rose slowly to her feet, her eyes staring. "Mother! What are you saying?"

"I know what I am talking about. I saw him looking at her last night when he was pretending to listen to you. No man looks at a woman like that unless he loves her. And I watched them afterward in the dining-room. He said something that made her turn as white as a sheet and she didn't speak for at least five minutes. It seems he's not only in love with her, but is not above making love to the wife of his best friend."

"I don't believe it! You imagined it—every bit of it! In the first place he wouldn't do such a thing, and in the second he wouldn't dare. You don't know Gita as I do. She'd have thrown a plate at him. You've let your imagination run away with you. That's all."

"Have I ever struck you as an imaginative woman? I doubt if there's a more practical woman in New York. Has he never talked to you about her?"

Polly raked her memory. "Yes—I suppose he has. It's quite the thing to discuss Gita."

"Hasn't he talked of her a good deal? May not that be one secret of your attraction for him?"

"You are not very complimentary, and I'll not believe it," said Polly stubbornly. "But I'll sound out Gita this very day. And warn her off the grass if I find she's been flirting with him."

"Do you believe that Gita is incapable of falling in love?"

"Yes, I do. When I first met her I got the impression she was just the sort to fall madly in love with some man, but I know better now. She's all right, but her emotional content has gone flooey. Do you know that she and Eustace have agreed to live apart?"

Mrs. Pleyden blushed slightly. "I inferred as much, but it can not last."

"Not with any one but Gita. Perhaps not forever even with her. But Eustace is the man for her in every way and she really adores him in her own queer fashion. She'll never give ten cents for Geoffrey Pelham nor any one else."

"I'm not so sure. She is Gerald Carteret's daughter and the living image of him. The Carteret men were lawless, and Gita strikes me as more like them than like the women of her family. And altho she started out in life by hating men you can see how she's changed. Nothing she did would surprize me. You know how high-handed she is. What she wants she will have——"

"No more high-handed than I am. You forget this is the age of high-handedness. What we want we get. And the devil take the hindmost. Well, I'm off to dress."

GITA was only half dressed when she heard Polly's voice down-stairs. She had not slept until long after daylight. To her intense annoyance and perplexity her mind iterated and reiterated the scene between herself and Geoffrey Pelham.

The moment she was encompassed by darkness she had been back in the Pleyden dining-room with Geoffrey Pelham's voice in her ears. She recalled the night of the manor ball when she and Pelham had sat alone in the drawing-room. He had outshone every man at the party in looks and distinction. She recalled certain odd sensations—another Gita Carteret. That was it. No doubt if she had sat in that room two hundred years ago with a young man as handsome and winning as that she'd have fallen in love with him then and there. It would be immeasurably interesting to love a man like Geoffrey Pelham—especially as he looked that night.

That, perhaps, was it. Romance. She was regretting the romances that all those beautiful Carteret girls had experienced before her and had handed down as her birthright. She would even have been glad if her father had sent her to her grandmother when she was a child. She would then have grown up a true Carteret and come into her inheritance. She might or might not have met Geoffrey Pelham, but she would have had her romance sooner or later. But, no, it would have been Geoffrey Pelham and no other. It was merely the law of mutual attraction at work. Men and women were falling in love every day all over the world with no assistance from metempsychosis. And she was by no means "in love." Silly phrase! It was merely that some subtle magnetic quality in his personality suggested romance—every girl's birthright. He had always been boxed up and would now have to be more so than ever if he loved her as much as he thought he did. Poor devil! Why had he lit on her of all girls? Polly was—but she turned her thoughts away from Polly.

And Eustace. If she had grown up at Carteret Manor she never would have married Eustace. She'd have regarded him as a brother. He wouldn't have done for a hero of romance at all, perfectly delightful as he was in so many ways. Odd, too. He and Geoffrey were not unlike. Both were fair, had much the same compact, tall figures, both intellectual and the product of their times. Perhaps they both belonged to what Polly would call her "type," and it was just some subtle difference that made Geoffrey romantic—in costume—and Eustace prosaic. Costume certainly didn't improve him. He'd looked simply awful as old Cornbury. It was nice to be married to dear Eustace. Not for a moment could she regret it. What use? No romance for her. But it was exciting to imagine what it would have been like if she had been one of those other Gita Carterets.

Odd, tho, she hadn't felt—what was it—what? She yawned prodigiously and fell asleep.

WHEN Polly entered Gita was standing before the long mirror of her dressing-table in her yellow bedroom, brushing her hair back and up. She liked the springing effect it gave her head, as if she were about to leap upward and fly. She was full of vanity and she had forgotten Geoffrey Pelham.

"Hello, Polly darling!" she exclaimed. "You look as fresh as if you'd gone to bed at nine last night. I'm disgracefully lazy. I'll be glad to get back to the manor and go to bed at a decent hour once more."

"I'm tired of late hours, myself," and Polly adjusted her flexible spine to a comfortable chair.

Gita smiled sympathetically. "Your mother told me she is going to Atlantic City this week, but I hope you don't mean to go before the party. You could stay here and sleep on that day-bed."

"No, thanks. I'm not going with mother. Dad always keeps the apartment open and I'll stay with him for a while."

"Good! We leave in about ten days and it will be heavenly to have you in town. I suppose you'll be going about the same time?"

"I may stay here all Summer."

Gita, who looked like a boy once more in her silk union suit, slipped a negligée of ivory-white silk and lace over her head and shook it down. "You made me get these things," she grumbled. "I always feel rather a fool in them. What on earth are you staying in town all Summer for? You'll pass out with the heat."

"You can always be comfortable in New York in Summer if you stay in the house all day. It just occurred to me I'd like a change."

"It will be a change, all right." Gita stretched herself on the day-bed and stuffed a cushion under her head. "Won't you be bored to death?"

"Not while there's a man in the offing."

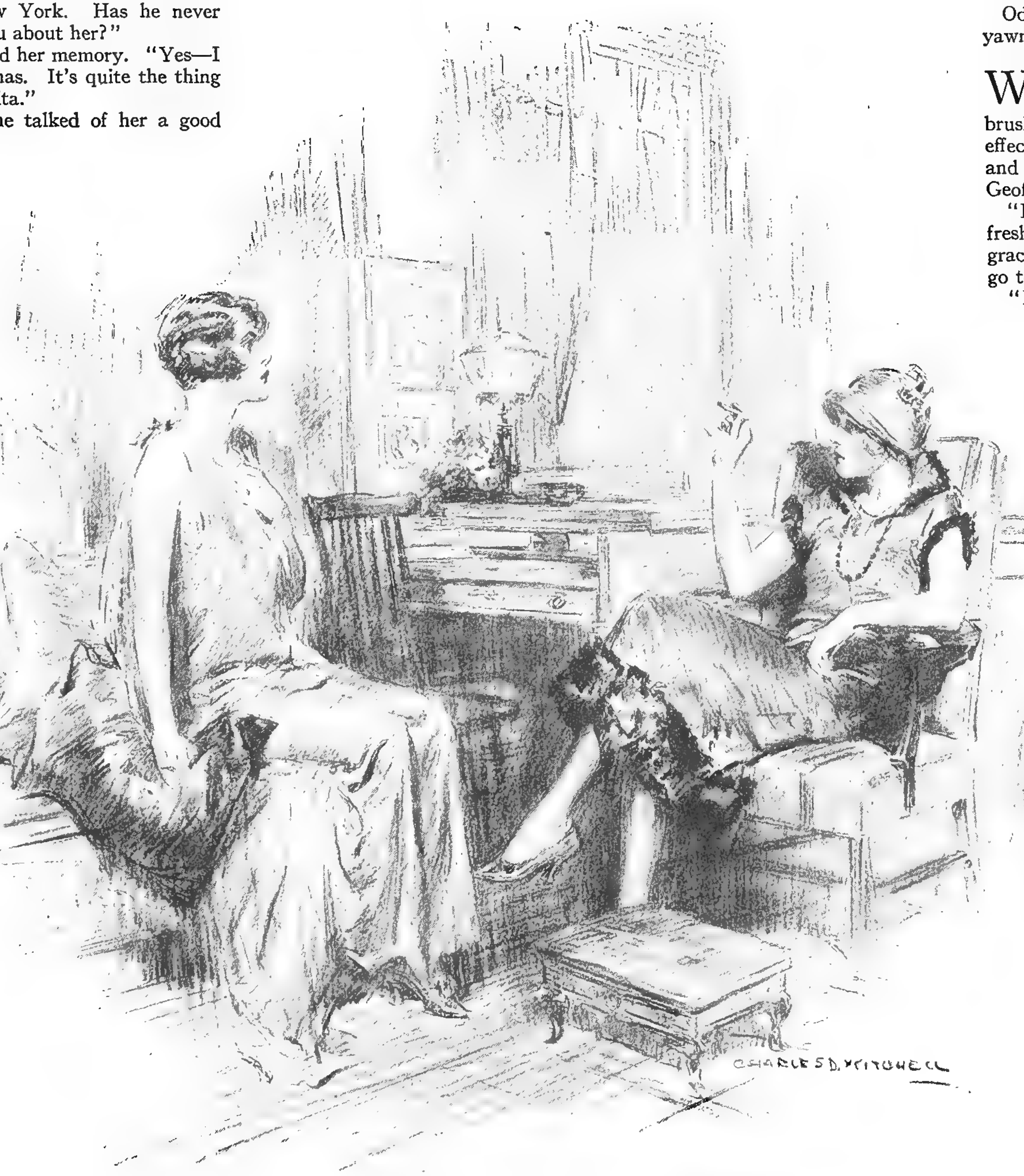
"Park Leonard?"

"No. Geoffrey Pelham."

Gita, prepared, did not change countenance. "Interesting man, rather, but it seemed to me last night that Mr. Leonard exactly fitted into that old program of yours."

"Forget what it was. Might have filled the bill once, but Geoffrey Pelham is unique in my experience, and that suits me better."

The girls eyes did not clash, but met calmly.



"'I!' GITA'S SPINE ROSE AS IF PROPELLED BY A SPRING. 'I NEVER FLIRTED IN MY LIFE AND YOU KNOW IT'"

"Well, you always get what you want, Polly dear," said Gita, and felt an inclination to strangle her.

Polly smiled. "Mother said you flirted desperately with Geoffrey last night."

"I!" Gita's spine rose as if propelled by a spring. "I never flirted in my life and you know it."

"I told her she was crazy, but she will have it that you have lost your heart at last."

Gita gasped. "Lost my heart? I feel as if I were turning pea-green. It's enough to make a dog sick."

"So it is. You may be sure she didn't convince me. If you ever did anything so commonplace we'd all be horribly disappointed. Now, you're the one and only Gita. But do you know I think you've rather grown to like admiration, and are not above encouraging it."

Gita shrugged and settled back to her pillow. "I'm vain enough. I even put cold-cream on my face at night before I wash it. But I don't flirt and I don't encourage it. Just let them yap to their heart's content."

"But do tell me that you think Geoffrey interesting," cried Polly, still angling. "I'd be frightfully disappointed if you didn't."

"Yes, I'd call him interesting. He doesn't say much, but he has a quality—magnetism, I suppose. And then he's rather unsusceptible, and that's always intriguing. Glad he's fallen in love with you if you want him." Her conscience suddenly pricked. "By the way, he spoke of you with the greatest enthusiasm last night."

"Did he?" Polly rarely blushed, but she did now and her eyes sparkled. "What did he say?"

"Oh, a lot of things. Different. More admirable than all other girls rolled into one—almost warmed up." Gita had a very vague remembrance of what Geoffrey had said about Polly.

"Well, he ought to know something about me. We've seen enough of each other."

"Are you really in love with him?" Gita infused her tones with warm interest.

"I have a queer feeling I am. I don't like it very much. He's not at all the sort of man I expected to marry, and it will be horrid to be poor—altho I bluffed it out to mother just now. But—well—those things happen."

"Don't they! But I don't quite get it. You don't seem to fit the picture somehow. Sure you're not deluding yourself? Novelty does wonders."

"Don't think I am. Got a queer feeling I never had before. Thrills and all that. Turn hot and cold. Lose my breath. Stay awake nights thinking about it. Dr. Pelham—at a time when I was still calling him that—told me that love in our sex was an oversecretion of hormones in interstitial cells adjacent to the Graafian follicles; stimulation induced by a powerful photographic image of some one of the opposite sex on the mental lens, which responds to certain old memories in the subconscious. Makes me feel fearfully set up to be anything as scientific as that, but I fancy I'd feel about the same anyway, and it would be wonderful to make a man like that happy. Grow with him—really amount to something. I shouldn't mind being poor for a few years."

Gita was appalled. What blind idiots men were!

To give herself time to think she went into her "ark" to get a cigaret. She cared little for smoking, but a cigaret had its uses. If she really had any influence over him couldn't she manage to steer him to Polly? Men were always falling in love with the wrong woman, getting over it, marrying, becoming fatuous fathers, and increasing complacently in girth. Love was nothing but a superstition anyway. Geoffrey was no fool to moon over one woman all his life. Besides, there was always the rebound if a sufficiently charming woman who wanted him was on the alert. She wished she'd had more experience.

She returned to the day-bed and exclaimed with enthusiasm, "It would be perfectly splendid, Polly. You'd bring each other out. I always believed that all you needed was to fall in love with a really fine man and I was always afraid you wouldn't."

Her eyes glowed with affection, and Polly responded with a quick smile, wholly reassured. Her face fell a little. "I'll confide to you that I don't think he cares for me yet. I'm merely educating him up to it. That is the reason I'm staying on in town. It takes an earthquake to wake some men up. But time is all I need, and I mean to take it."

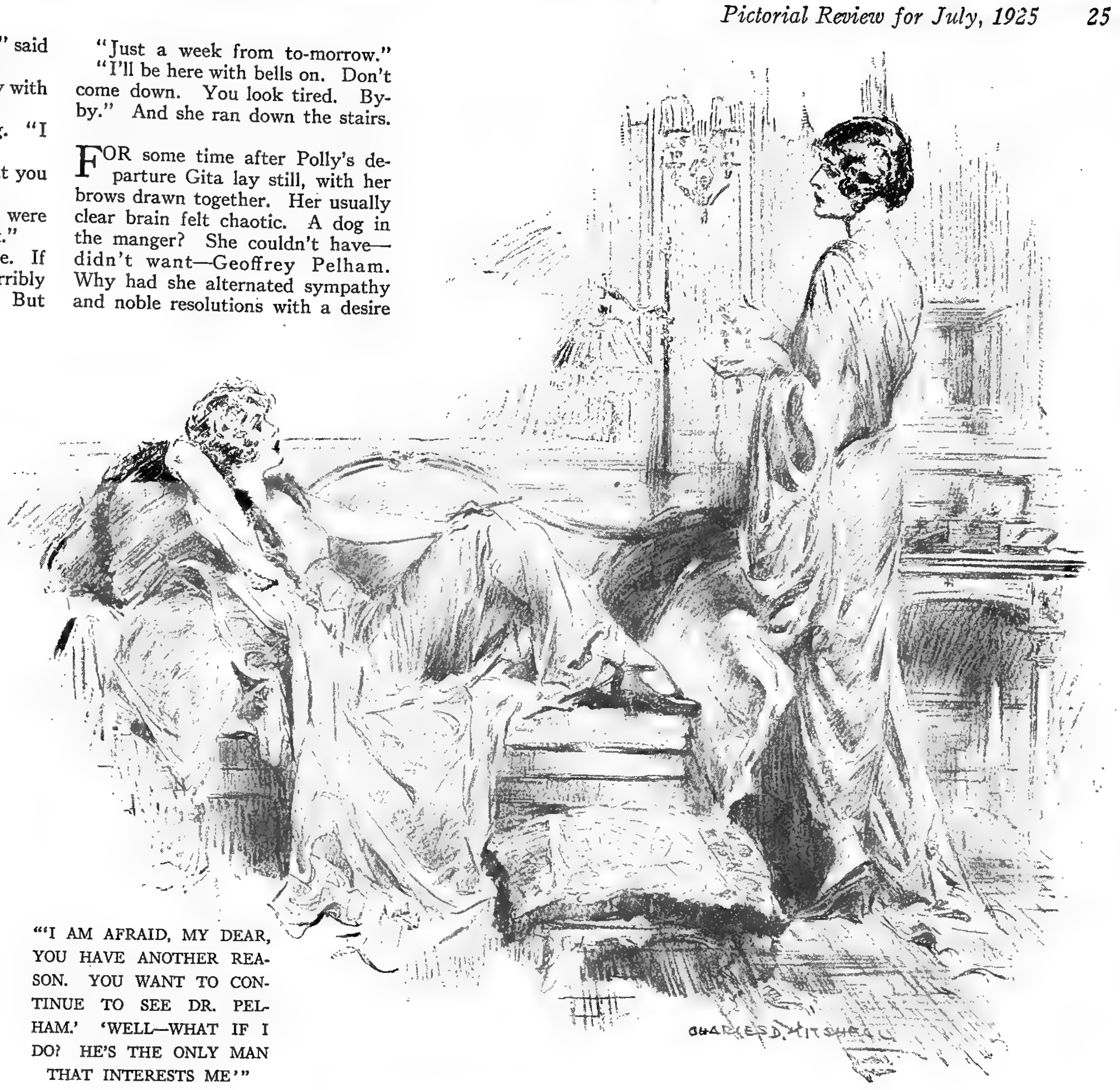
"Well, Atlantic City won't be the same without you. I shall miss you terribly."

Polly rose and snapped her vanity-box. "If I pull it off sooner than I expect, I'll leave town in a hurry. I long for salt water and long rides and a game of tennis. I suppose Geoffrey takes a vacation like other men and he could spend it in Atlantic City, to say nothing of week-ends. You're the best pal in the world and you've bucked me up. Had a séance with mother and was feeling down and out. When is the party?"

"Just a week from to-morrow."

"I'll be here with bells on. Don't come down. You look tired. By-by." And she ran down the stairs.

FOR some time after Polly's departure Gita lay still, with her brows drawn together. Her usually clear brain felt chaotic. A dog in the manger? She couldn't have—didn't want—Geoffrey Pelham. Why had she alternated sympathy and noble resolutions with a desire to tear Polly's eyes out? Geoffrey Pelham loved her and that in a way made him hers. Her sense of possession was outraged.



"'I AM AFRAID, MY DEAR, YOU HAVE ANOTHER REASON. YOU WANT TO CONTINUE TO SEE DR. PELHAM.' 'WELL—WHAT IF I DO? HE'S THE ONLY MAN THAT INTERESTS ME'"

She shook her head. No intention of fooling herself. Life had been too pleasant and full of surprizes since Elsie took her in hand. After all, what she had wanted was drama, and she seemed in a fair way to get it—altho one act was over. But it was something to have been kept awake by a man and to have inspired a hopeless passion. Also quite a new sensation to want to strangle one of her three best friends.

She sprang to her feet. "Perfect fools, all of us! And I'm no better than the rest."

She tore off her negligée and hurried into a tweed suit and thick shoes. Problems always sent her on a long walk.

WHEN she returned she found Eustace smoking in what she called her ark. He rose with a courtesy as yet unsubmerged by domesticity and shook hands with her.

"Your cheeks are as red as pippins," he said. "Been having a tramp?"

"Up to Harlem and back. Polly is going to marry Dr. Pelham and may have to live there. Thought I'd see what it looks like."

She flung her hat on the floor, ruffled her hair, and threw herself into an easy chair. Eustace was staring.

"Polly and Geoff—I don't grasp it. You must be mistaken."

"You mustn't breathe it. But legally we are one and there's no harm in telling you. I think it's serious with both."

"'Legally we are one.'" He repeated the words automatically; then recovered himself and drew on his pipe. "I never heard of a more brilliant example of mismating. Last about a year, I should think."

"You don't know Polly. She can be anything she likes. And love does wonders."

"Oh!" He almost dropped his pipe. "That's an odd statement to come from you. What do you know about it?"

"My mind works. And I've seen a good deal of life, first and last."

"Possibly. But the word 'love' sounds queer on your lips. And I don't believe it's anything but a word to you. I doubt if you have any conception of the meaning of it."

He watched her intently. Most of her old prejudices had dissolved. She was more adaptable, more tolerant, more responsive, more what she might have been had destiny been kinder. But how deeply had the new life changed her? She was remarkably like the old Gita still.

She looked at him with a brilliant smile. "Some stylists say you should never use a long word when a short one will serve, nor a derivative if you can find a Saxon. Don't agree with them. But hack words are convenient, that's all. I wonder the word 'love' has any meaning left in it."

"I remember you once said that love was merely preference raised to a higher degree than like. But as your experience has grown perhaps you are willing to admit there are different degrees in the temperature of love itself?"

"Looks like it." Gita drew her black brows together. "I merely accept the fact because I have to."

Bylant had laid down his pipe and was twisting his short-pointed beard. He eyed her speculatively. She looked warm and rosy and alluring in the deep chair, with her tumbled hair and bright eyes, and he would have given his new novel to kiss her; he half believed the time of his probation was shrinking.

"Don't you ever feel you're missing something?" he asked.

"I? What? Oh, you mean because I can't make a fool of myself like other women. No, I don't." But she blushed unaccountably.

Eustace interpreted the blush as an uneasy response to a fact long ignored. "Gita!" he exclaimed, suddenly illuminated by a brilliant idea. "Let's play a game. We can't discuss intellectual subjects forever. We'd dry up. It is time to strike a lighter note. Suppose we pretend we are not married and I've come wooing? And you are rather interested, but uncertain: willing to lead me on; curious to see if I could make an impression on your hard little heart? Pretty certain you'll throw me over, but curious enough to give me a chance."

Gita stared at him with mouth open. "What a perfectly ridiculous idea!"

"Not at all. Scientific matrimony. A science more married people would do well to study, and the key-note is variety. Besides, I've been working so long I feel in the mood for play."

Gita dug the toe of her boot into the rug. "I don't think I could play up. You see, I know I couldn't fall in love with you."

Bylant turned cold, but he answered steadily, "It would be a part of your end of the game to make yourself think

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

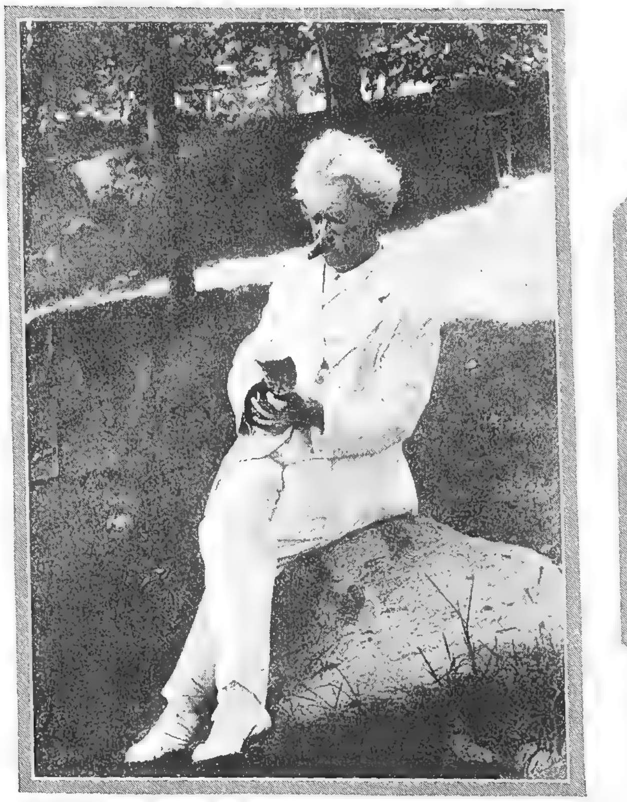
The Memories of Katy Leary, for Nearly Forty Years His Faithful Servant and Friend

PART FOUR

An Intensely Human Record
TRANSCRIBED BY
MARY LAWTON

Photo by Elliott & Fry, Ltd.

RUDYARD KIPLING, WHO BECAME A FRIEND OF "MARK TWAIN" UNDER ODD CIRCUMSTANCES



A NECESSARY PART OF THE CLEMENS HOUSEHOLD EQUIPMENT AT ALL TIMES WAS A KITTEN

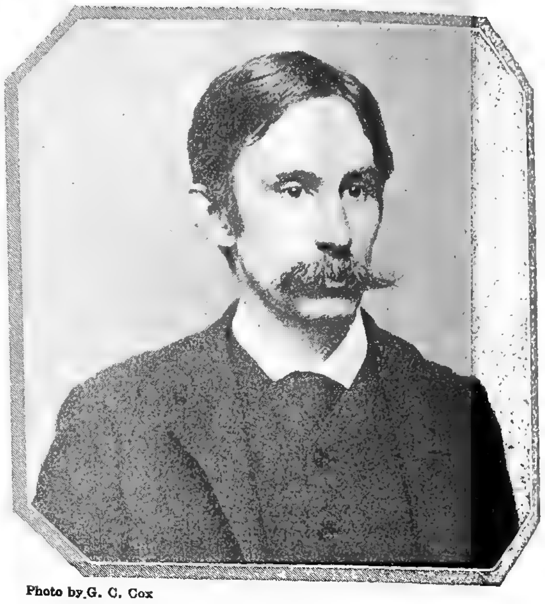


Photo by G. C. Cox

RICHARD WATSON GILDER, POET AND EDITOR, AN INTIMATE OF "MARK TWAIN"

THE Clemenses rented a house in Tedworth Square, No. 23. It was a very nice house. They stayed very much to themselves and didn't let many people know they was there. We lived in London two years, and lots of things happened during that time. They'd fill a big book. I'll tell you some of them, and one is about going and setting in the Queen's box—when they took *me* for the Queen. That was a funny thing.

Well, Henry Irving (he was Sir Irving then) had sent Mr. Clemens tickets to his theater. Irving had sent his own box to Mr. Clemens as a special treat. That Winter Mr. and Mrs. Clemens wasn't going out, so Jean and I went to all the theaters, so Mr. Clemens said we could take those tickets too. Well, we started off and took the penny-bus (we usually did that)—that's the way we went; but the way we got back—oh, my! that was different!

When we got to the theater Jean presented her tickets to the doorman, and he looked at them, and says "There's some mistake. There isn't any box for you. Irving's box is given away." Then Miss Jean says, "That's strange." "Well," said the man, "what's your name?" and she told him Clemens. He said then, "Oh, well, I'll see about it." So he went off and found Ellen Terry and took us to her dressing-room. At the same time Irving appeared too.

"What's the matter with my box?" he says. "I didn't give my box to anybody but 'Mark Twain.'" Well, Ellen, she says, "I give it away." "What," he says, "gave away my box? Well, then, open your box, Ellen." She says, "Well, I gave that away too!" Irving was pretty mad, but he thought for a minute, and then he says to the man, "Well, open the *Queen's* box! Her Majesty's not coming this afternoon. Open the *Queen's* box!"

So Irving sent us up with a boy with gold breeches on and everything gold hanging on to him, you know. He sent us up the stairs, and one of the gold-mounted boys opened the Queen's box and let us in. Of course there was no light then. It was awful dark, and we stepped in and sat down; but after the first act all the lights was turned up, and there I was setting right in front in the Queen's box, and suddenly all them opera-glasses in the theater was turned straight at our box. They thought *I* was the Queen! I got frightened and drew the little curtains quick. I felt—oh, well—I must say I felt pretty set-up.

It seemed like a dream, don't you know, and then at the intermission we was invited to a little room and had tea. Yes, we had tea in the "greenroom." That's what they call it, tho there wasn't anything green in it that I could see. This was a little room where they'd have tea—the Queen, I mean, when she came to the theater. They gave us tea out of solid-gold cups. What do you think of that? Out of gold cups, the Queen of England's cups. I suppose if she knew I drank tea out of them she'd never drink out of them again, but she didn't know, which was lucky for her!

We enjoyed the box and the tea and the people looking at us, too. We enjoyed everything—the tea and the gold-spangled boys with their gold clothes on. Their knee-breeches was gold; they was all gold, them page boys—gold garters, gold everything. They was what you might call gold-mounted!

When the play was over we came down on the carpet laid for the royal party. It was red velvet. It was laid for us to walk on like the Queen, and Jean and I walked right on the royal carpet, but when we come to the door we didn't know exactly what to do. We didn't want to take a penny-bus in front of the theater after all that splurge! So we thought we'd sneak over to the next street and take the bus there; but no, indeed! Nothing like that!

IRVING had his carriage there at the entrance, and we was ushered straight into it by them gold-spangled boys, and drove away as tho we never seen a bus in all our lives! Oh, my! We roared after we got home, and I told the story to Mr. and Mrs. Clemens. Mr. Clemens roared and just was in spasms! He laughed and laughed and jumped around and said:

"Well, Katy, what did you think?" "Well," I said, "I was just thinking all the time I *was* the Queen!" "Well," he says, "well, I'm glad that you was able to do that for *once!*" And of course that was really a wonderful thing to happen to any one. Mr. Clemens thought it was the funniest thing that had ever happened to the family. He said if Henry Irving hadn't given us a box after sending it to him that he'd just raise —— with Henry the next time he saw him. I was glad myself that they gave away their own boxes, so we could go into the Queen's box.

Irving was nice. I remember him from the old Hartford days. Of course he was pretty mad that afternoon about the mistake with his box. He didn't say anything before all them gold-spangled boys, but he was really mad with Ellen Terry. She used to live down there in Chelsea, not far from us. We used to pass her house very often.

I didn't care very much for her acting. I didn't know just why. She wasn't gay like Bernhardt, you know. In one play, tho, I liked her very much. Irving, he was with her in that, too, where she was a washerwoman and hanging up the clothes. She had three clothes-pins in her mouth, I remember. She was doing Henry Irving's washing—no, it was *Napoleon's* washing she was doing; but Irving was *Napoleon* in the play.

He was a fine *Napoleon*, too. Yes, he made a good *Napoleon*. He stuffed himself out to make *Napoleon*, for he had to be fat—a little fat, round stomach and legs. Napoleon always had good calves, judging from his pictures. Irving had good calves, too. Yes, Ellen Terry played in that play, and I liked her in that better than in anything.

Napoleon was a wonderful man, and this play was all about him. Of course I never seen Napoleon myself; only once I remember seeing a picture of him somewhere. It was called "The Last Look at France." He was on a boat leaving for his exile. And it was awful sad. Oh, to see him all alone on that steamer! Standing up on that deck all alone after all he'd done, fighting the world with his grand army! Yes, 'twas a pretty bad finish for him; but I kept thinking the worst was being alone! That's always the worst of anything. Well, he looked the way we all look, I guess, when we're seeing the thing we love most—for the last time.

We was very comfortable there in London. We had the Hatfield house at 23 Tedworth Square. Oh, a lovely house it was with great big rooms and a fine billiard-room which Mr. Clemens rented the house for, I think. Yes, it was a fine house, and we had some of the servants that belonged to the house. That Winter we lived very quiet, but people used to come to dinner, tho, and Mr. and Mrs. Clemens was invited everywhere. They was flooded with invitations, but they didn't go anywhere that first Winter.

Sunday nights I always used to get the supper myself. I'll tell this because it takes in Mr. Poultney Bigelow and his wife. He was a very famous man in those days. Well, he was great friends with Mr. Clemens, and they was coming one Sunday night to supper, and Mrs. Clemens asked me to get the supper and make some of them creamed potatoes, because I could make creamed potatoes perfectly luscious. And she thought they would be very nice to have, and, my goodness! the Bigelows was so startled when they seen them creamed potatoes, they said, "Why, you've surely got some one from *America* in your kitchen, I know, because there's no cook in England that could cream potatoes," and that was true. They liked them so much they just gobbled them down.

There was another funny thing happened in London. Mr. Clemens had a nephew there. He was a doctor, I think, and he heard about Mr. Clemens losing all his money (that came out in the papers the time he went around the world) and that his family had deserted him and he was living alone in some garret in London (I don't know whether he was the one that sent the letter addressed, "'Mark Twain,' God Knows Where!" but there was such a letter sent him and he got it, too).

Well, this nephew wrote Mr. Clemens and said he had plenty of money himself, and that he'd love to help in any way he could, and not to worry, and that he could have recourse to his bank-book, because he didn't want him living alone in a garret in London. Then he asked if he could come and see him. So Mr. Clemens thought this was a great joke, and wrote him to come to 23 Tedworth Square. He come, of course, and when he seen Mr. Clemens and the lovely house he was living in and all his beautiful family, why, he almost fainted; and no wonder. And we had creamed potatoes that night, too! We always had creamed potatoes on great occasions! Whenever our cook was sick the girls would say:

"Oh, that's fine! Now we'll have the things that Katy makes so good! Omelet and apple sauce and johnny-cake, and, oh, baked potatoes!"

I used to make very fine johnny-cake, too. I made that back in the Hartford days, and even Mr. Clemens would eat lunch the day I made johnny-cake, he loved it so. We could never get enough for him. "Hoe-cake," he called it, like they did down South. We could never get enough for the family. George used to come out in the kitchen the days I'd make it and say, "Katy, begin another johnny-cake, quick! They're going fast in the dining-room, and I want some myself." Then I'd have to make a dripping-pan full of it for George.

Mr. Clemens was never much in awe of "royalty," as he called them. He used to think all men was equal, and he said so in one of his books. There was some grand report in the newspapers that he'd taken a house and was going to live in England, so Mr. Clemens thought he'd have some fun with them, maybe, and he up and wrote a letter to the Queen (addressed it to her), but of course he never sent it to her herself; he just had it published in some magazine telling her how he didn't want to pay a tax; that he didn't think it was fair; that he wasn't going to take no place in England; that he was a poor author with a large family to support, and that the lecturing business was very poor, too; and he was sure that when she heard about his real circumstances that she'd let him off.

And then, oh, I mustn't forget to tell you that he was very sorry that he didn't know her, but that he had met her son (that was the Prince of Wales at that time), that he seen him from the top of a bus while the Prince was marching down the street at the head of his army!

Of course that letter made a great to-do. Everybody thought 'twas a wonderful joke. They say the Queen seen it herself too after a while, and that the Prince of Wales heard about it and thought it was very funny, and told Mr. Clemens so when he met him later on.

We saw a great many noted people while we stayed in London. Everybody wanted to know Mr. Clemens. Whistler lived in a little house quite near us—Cheyne Walk. He was an American, too. He was a famous painter and very smart. He said very sharp things that people was always repeating. And then Oscar Wilde, he lived right there behind us. He was a bad man. He was the one they put in jail. Everybody used to come down to get a good look at his house. He always wore a sunflower in his buttonhole and dressed in velvet clothes. Everybody read his books and went to see his plays. He was all the rage at one time.

There was one great man that Mr. Clemens seen a lot of in London, and that was Kipling. I must tell you about the first time he seen him. That was back in America in the old Hartford days. It seems that Mr. Kipling came to America from India, and was looking for Mr. Clemens. He wanted to see him so much 'cause he had heard a great deal about him. Of course, then nobody knew who Kipling was or what he had written or his name—hardly. He wasn't famous then. Mr. Clemens hadn't even heard of him.

Well, Kipling went up to Hartford, but the Clemens family never stayed there Summers, so when he got to Hartford they told him Mr. Clemens was in Elmira. So Kipling, he hurried up to Elmira, and when he got to Elmira they told him that Mr. Clemens was up at Quarry Farm. Then poor Kipling, he drove up to Quarry Farm. But that day Mr. Clemens happened to be down in Elmira at Mrs. Langdon's. Well, that was pretty discouraging after all his chasing around, but there was no help for it, so he had to climb back into his hack, and cantered back to Elmira, and to the Langdon house, and there, sure enough, he found Mr. Clemens. It was nearly lunch-time when he got there. He sent his card in, for Mr. Clemens didn't know him. But Susie said:

"That's a funny name, Papa—Rudyard Kipling. I think you must see him." So he went into the drawing-room and there he seen Kipling, and they set down together and talked for quite a while, and smoked their big cigars; and they had a wonderful time, cause they both liked each other very much.

Mr. Clemens said he was a stranger, but he was wonderful, and Mr. Kipling thought that Mr. Clemens was about the grandest man he'd ever seen. So they was well satisfied with each other. The only trouble was that Mr. Kipling heard the sound of the dishes in the dining-room and he knew it must be lunch-time, and I suppose it made him hungry as a bear to hear them; but the lunch kept going right on in the dining-room, and Mr. Clemens never made any sign.

You see, Mr. Clemens never eat any lunch himself. Kipling didn't know that, and Mr. Clemens never thought about asking Kipling to stay, so he just had to sit there talking, and not a mite of lunch did he get. Of course he enjoyed the talk very much, but he finally got up and started back down to the station.

Well, the next day he had a letter in some of the newspapers, which was republished and republished. He said he had just come back from India and he had heard about "Mark Twain" so much that he wanted to see him, and he done all this running around way up to Elmira to see him, but never got a single thing to eat! Anyway, he'd had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Clemens, altho he didn't ask him to stay to lunch.

Of course, Mr. Clemens answered the letter in the newspapers, and said he was very sorry, but to tell the truth, he didn't know who Kipling was; he didn't know where he'd come from nor anything. If he'd known, Mr. Clemens said, that he'd come all the way from India without having anything to eat, why, he said, he'd have invited him to a dozen meals! "But," he says, "Mr. Kipling, the next time we meet, wherever it be, on land or sea, we'll have the very best that the place can afford. We'll have the best meal together that money can buy."

Well, that was really a funny kind of ending to the visit, and the next time they met (I think it was in London) they did have a wonderful dinner, I suppose, to make up for the other. They certainly was great friends and admired each other so much.

Mr. Clemens wrote all about it in his diary, telling what he thought about Kipling, and I guess Mr. Kipling did the same. 'Twasn't so very long after that Kipling became very famous and everybody was reading his books. Mr. Clemens used to love to read him. He used to read aloud from Kipling, and just before he died he had a book of Kipling's that he read from. I've got that book—I'll always keep it. So you see them books of Kipling's meant a great deal to him.

Susie kept that visiting-card of Kipling's as a kind of memento of his visit. She thought then that he must be somebody that would turn out wonderful, so she kept that card 'cause he had written something on it—his address in India—

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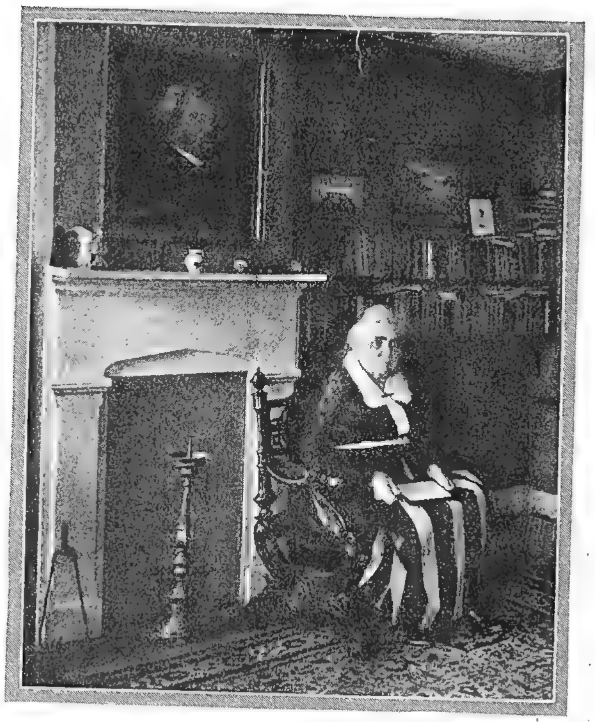


Photo by Fred T. Loomis

KATY LEARY IN HER HOME IN ELMIRA, A PAINTING OF "MARK TWAIN" HER TREASURED POSSESSION

AN EARLY PHOTO OF JEAN CLEMENS

"STORMFIELD," AT REDDING, CONN., WHERE THE HUMORIST PASSED MANY YEARS

Photo by Blank & Stoller

OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH AND CLARA CLEMENS

Helen Keller & S. L. Clemens

HELEN KELLER AND "MARK TWAIN"

The Serpent *and* the Dove

"Never Count on a Chicken's Disposition Before It Is Scratched"

BY RUTH ROSE

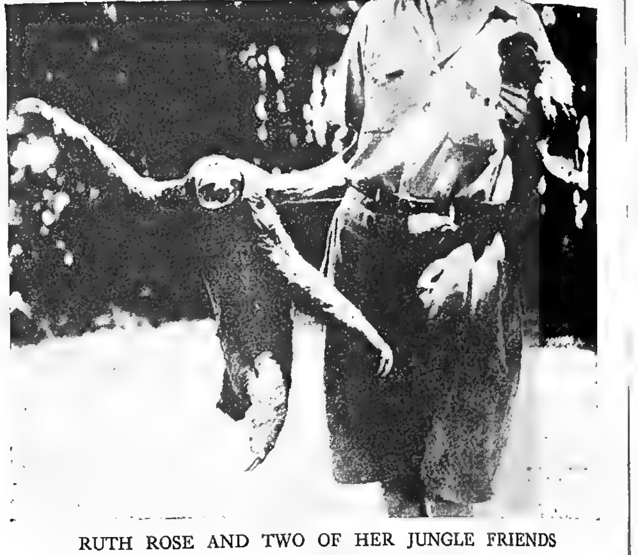
Illustrations by Robert A. Graef

EDITOR'S NOTE

IF THERE is still some Fourth of July orator left who believes in the hoary old generalization about woman's "place" being in the home, let him meet Miss Ruth Rose, author of "The Serpent and the Dove." The meeting will have to be delayed a little while because Miss Rose is at present rather busy as chief assistant and historian to William Beebe on board the *Arcturus* with the New York Zoological Society's expedition to the Sargasso Sea, which, no doubt, you've read of in the newspapers.

Miss Rose played the same interesting double rôle with that famous naturalist and writer when Mr. Beebe led the expedition to the Galapagos Islands a year or two ago, and she was also very much among those present as a member of the staff of the Tropical Research Station at Kartabo, British Guiana, where the amusing incident took place that she relates in her story on this page.

In addition to her love of natural history, tropical travel, and lecturing, Miss Rose has also been on the stage, which seems to be just another proof of the extraordinary versatility of the modern young lady who happens to excel in any special given line.



RUTH ROSE AND TWO OF HER JUNGLE FRIENDS

SHE was not really a dove; she was not even dovelike in disposition, but at least she had feathers, and thus may be zoologically classed as belonging to the order Aves. No qualifying remarks are necessary with regard to the serpent; he was fifteen feet of solid, unmistakable snake; a boa-constrictor large enough to command the unqualified respect of prowling and predaceous humans.

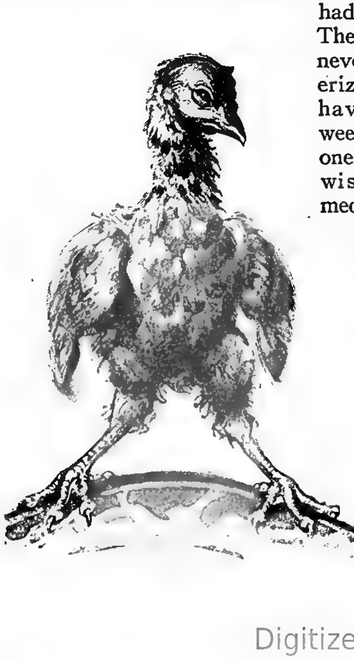
And Prince was responsible for it all. He stood in the door of the bungalow one afternoon, large brown eyes fixed on his master's face, with the anxious concentration of those who find the barrier of language insurmountable.

This sounds like a dog story, but Prince, despite his name and expressive eyes, was not a faithful canine; he was, and is, an Akawai Indian, employed to hunt, in the jungles of British Guiana, such beasts as will supply the members of the Tropical Research Station with suitable food. What he brings in is not always a recognized form of nourishment according to the standards of less isolated communities, but the prejudice born of habit is easily overcome, and we feast on monkey meat with never a cannibalistic qualm, and find stewed parrot or roast armadillo as palatable as turkey or mutton.

On this particular day Prince was rather shamefaced. He brought us nothing to eat but one small tinamou, a partridge-like jungle bird that would make scarcely a mouthful apiece for eight hungry and hard-working zoologists. Its pitiful inadequacy was so apparent that its slayer realized something must be done to save his reputation as a good provider; so, squirming under the reproachful looks that were leveled at him across microscopes and paint-boxes, he murmured placatingly, "Big *camoodie* in my field."

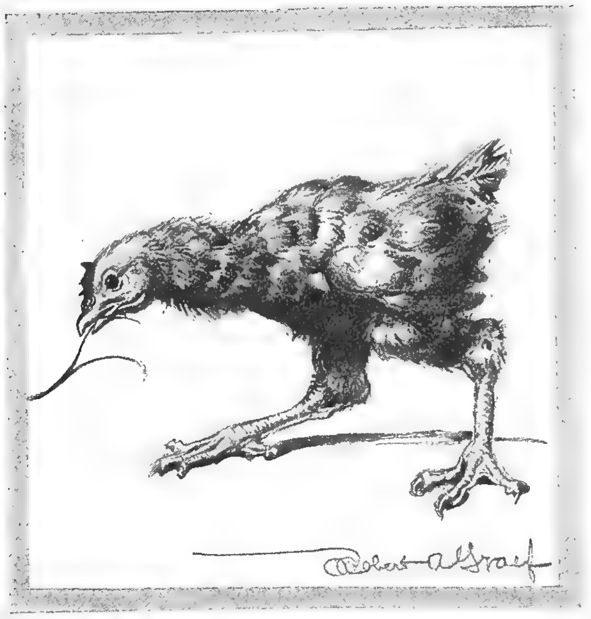
If his object was to divert our minds from food he was completely successful. All work was abandoned and we crowded round him to gather details. With Prince's scanty English vocabulary and our even smaller store of Akawai, eked out with many gestures and expressive grunts, we managed to learn that a very large boa ("How big, Prince?" "Big, big!") had been lying in the same place for two days, and that since he had chosen the center of his cassava-field for his repose, agriculture had completely lost its charm for Prince.

Two days without moving implied that the reptile had eaten recently. The boa-constrictor has never adopted the Fletcherizing principle, and, having swallowed six weeks' nourishment in one complete piece, he wisely lies quiet and meditates for a space, unwilling or unable to indulge in athletic pursuits. So we felt sure that next day we should find this particular "*camoodie*" in the spot where Prince had gladly left him. In any case the brief tropic dusk was already upon us, and even the most ardent collector has no great craving to hunt large boas after dark.



"SHE STEPPED CALMLY ABOARD AND WAS BORNE MAJESTICALLY ROUND AND ROUND ON A SORT OF SCENIC RAILWAY"

Next morning we made an early start. Our enthusiasm for the quest may seem inexplicable, but it is a matter of taste, and we were vastly inspired by the prospect of capturing another interesting specimen, thus fulfilling a part of the mission for which the station is supported by the New York Zoological Society.



"THE SNAKE PAUSED WITHIN EASY STRIKING DISTANCE. THE SENSITIVE, TACTILE TONGUE FLICKERED DELICATELY TOWARD IPHIGENIA. SHE, WITH PERFECT PRESENCE OF MIND, BIT IT!"

Our small and erratic motor-boat could not accommodate the whole staff, so we drew lots for the lucky four. Green-eyed, the rest of the party watched our departure, and, heartlessly pleased at our good fortune, the director of the station, his assistant, the artist, and myself set forth "top-side Mazaruni" in search of the hut that belonged to the Indian that planted the cassava that sheltered the serpent.

We had Bertie with us too: Bertie, large, very black, intensely solemn of face, and faithful of heart, who was "head boy" at the camp, risen to this position of responsibility from the lowly caste of a hewer of wood and a drawer of water.

Presently the motor stopped; it always did; that was why we brought Bertie. His horny hands could turn a fly-wheel for hours, and from sad experience we had learned that that was exactly what some one's hands would have to do whenever we ventured in our so-called power-boat. As usual we furnished the power after the first two or three miles. While Bertie cranked and cranked, now and then pausing to pant and speak bitterly to our mechanical enemy of progress, we paddled and paddled, between solid walls of jungle that stretched away practically unbroken, into Venezuela and beyond.

Our destination was probably not more than ten miles from Kartabo Point, where the station is located, but we were paddling up a mile-broad stream, with the push of Marshall Falls behind the current, so our speed was far from a dizzy one. There is something hypnotic in the rhythm of paddles, even when wielded by oneself, and we soon relapsed into silence, lazily noticing a snake-bird or a kingfisher that occasionally shattered the smooth expanse of water, and hardly hearing the familiar voice of a kiskadee that paused from preening his yellow breast to shout impatiently, "*Qu'est-ce qu'il dit?*"

After a long time the engine recovered from its collapse and proceeded to function once more, so that we were able to approach Prince's village briskly and impress the lowly redskin with the white man's marvelous invention—a boat that moves without exertion on his part—sometimes. The landing is at one of the few rocky places on these shores, a narrow path trodden into mud by the bare feet that pick their way between the stones to the water's edge. The village consists of half a dozen thatched roofs, wall-less huts that are the ultimate word in simplicity. The Guiana Indian spends no time in worrying about leaks; if the rain drives in on one side of his *benab* he moves to the other side.

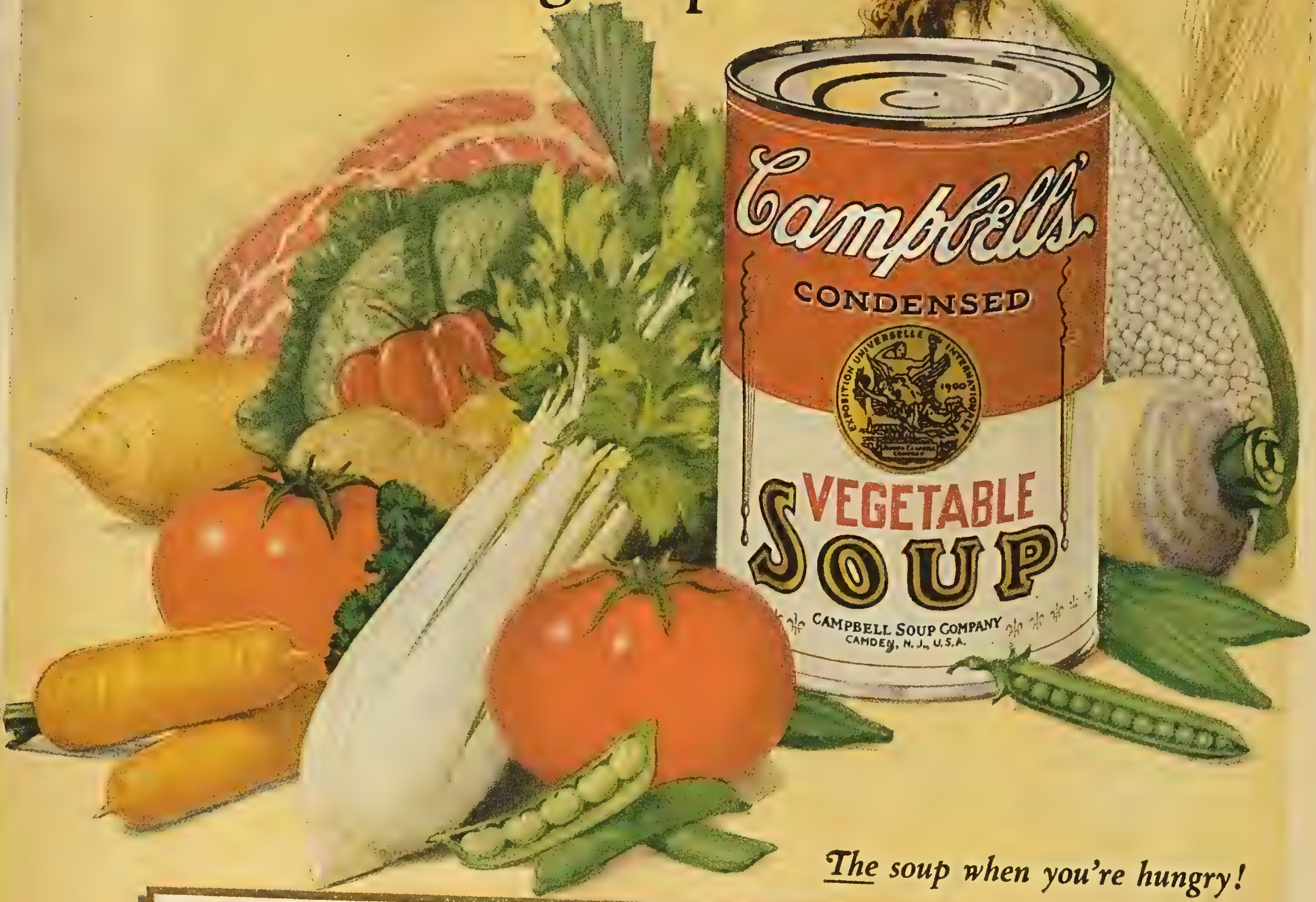
While we unloaded nets, cameras, and guns we were surrounded by naked brown children and mangy, distrustful dogs. Prince was expecting us, and we set off at once to the cassava-field, escorted by the entire population, who were one and all convulsed with mirth.

So far as those Indians went we were the comedy hit of the season. Prince took us more seriously, having been involved in our inexplicable activities for months, but to his family and neighbors our looks, our purpose in coming, in fact our very existence, were too funny for words. We had heard of a giant *camoodie*, and instead of being thankful that he was far away, we had actually hurried to the scene, anxious to get to close quarters with the creature. Of course we were mad and it was all extremely comic.

For half a mile we followed Prince along a narrow trail through thick jungle, where, now that the sun was high, there were few sounds. Now and then the whip-like call of a gold-bird cut the drowsy stillness, which was also broken by the giggles of our attendant gallery. We skirted a ravine, crossed it on a huge felled tree, and emerged into a hillside clearing where the glaring sunlight smote us a dazzling blow. Half-way up the hill an advance guard, an Indian clad in a scarlet loin-cloth, mounted a great stump and beckoned us on.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

"I've never seen such fine vegetables used for making soup!"


Campbell's
CONDENSED
EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE INTERNATIONALE 1900
VEGETABLE
SOUP
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY
CAMDEN, N.J., U.S.A.

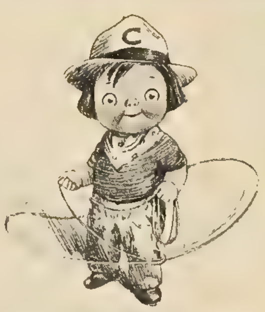
The soup when you're hungry!

Sometimes we are asked why we insist on using such perfect vegetables for soup-making. It takes the best vegetables to make such good vegetable soup as Campbell's!

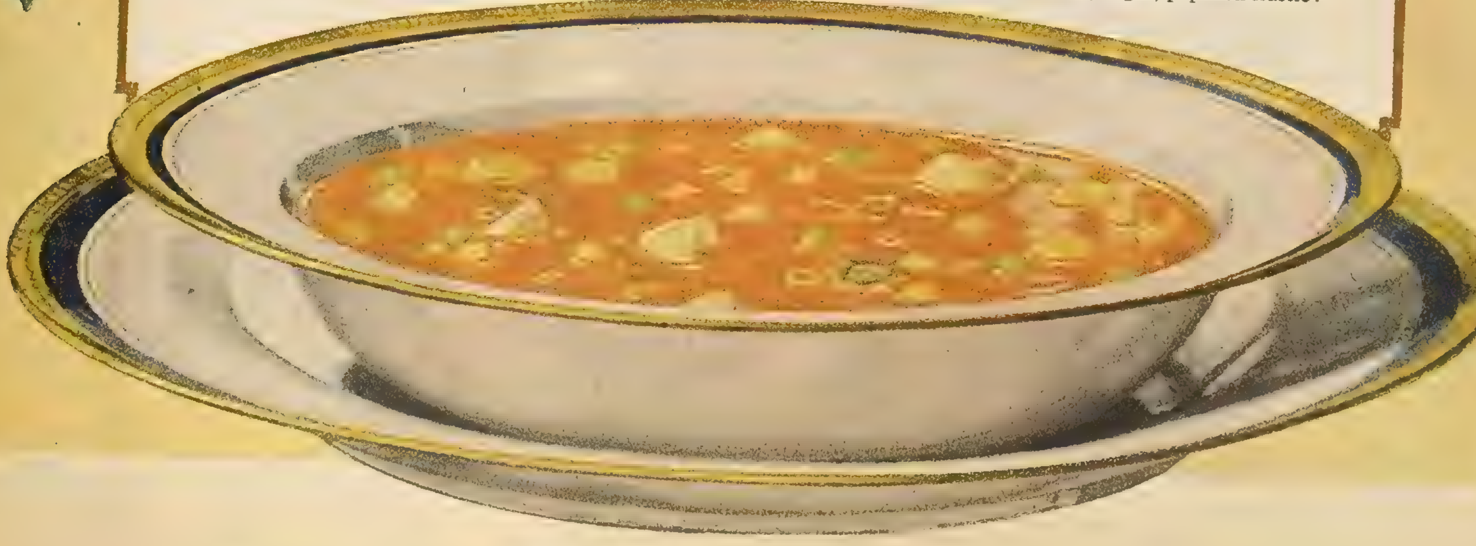
So we spare no effort, we search the world's markets, we maintain our own great farms—all to put into our soup unusually fine vegetables.

Thirty-two ingredients in one hearty soup! As much a meal as a soup, many people think!

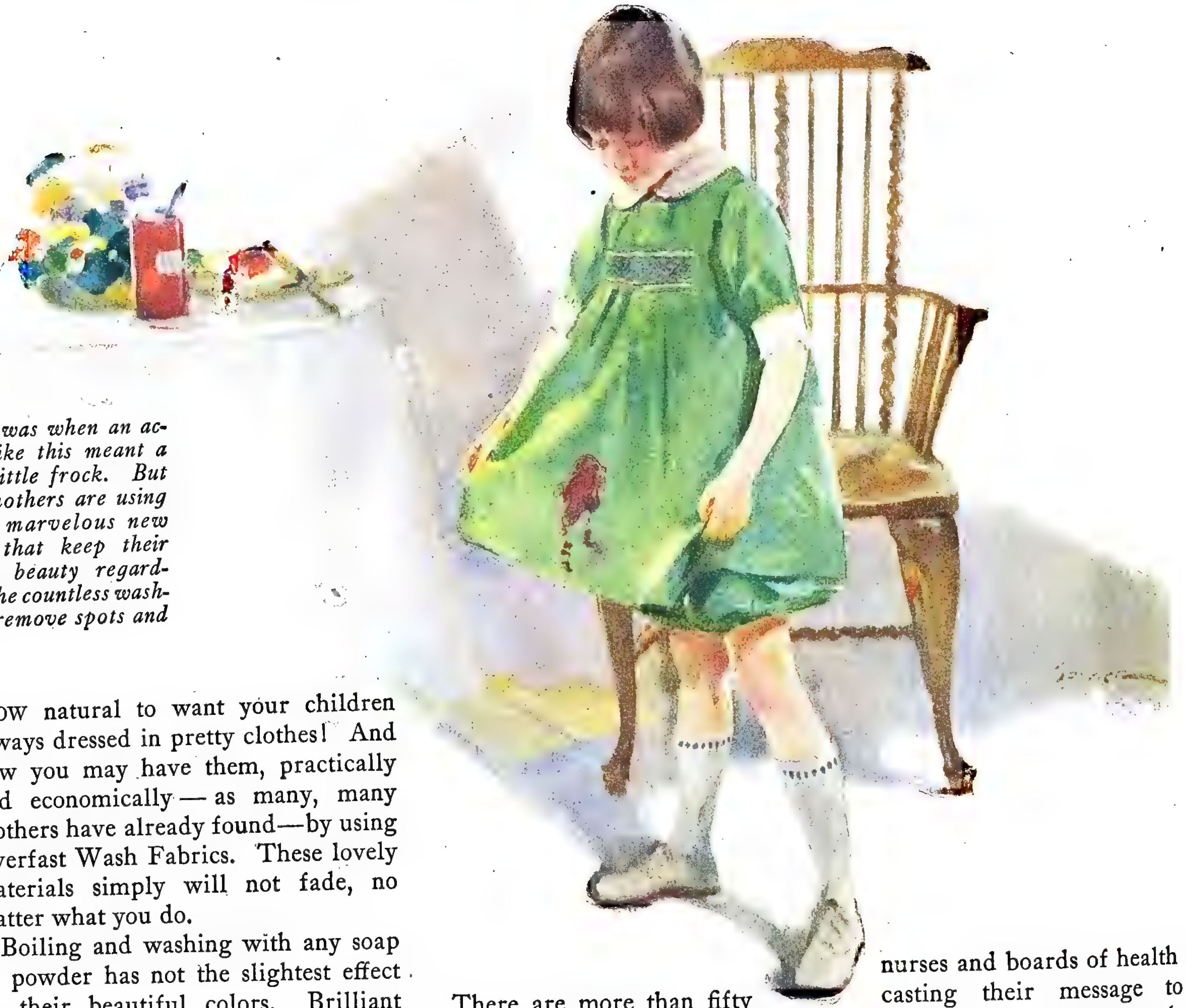
21 kinds **12 cents a can**



I ride 'em rough for I am tough
You ought to feel my muscle.
The soup inside gives me my stride
My vigor, pep and hustle!



But it's not nearly so bad as it *might be*



TIME was when an accident like this meant a ruined little frock. But today mothers are using certain marvelous new fabrics that keep their original beauty regardless of the countless washings to remove spots and stains.

How natural to want your children always dressed in pretty clothes! And now you may have them, practically and economically — as many, many mothers have already found—by using Everfast Wash Fabrics. These lovely materials simply will not fade, no matter what you do.

Boiling and washing with any soap or powder has not the slightest effect on their beautiful colors. Brilliant sunshine will not fade them. Nor will rain, salt air and uric acid. Everfast Wash Fabrics are fast color under all conditions. So completely has this been proved, that every yard, whatever its color, is guaranteed.

GUARANTEE: *If any Everfast Wash Fabric fades, for any reason whatsoever, we will refund, through your dealer, not only the purchase price of the material, but the making cost of the garment as well.*

There are more than fifty different Everfast materials, in dozens of exquisite colors and designs, from which you can make charming suits and dresses for your children's every need. Swanky little suits for boys, of Everfast suiting or poplin. Dainty checked or plain ginghams, Tubtex and Fineweve for girls. And when you plan clothes for yourself, you will delight in the wonderful assortment of Everfast voiles, broadcloths, linens and other favorite materials, as well as the striking fabrics, many of them novelties, exclusive to Everfast.

Soon you will be preparing for the next school session. Already physicians, nurses and boards of health are broadcasting their message to mothers. "Dress the children in wash clothes all year round. It's healthier." And more and more women are heeding this sound advice. For this, nothing is so satisfactory as Everfast Wash Fabrics.

Everfast Wash Fabrics cost but a trifle more than ordinary cotton materials. And yet how much more they give you! Almost every good store carries a full assortment of Everfast weaves and colors. Many, also, have ready-made apparel of Everfast. If your dealer does not have them, write us, and we will direct you to one who does. N. Erlanger, Blumgart & Co., Inc., 354 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Reproduction of Everfast and ordinary wash fabrics before and after being boiled with washing soda. *Note there is not the slightest change in the color of Everfast.*

Everfast fabric
Ordinary fabric

LOOK FOR THE NAME EVERFAST ON THE SELVAGE

THE GENUINE
Everfast Wash Fabrics
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BEAUTY IN THE HOME

A Practical Department of Decorating and Furnishing

CONDUCTED BY WINNIFRED FALES

The English Breakfast-Room

This is the third article on decorating "The House with Three Faces" shown in our May issue, so called because the house has three different exteriors (English, Dutch Colonial, and Latin) with the same floor-plan.

THE furnishing of a breakfast-room is a most engaging task. In the more formal rooms of the house we are bound in some degree by precedent and tradition, but here we may be as joyously unconventional as we choose, indulging to our hearts' content the fondness for daring color and modernistic accessories which most of us secretly cherish but seldom venture to express. And if we do find, alas! that our so-original idea was a quite mistaken one, the very smallness of the room makes the cost of rectification relatively slight, while the knowledge gained by experimenting will prove invaluable.

Of course the scheme must harmonize with those of surrounding rooms, but instead of being a limitation this provides a convenient basis on which to build. In the present instance, as you will recall, we have already chosen for the first floor a combination of dull red, greenish blue, brown, gold, and mauve. In the hall all of these colors were about equally mingled in the hand-blocked wall-hanging which formed the principal decoration, and were carried over into the living-room as the covering of a folding screen stationed just within the undraped door-opening. In the room itself the brown and gold predominated, with touches of the other colors for relief. In our present scheme we may emphasize the gayer red and blue and still maintain a close relationship with the living-room and hall.

A Garden Room

THE breakfast-room in the Little House with Three Faces is delightfully situated at the rear, overlooking the garden. To make it especially cheerful let us borrow for its rough-plastered walls the mellow yellowish tone of the adjoining rooms and stir in a tiny bit of Chinese red to give the luscious new pinkish cream tint known as peachblow. For interesting contrast and a touch of the unusual, we may cover the floor with a plain, rich greenish-blue linoleum. Cemented down beyond any possibility of bulging, thoroughly waxed, and then polished to a soft, satiny luster, this will make a floor of novel beauty and one which will not be spotted and defaced easily.

How shall we finish the woodwork? The temptation to paint it is strong, but with the English panels and arched openings a dark stain like that used elsewhere seems more in keeping.

We may, however, safely introduce a touch of gaiety in the form of a narrow band of Venetian red along the top of the base-board and chair-rail, and around the inside edge of each door-panel. This red may be repeated as a lining for the two little corner cupboards with open shelves above and paneled doors below, which have been cleverly planned by the architect of the Little House to minimize the number of movable pieces of furniture which must find place in this limited area.

As a background for the gaily flowered English cottage china, goblets of blue and amber glass, and bits of pewter and old luster, the red background will be gorgeously effective.

Next comes the treatment of the double casement window. With all the enchantments of the garden to invite our gaze, we naturally decide to omit glass-curtains, and to mount the hangings on the face of the deep reveal in order that they may hide as little as possible of the view.

Shall the draperies be long or short? That is a question which in the present instance almost automatically decides itself. Owing to the presence of the concealed radiator—betrayed only by the grille above and the small openings close to the floor to permit free circulation of air—the windows start so high in the wall that short hangings unquestionably will be more becoming; besides, the full-length type is formal, and formality is the one thing above all others that we wish to avoid in this vivacious, gloom-dispelling little breakfast-room.

Gay Chints for the Windows

FOR the material, what could be a better choice than a bright little English glazed chints thickly dotted with tiny blossoms, in blue—in the orange-red of the interiors of the cupboards—in mauve—in clear soft yellow—with crisp green leaves for coolness, all intensified and made gayer by the black glazed chints with which we bind the edge, and the smartly scalloped black oilcloth valance across the top? These posy-strewn hangings seem almost to make the garden a part of the room, or vice versa.

Now for the furniture. There are many types which might appropriately be used—Jacobean oak, for instance, or Queen Anne, or some interesting pieces in black lacquer with decorations in gold and colors; but price as well as charm must be considered, and after a prolonged search we have the good fortune to discover an inexpensive and delightfully unusual little painted set which precisely fits our scheme. The body color is Venetian red, antiqued and high-lighted on the twist-turned legs, and decorated in gold, black, and dark blue. The china-cabinet can be dispensed with, its purpose being served by the twin cupboards, and both space and money thereby being saved. There remain a drop-leaf table, two chairs and two little benches all with fiber-rush seats, a small buffet, and a tea-cart which acts as a serving-table besides performing numerous other useful offices.

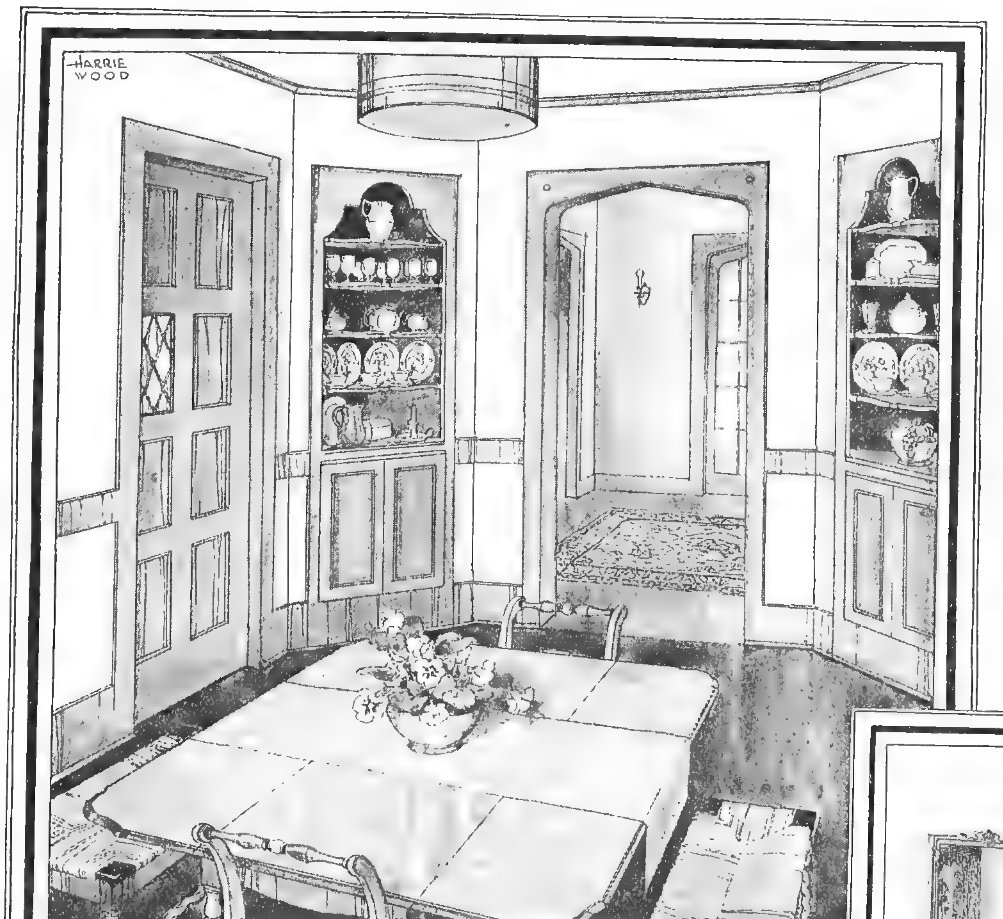
The need of decorative accessories is extremely limited, but for this very reason they will be all the more effective if carefully chosen. Above the tea-wagon, accordingly, we may create a bright spot with the aid of a gold-framed mirror, and balance this with a decorative wood-block print in glowing colors hung over the tiny buffet. To tie in with the mauve in the hangings, a comport and candlesticks of amethyst glass, Venetian or domestic according to the depth of the individual purse, may be chosen for the buffet. It will be interesting to make two sets of runners for the table, buffet, and tea-cart: one in green-blue linen, which will be especially lovely with the mauve glass and the orange and yellow nasturtiums, and the other in dull-gold color with a constrasting touch of needlework in black.

The room is lighted at night by a simple center fixture placed close to the ceiling (the irregular wall-spaces make side brackets impracticable) and covered with a drum-shaped shade in peachblow parchment striped with black and red.

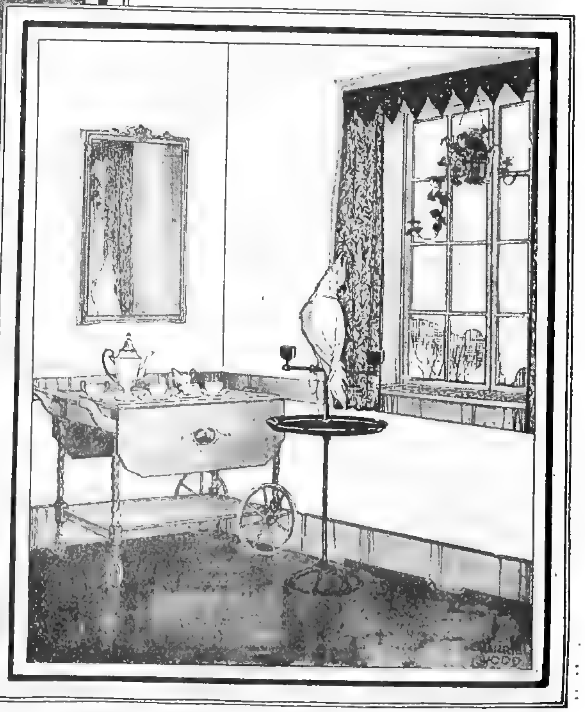
Helps for Readers

Mrs. Fales will gladly send you without charge complete instructions for making the drum-shaped parchment shade, or will answer any questions in regard to your own perplexing problems of decorating and furnishing. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelop.

To obtain descriptions and illustrations of the Latin and Colonial furnishings for the breakfast-room, send ten cents for *Service Folder No. 3.* A few copies of the *Hall* and *Living-Room Folders (Nos. 1 and 2)* are still available, at ten cents each. Address Beauty in the Home, Pictorial Review, 7th Ave. and 39th St., New York City.



PEACHBLOW WALLS, A GREEN-BLUE FLOOR, AND VENETIAN-RED FURNITURE MAKE THIS ROOM A JOYOUS PLACE IN WHICH TO START THE DAY



FLOWER-STREWN CHINTS HANGINGS ARE MADE DOUBLY EFFECTIVE BY A VALANCE OF BLACK OILCLOTH

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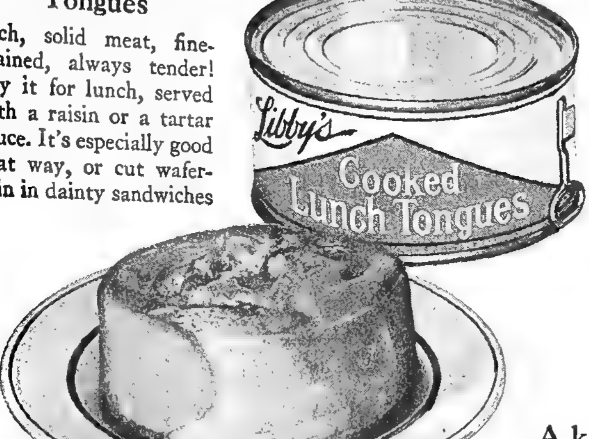
For dainty summer meals
—choice meats, all ready to serve

CORNED BEEF
PACKED BY
Libby, McNeill & Libby
U.S.A.

Libby's Lunch Tongues

Rich, solid meat, fine-grained, always tender! Try it for lunch, served with a raisin or a tartar sauce. It's especially good that way, or cut wafer-thin in dainty sandwiches



Libby's Corned Beef

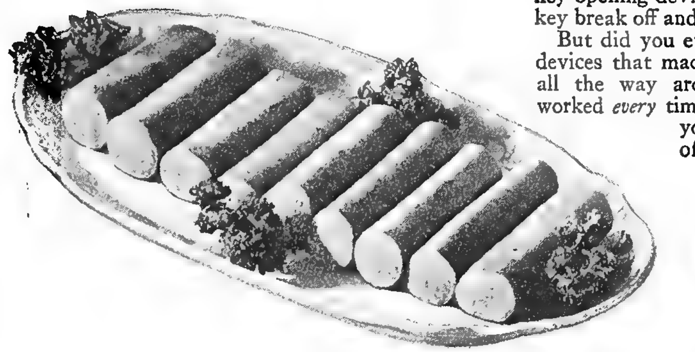
Corned beef such as this is a real delicacy. It's always tender, always mild in flavor. There's not a trace of gristle in it. It's *all* meat—choice meat, cooked just right.

Keep a can of it on hand in the ice box. Then when you want it the favorite summer way—in sandwiches or with a cool, crisp salad—the meat will be already chilled, and it will cut—without crumbling—into thin, delicious slices

A key opening device that really works!

You've probably had the annoying experience of trying to cut a can with a key opening device, only to have the key break off and leave you stranded.

But did you ever try one of these devices that made a clean, easy cut all the way around the can—and worked *every* time? This is the kind you'll find on every can of Libby's Meats



Libby's
Vienna Style Sausage

Libby's Vienna Sausages

They are not at all like ordinary sausage. Made from choice pork and beef all finely chopped, mixed with Libby's special seasonings, and then wood-smoked—they have a most distinctive flavor. Plan to have them for supper some night soon, and see how good they are

Little hints on hot-weather cooking

We all know how summer appetites need to be coaxed. But so often it takes extra time to prepare those "especially dainty" dishes. And how you do hate to putter in a hot, stuffy kitchen!

That's why I want you to know about Libby's Meats. They are all cooked and ready to serve. And each one is a real delicacy.

Chill one of these meats, serve it with a salad, fresh vegetables or fresh fruit and you have a tempting, satisfying meal in just no time.

If you want a warm meal, the meat may be heated in a twinkling, by itself. Or you may heat it right with the vegetable you are cooking, by putting it in a colander and letting it steam in the top of the saucepan.

I haven't room here, but if you'll write me I'll tell you how to make French "fried" potatoes without having to stand over a hot stove to cook them. Then I hope you'll have them some day soon for lunch—served with the savory little Vienna Sausages shown on this page.

And when you write, ask for a copy of our booklet "Meats Prepared while the Kettle Boils". It contains ever so many new ideas for dainty summer dishes that are easy to make. There is also a conveniently arranged section in this booklet for listing the telephone number of the grocer, and other important numbers that you call often.

If you have a porch or a lawn, why not plan to eat there often this summer, and see how much better everything tastes! You can give these out-of-door meals a picnic air and save work besides, by using pretty paper table cloths, napkins, paper plates and cups.

Perhaps we could plan for a bridge party on the porch this month—with something new in the way of refreshments. Just write me if you'd like help.

Mary Hale Martin

Cooking Correspondent
Libby, McNeill & Libby
357 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Vacation Manners

Every-Day Etiquette and Social Customs

By Anna Steese Richardson

Author of "Standard Etiquette"

THE success of your vacation will depend upon three things: First, the choice of a resort suited to your means and tastes; second, the selection of clothes suitable for the resort and its recreations; third, the spirit of courtesy and friendliness which you show toward those you meet.

Select a resort within your means which offers amusements that you will enjoy. You can be very lonely at a fashionable hotel, and high hotel rates usually mean big tips. If you enjoy sea-bathing choose a quiet boarding-house at a seaside resort. If you like outdoor sports go to a camp, club, or rustic hotel in the woods. If you care more for dancing than anything else select a small hotel at a mountain or a lake resort.

Secure your reservation well in advance. If you go to a resort at the height of the vacation season without having engaged a room you may find yourself without a place to sleep.

DRESSING at Summer resorts is more simple each season, but smart people carefully choose clothes suited to the resort and its recreations. Sports clothes are worn practically all day. Evening frocks are of sheer material—lace, net, chiffon, Georgette, organdy, and voile. Elaborate satin gowns and jewelry are not worn at Summer dances. Men wear flannels or blue serge at informal evening parties, dinner-coats at more elaborate affairs, full evening dress at fashionable private functions only. For traveling, smart women choose tailored clothes of subdued coloring, with tailored hats. Men wear business suits, caps, or soft felt hats. Sports and lounge clothes are not worn until you reach your destination.

For Camping Resorts—For both men and women, knickerbockers, stout shoes, with low heels, stout ribbed stockings, flannel shirts, soft hats, sweaters, rain-coat or slicker. For dancing at a near-by village or club-house, men wear flannels or serge; girls wear sports clothes or the simplest dance-frocks of wash material. For church, tailored suit or dress of cloth or wash material in subdued color. It is not good form to attend church in camping-clothes.

For the Seashore—A complete bathing-outfit, including shoes, if the beach is rocky and pebbly; a loose coat or cape to wear between boarding-place and beach. The much-exploited one-piece bathing-suit is not permitted at some resorts. Get information about this when you book your hotel reservation, and buy your bathing-outfit before you go, for you will pay double price for bathing accessories in most resort shops.

For girls, a smart sports suit or dress with soft hat for day wear; one afternoon frock for a possible afternoon party; one or more simple dance-frocks, with a cape to wear on veranda or board-walk.

For men, a lounge suit, flannels or blue serge.

ON ARRIVING at your destination go directly to the office and ask for the room reserved for you. Then register, and leave your baggage-check for the head porter, who will send for your trunk. A bell-boy will carry your hand-luggage to your room.

When you enter the dining-room for the first time, tell the head waiter how long you expect to remain, and whether you wish to sit at a small table alone or at a large table with other guests.

Ordinarily a man has no trouble in making the acquaintance of other young men in the smoking-room, barber-shop, or lounge, but he must ask the manager, the clerk, or the salaried hostess to introduce him to any of the young women he wishes to meet. He must not ask a woman or girl to play games or dance with him simply because they are stopping at the same hotel. He must be introduced first.

If two or more girls go to a hotel together, they can start their own amusements in which other girls and young men will be glad to join; but the girl who goes on her vacation alone will do well to seek the acquaintance of one or more married women immediately on arrival. Such informal chaperonage is helpful. She should also select a hotel where a salaried hostess makes introductions and plans amusements. In a camp the director performs this service, and in a small boarding-house the landlady or manager usually sees that her guests become acquainted.

The girl who goes vacationing without mother, chaperon, or intimate friend must be most circumspect in her conduct, never taking long trips by motor or boat nor stopping out late on the beach with a young man.

A well-bred guest always says good morning to elevator attendants, clerks, the head waiter, and his individual waiter. The man or woman seated at table with other guests will always say good morning or good afternoon, even if the acquaintance goes no further. At the end of her vacation a well-bred girl does not ask men she has met to write to her. She waits for them to suggest this and to ask to call on her in town.

Tipping is an important vacation item. If you want a desirable seat in the dining-room, hand the head waiter a tip, at least a dollar, the first time you enter the room. At the end of each week tip the waiter or waitress who serves you. When the bell-boy renders you any particular service tip him from ten to twenty-five cents, according to what he has done. It is customary to give a small tip to the chambermaid on departure.

Questions Answered

Send a stamped, addressed envelop to Mrs. Richardson with any question of etiquette that puzzles you.

New Etiquette Booklets

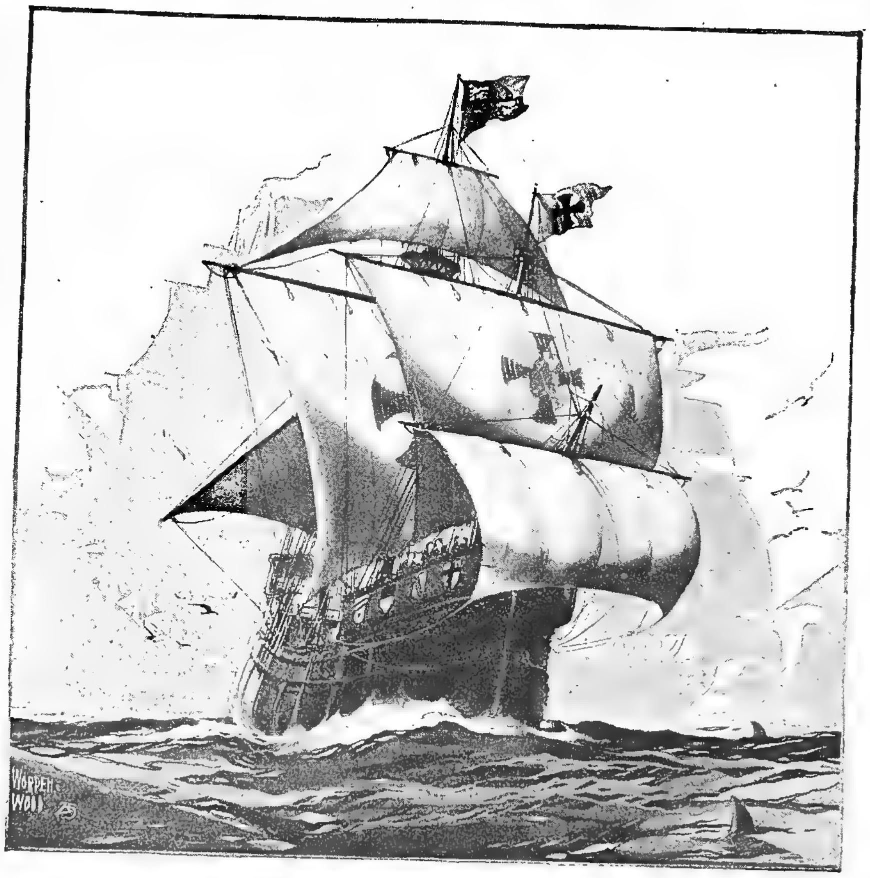
"Manners in Public Places,"
"Table Manners," 10 cents each

Address Every-Day Etiquette, Pictorial Review, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City

The Toll of Water

THREE little ships weighed anchor in the harbor of Palos, Spain, four hundred and thirty-three years ago and set sail upon a perilous adventure; 88 hardy, hopeful souls faced the unknown. Had Columbus and his men gone down who can say what the history of America would have been?

Imagine a fleet of 68 Santa Marias, 68 Pintos and 68 Niñas—204 ships in all—going to the bottom of the sea with every one of their crews drowned! Then you will have some idea of the number of persons who perished last year in the United States from drowning accidents. More than 6,000 drowned—and of these 6,000, more than half in the four months of June, July, August and September!



"Imagine a Fleet * * *"

Day after day, all through the summer, your newspaper tells the tragic story of death by drowning. Some one dares a beginner to swim out to the raft. He tries—and fails. Or perhaps there is a high wind and the water is too rough for safe swimming. Even the strongest swimmers have met death by taking unnecessary chances. "Go ahead, be a sport" has brought disaster to more persons than ever will be known.

Don't Be a "Sport"—Be a Sportsman

There is a vast difference between a sport and a sportsman. The sportsman is courageous and willingly hazards his life for others—but he is not a daredevil. He is brave—but without bravado. He is ready for emergencies—but does not challenge danger.

The sport, showily daring, is a poor imitation of a sportsman. The sport is the one who does stunts in the water to dazzle onlookers—who dives without knowing the depth of the water or what lies beneath its surface—who swims out beyond his depth disregarding the danger of unknown currents, undertow and cramps.

Learn to swim if you don't know how—not alone because swimming is joyous recreation and splendid exercise—but so that you can save your own life and the lives of others if called upon. Deaths by drowning occur even on park lakes where there would seem to be every likelihood of rescue. Some thoughtless person rocks the boat—and then—

Swimming is not at all a difficult accomplishment. Once learned it cannot be forgotten. It becomes almost as automatic as walking. Many of the Pacific Islanders taught their babies to swim before they taught them to walk. Good instructors may be found almost everywhere. It is of highest importance to be well taught. There are many self-taught swimmers who would be of little use in an emergency.

Your Chance to Save a Life

There is one thing that you and *everybody*, young and old, should know how to do—revive the apparently drowned. Often they are not dead though life seems to be extinct. Patient, persistent manipulation of the right kind would bring them back to consciousness. It is heartbreaking to think of the lives that could have been saved if some one in the crowd, standing paralyzed with horror, had but known the simple manipulations necessary to rekindle the vital spark.

This summer, be prepared. Never court danger but be ready to meet the great hazard that sometimes lurks in water sports.

During the months of July, August and September, deaths from accidents lead all other causes—except heart disease and tuberculosis—among the 22,000,000 policyholders in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Deaths from drowning are at their height during these months.

In July 1924 the number of deaths among Metropolitan policyholders from drowning was about twice as many as from typhoid fever and diphtheria together. It is the duty of parents to have their children instructed in swimming and the art of resuscitation, so that the danger from drowning attending summer vacations may be minimized.

The Metropolitan has prepared a booklet, "Artificial Respiration" which shows by diagrams just how to restore breathing by manipulation of the apparently drowned body, as well as what to do in the case of gas suffocation or electric shock. Carbon monoxide poisoning claims an increasing number of victims each year because it is not generally known that artificial respiration, applied in time, will restore life. The information contained in this booklet is valuable and may be wanted any moment. The booklet will be mailed free. Send for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

The Beauty of Children's Hair Depends upon Shampooing

Try this quick and simple method which thousands of mothers now use.

See the difference it will make in the appearance of YOUR CHILD'S hair.

Note how it gives life and lustre, how it brings out all the natural wave and color.

See how soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking the hair will look.

ANY child can have hair that is beautiful, healthy and luxuriant.

It is NO LONGER a matter of luck.

The beauty of a child's hair depends ALMOST ENTIRELY upon the way you shampoo it.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color, and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When a child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, fine, young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather.

This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in the hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly, and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL
SHAMPOO
WATKINS

Mulsified
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

Georgy and the Dragon

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

thump! Boil *down* your words—thump! And be hard-boiled yourself—thump! Do you hear? *You've got to be hard-boiled!*"

As Georgy left the room he felt a deep sense of shame for Boulder. His own face was pale and his lips almost quivered but he tried to behave as if the frightful scene had not occurred.

"I must get back to my work," he said courteously at the door. "And—thank you very much."

When McPherson dropped into Boulder's office a little later, the conversation dwelt for a moment on Georgy.

"How's he making it?" asked Howard McPherson hopefully.

Boulder's sardonic face was instantly wreathed in misleading smiles. "Oh, beautifully, beautifully!"

Deceived, McPherson said, "Good. I think we can find some way of effecting a change in him. Don't you?"

"Oh, a *splendid* change," said Boulder beatifically, "could be effected by chloroform."

IN THE days that followed, Georgy found himself thinking of little else but business, absurd as he knew it to be. He was in turn chagrined and hopeful, humiliated and self-confident. He was given the most minor tasks—things the office boy could have done—and altho he still wrote copy he knew now that none of it was ever used.

Occasionally Boulder gave him terse directions and explanations, but he no longer took the trouble to grow excitedly voluble. Even McPherson was aloof and uncompanionable. Georgy was ignored. The only times he was important to the firm of McPherson & Boulder were when he was writing to Harriet.

He was no longer haunted by fantasies, but by floor-mops. At nights he spent long hours thinking of them and composing tentative advertisements for them. He made layouts for Katchy Klothes and constructed laborious pamphlets for Marjolaine's Cold Cream. He studied books on the psychology of advertising at the Chicago Public Library; he read nothing else but the advertising sections in magazines; and he always revised all the car-cards as he rode back and forth from work; he bought skin-food, face-powder, hair-dye, liver-pills, and soothing-sirup just to criticize the pamphlets inside the boxes.

The abhorrent phrase "hard-boiled" obsessed him and sent shudders of loathing through him. He was determined to convince Boulder that no such ungentlemanly attribute was necessary to advancement in business. In his youthful imagination he was fortifying himself against a hateful opponent; he was a young St. George whetting the sword of knowledge and preparing to slay the formidable dragon, Boulder. Boulder had ceased to be a dreary and insignificant figure—he had become a monstrous and terrible enemy.

Georgy was planning the day that would surely come when he would dramatically vanquish Boulder by his profound knowledge of advertising, but he did not dream his opportunity would occur in the way it finally did. It all came about because he had lied so convincingly to Harriet. The more depressing his experiences at the office, the more glowing were his letters. He did it only to keep up his courage and had almost forgotten that she received these fictions and believed them.

He had risen rapidly from the writing of all Floor Mop copy to the handling of several independent accounts of his own. A little later he was put in charge of all the copy-writers in the office. McPherson was more and more pleased with Georgy's work—a little dissatisfied with Boulder. Again, Boulder had gone on a long trip and Georgy was using his office and his secretary.

Nothing disastrous could have resulted if Harriet had not had an aunt Cathie who lived in Chicago—or even if Harriet had been a shy, timorous girl, unable to find her way alone about Chicago. All of these thoughts rushed through Georgy's mind at that terrible moment when he opened Boulder's door and saw Harriet seated there, poised and smiling. Harriet—of all people. Harriet—whose aunt Cathie had been viciously negligent in not locking her up. Harriet—who was sane enough to find the Mallers Building and get past the information girl; and insane enough to go straight into Boulder's office expecting to surprize George Miles Standish there.

"Mr. Boulder wishes to see you," the telephone girl had said; and as Georgy hurried down the corridor a fond hope had leaped in his heart that at last he was to be recognized and lauded. Perhaps the moment had arrived when Boulder would say: "I've been mistaken in you, my boy. You are made of stern stuff. Shall we shake hands and be friends?"

Standing in the doorway with his dream dashed and a nightmare replacing it, Georgy wished tritely that the floor would give way and swallow him up. He wildly wondered if it were much of a drop from the window—or if he could suddenly wheel and disappear in the elevator before he were called back.

For he saw at once that Harriet had naively revealed the situation to Boulder. He had the air of having been interrupted in a very pleasant and confidential chat with her.

There she sat, neat and small and lovely in a new, dark-blue suit. She rose impulsively and stretched out her hand with a little, proprietary air. "Aren't you surprized to see me?" she asked in her low, boyish voice.

"Surprized" was scarcely the word, Georgy felt. A mild word—"surprized." He somehow groped toward her hand. "Hello," he finally managed to say. There was a huge lump in his throat and his knees were shaking. "Why, hello."

"Let it be over now," was all he prayed. "Let him fire me in front of her. Let her be through with me and tell the joke all over Champaign. I'll get a boat to-morrow and go to Guadeloupe or—or Zanzibar. Only, my Heaven, let it be over!"

BUT Matthias Boulder would not let it be over. He played cruelly with Georgy as a cat plays with a mouse. His sardonic countenance wore an ecstatic smile.

"Miss—ah—Harriet," he said, "was surprized to find me back from my trip to Canada. I was telling her how cool it is up there."

"We'd better go back to the reception-room." Georgy turned his white face toward Harriet.

"No, no, Standish," protested Boulder cordially. "I want you to go right on using this office just as you have during my absence. You knew I was working for Mr. Standish now?" he asked Harriet. "It's very pleasant."

Harriet raised her lucid gray eyes to Georgy with a pleased and worshipful gaze he could not meet. "No," she said, "I didn't know that, but I knew of his other promotions. Don't you think he has done wonderfully well, Mr. Boulder?"

"Oh, remarkably!" agreed the droll and wicked voice of the tormentor. "I've never known any other young man who was promoted so fast."

Georgy thrust his hands into the pockets of his coat—they seemed to him to be huge and trembling and pale. Boulder was standing at his desk, twirling his eyeglass about a finger and smiling amiably as he looked from one to the other. "Yes," he continued with gusto, "things have been different in this office since

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

What Everybody Knows

The danger of clogged intestines
The evils of digestive troubles
and disfiguring skin eruptions
The tragedy of lowered vitality

"**Suffering from** habitual constipation and weak from a recent operation, it was impossible for me to continue my social duties and club work. So despondent did I become that I dropped out of everything. I felt fagged in the morning and was nervous and irritable. I knew I was a bore to everyone, self included. Finally our family physician prescribed yeast. In three days I noticed an improvement, while in three months' time with stomach trouble removed, habitual constipation conquered, vitality restored, I felt like a new person. I have now resumed all social and club activities—singing the praises of Fleischmann's Yeast."

Mrs. D. H. Webb, Anderson, S. C.

"**After I gave birth** to my child, I felt very much 'run down.' I lost weight, was very anemic; food would nauseate me, had constant trouble with my stomach, and what troubled me most—I suffered from terrible sties. I tried all kinds of remedies. I finally went to an eye specialist. He prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast—three cakes a day. I am mighty grateful to Dr. S. After two months there wasn't a trace left of the sties. My complexion improved wonderfully. I no longer sit down at the table with an aversion for food. In spite of all the ups and downs in life, I manage to keep and look young with the help of Fleischmann's Yeast."

Mrs. Sarah Steinhardt, New York City

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today! And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. A-18, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

"**Our eight-year-old girl** would lose four or five weeks of school work, besides being incapacitated while she was in school from attacks of stomach trouble. We tried many remedies with only temporary relief. I decided to give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. I began with half a cake mixed with peanut butter on bread, and then as I found that the yeast was going to succeed, I served it in many different ways. My child has never had another attack of stomach trouble since I gave her yeast."

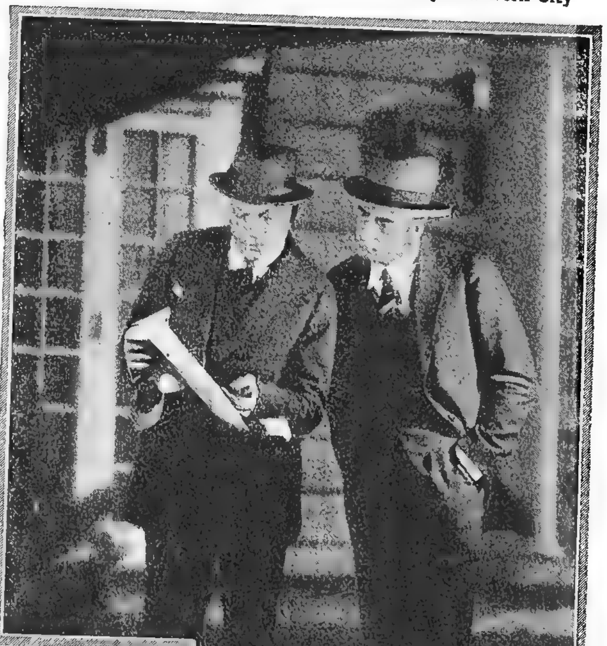
Mrs. G. A. Viele, Costa Mesa, Cal.

(right)

"**Invalided** from Royal Navy with chronic constipation. Went to India. . . . Advised to try Canada. Was just able to get into army, but after 2½ years in trenches, returned to Canada totally unfit and pensioned. In 1919 I gave Fleischmann's Yeast a fair trial, thank God. Six months afterward I passed for life insurance and my pension stopped. I am now absolutely fit and never need a laxative; and this is after over 20 years of suffering."

Herbert J. Parrott, Calgary, Alta.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST



"**I am in** the real estate business; built up a hustling organization; kept the force always keyed up, watchful of every opportunity. The high pressure undoubtedly did its work; the reaction set in, and I found myself slowing up. I needed something to restore the old vitality—the old punch.

"At last I hit upon Fleischmann's Yeast. Truly the result was marvelous: the mid-afternoon fag disappeared; I was again keen and alert; my color took on a clear and healthful glow, an out-of-doors look; and I was again the leader of my organization—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast."

James F. Brown, Allentown, Pa.

This famous food tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders.

Eat 2 or 3 cakes a day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

Prevent this

(A condition bad teeth may cause)

The importance of preventive dentistry can't be overstated. Perhaps it may seem absurd to attribute rheumatism or melancholy to poor teeth. But science has proved the connection.

If you doubt this, ask your dentist.

Bad Teeth May Bring Crippling Rheumatism
Health and Happiness, Authorities Say, Depend on Tooth Care

Use Colgate's—
It removes causes of tooth decay

GOOD TEETH and good health are usually companions. Good looks, too, are dependent to a large extent on your teeth.

Preventive dentistry—preventing disease by preventing tooth troubles—is the new health move. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is closely allied with this scientific advancement.

"Washes",—does not Scour

Colgate's is a preventive dental cream. It *removes causes* of tooth decay by "washing" your teeth safely. Colgate's contains no harsh grit, no dangerous drugs.

Its function is not to cure, but to cleanse and protect. The taste of Colgate's is delicious. And its price is as pleasant as its taste—only 25c for the large tube.

COLGATE & CO., *Established 1806*

Use Colgate's After Every Meal

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE & CO.
LARGE SIZE
CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY

Free—
Generous trial tube

Colgate & Co.
Dept. 506, 581 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me, free, a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name..............................

Address..............................

(This offer good only in U. S. A.)

Georgy and the Dragon

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

Standish has been handling all the copy. His ideas about copy are very unusual. Very original."

"Oh, he's told me a great many of them," said Harriet, eager to show her comprehension. "I think they're splendid."

"Yes, aren't they!" cried Boulder with enthusiasm. "But I'm sure he hasn't told you half his successes. If you hadn't surprized him to-day you wouldn't have realized them all. He's very modest." He feigned a tone of friendly banter. "Isn't that so, Standish?"

"I don't know," said Georgy, his voice limp. He tried to smile, but his lips were curiously stiff. His ordinary self was trapped and piteously helpless while another, unfamiliar self began to rage furiously, champing and writhing in unbearable anger. He struggled to control it, hoping that Boulder was at last done with the farce.

But Boulder's fancy knew no bounds. He was feeling playful. He was enjoying Georgy. He was enjoying himself. He was devoting his afternoon to pleasantry.

"If you get a little time," he said with deference, "I'd like you to glance over these layouts on my desk. You'll have to approve them, of course, before I send them for the clients' O. K."

GEORGY cast a desperate look about the room, which was suddenly wavering and receding. He dimly glimpsed McPherson through the glass partition of the adjoining office. Harriet in her trim blue suit and snug hat. Boulder with his yellowish face and wry, twisted mouth. Then everything was unreal except Boulder's eyes—keen, amused, unmerciful eyes—and the savage red fire that flared up in Georgy's brain.

He walked slowly over to the desk and thrust his face close to Boulder's.

"Listen, Matthias," he said insolently, arrogantly, "none of those layouts are worth my approval—anybody's approval. I want to tell you a little about this business and about yourself. In the first place this agency is running down—it's weak in regard to merchandising. Whom do you have here that knows anything about merchandising? You don't know a darn about it and never have.

"The campaign for Katchy Klothes was *rotten*. There were three typographical errors on the first page of the booklet. I know, because I counted them. You let Meerbaum hold up the copy—he's a darn poor artist anyway—and then it was late and the printers botched it.

"That slop you let by on Fluffy Floor Mops—who ever read it? Who ever bought a mop because of it? The psychology was all wrong. The copy was all about the *use* of floor-mops. Everybody knows the use of floor-mops, but not everybody knows the satisfaction of Fluffy Floor Mops. The handle never comes loose and the fiber always absorbs the dust. There's the difference that makes superiority." Glaring at Boulder, he pounded the desk to emphasize his words. "Am I right?" he insisted.

BOULDER suddenly dropped the eyeglass he had been twirling and began scrawling on his desk-pad.

"*Am I right?*" repeated Georgy doggedly, pounding the desk again. He would say it all day like a madman unless Boulder answered.

"Oh, yes, yes," said Boulder indifferently, "I suppose you are."

An appalling passion, Georgy felt, was goading him into coarse and impossible conduct; but he found a frightening delight in the delirium of his destruction—he was a demon, struggling to hurl huger stones before his enemy thrust him into the sea. "*You suppose!*" he sneered. "You know I'm —— right!"

"If one is going to be profane," suggested Boulder, "one had better show the lady to the elevator."

As the two went out he added, "Then come back in here, if you please, Mr. Standish."

Georgy gazed at Harriet unseeingly as he said good-by to her.

"Why were you so hard on him?" she inquired wonderingly. "He seems like a nice little man—and he does look up to you a lot."

He was too weak and sick to answer.

"I loved you when you swore," she persisted, her gray eyes sparkling.

Muttering something about seeing her that night, Georgy turned away. At least she didn't know the truth. It was inconsistent with Boulder's mean nature that he hadn't enlightened her. Well, he would go back now and be fired. He felt wrung dry of emotion—only haggard and old and very tired.

HE FLUNG open Boulder's door recklessly as if to say, "Well, I'm ready—fire me." He hoped Boulder would make it very short. He could not bear much more to-day without breaking down.

"Apologies," said Boulder cheerfully, "are the slowest form of wit. They are tedious. They take up time that could be employed in amusing rows. I hope you won't apologize."

"I hadn't intended to," said Georgy. He stood in the middle of the room, stiff and motionless.

"All right, then—forget about it," rasped Boulder. "Take the copy you just gave me and enlarge upon it, please. I think we can use it. All of your other notions were rotten."

"What—what copy?" stammered Georgy.

Boulder silently tore off the top leaf of his desk-pad and handed it to Georgy. On it was scrawled:

> Everybody knows the use of floor-mops, but not everybody knows the satisfaction of Fluffy Floor Mops. The handle never comes loose and the fiber always absorbs the dust. There's the difference that makes superiority.

"Is that copy?" asked Georgy stupidly.

"Of course it's copy. Just what we want."

GEORGY sighed. He looked at Boulder in mute gratitude and tiptoed out, holding the slip of paper reverently. Then suddenly he reappeared. "I'd—I just wanted to know what you thought. I was wondering if you'd advise me to tell her—you know, about lying."

"Idiot!" snorted Boulder. "I took every precaution to keep her from knowing, and then you want to go and tell her."

Georgy stared at him a moment and then burst into laughter.

"A man," said Boulder, "should only confide his mistakes to homely women." He gave the desk a small and comical thump. "*Am I right?*" he demanded.

"Oh, yes, yes," said Georgy, "I suppose you are."

They exchanged a look of mutual admiration as Georgy left the office.

Boulder hurried into the adjoining office at once, where McPherson sat ruffling his hair and staring amazedly through the glass partition. "I don't understand," he said. "What's been going on? He—why, he was pounding your desk! And——"

"Of course he was," said Boulder delightedly.

"—and shouting at you!"

"Certainly," said Boulder, grinning from ear to ear. "Swearing at me."

"Did you fire him?"

"Fire him? I'm going to promote him."

"What *for?*"

"He's learned how to be hard-boiled," said Boulder with fatherly pride.

There's a Paramount Picture on tonight!

Paramount Pictures
TRADE MARK
Paramount
Pictures
PRODUCED BY
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
ADOLPH ZUKOR-PRESIDENT
NEW YORK CITY
Paramount Pictures

"We'll meet you in the lobby!"

By some lucky chance of arithmetic you multiply the pleasure of a great show by dividing it with friends!

Any picture's a better picture when your request at the box office is "Six please."

There's no date place like your theatre lobby for the beginning of a great time.

Paramount's magic swings you out of the workaday mood from the first foot of film, and when it's over the stars shine brighter on the way home, and the party went big....... and once more Paramount turned out to be the best show in town!

Meet them in the lobby tonight!

NINE PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present

Current Productions

"PATHS TO PARADISE"
With Raymond Griffith, Betty Compson & Noah Beery.
By Howard Hawks.
Directed by Clarence Badger.

"THE MANICURE GIRL"
Starring BEBE DANIELS.
A FRANK TUTTLE Production.
By Frederick and Fanny Hatton.
Screen play by Townsend Martin.

"THE SHOCK PUNCH"
Starring RICHARD DIX.
By John Monk Saunders.
Directed by Paul Sloane.
Screen play by Luther Reed.

"ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?"
With Adolphe Menjou, Florence Vidor.
and Betty Bronson.
By Alice Duer Miller.
Directed by Mal St. Clair.
Screen play by Frances Agnew.

"THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS"
A ZANE GREY Production.
With Jack Holt, Billie Dove and Noah Beery.
Directed by William Howard.
Screen play by Lucien Hubbard.

"MARRY ME!"
A JAMES CRUZE Production.
With Florence Vidor.
By Anne Caldwell.

Watch for these big coming productions:

"BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK"
A JAMES CRUZE Production.
With Edward Everett Horton and Esther Ralston.
From the play by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly.
Screen play by Walter Woods.

"THE VANISHING AMERICAN"
A ZANE GREY Production.
With RICHARD DIX and Lois Wilson.
Directed by William Howard.

"THE TEN COMMANDMENTS"
A CECIL B. De MILLE Production.
Screen play by Jeanie Macpherson.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

"M-m-m

it's PINEAPPLE"

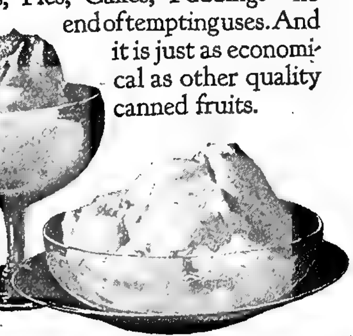
"Bet I could eat a houseful," says little sister.

"Aw, go'n—bet I could eat an oceanful," declares little brother!

And as for the rest of the family; just watch their eyes light up when you serve Hawaiian Pineapple Sherbet, Sundae, Ice or Ice Cream!

Fortunately, it's a "pineapple year" at your confectioners. Pineapple is at last taking the place it deserves as an Ice and Ice Cream ingredient. Order a quart! Or send for our free book which tells how to make it yourself—at home.

Enjoy Hawaiian Pineapple often —*both kinds*—Sliced and Crushed! Salads, Pies, Cakes, Puddings—no end of tempting uses. And it is just as economical as other quality canned fruits.



HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

CANNED
2
WAYS
Sliced, Crushed

—For serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads.

—For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads & hundreds of made-up dishes.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK!

Dept. 35, Ass'n of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners,
451 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California
Please send me, free of charge, your new book,
"Ninety-nine Tempting Pineapple Treats."

Name
Address
City State

Guard of Honor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

during the Civil War, and there are in the palinged enclosure nearly two hundred graves of the men in gray who had come to their end far from their homes.

Opening the rotting gate of the paling fence, Goldie stepped inside, Honey Boy and Willie close behind him. Here again Goldie stood in rapt attention, his brown face shining, his head bared, and his eyes lifted, listening to the famous orators his imagination had brought there for this day from out of the endearing past. Honey Boy sprawled on a rickety, old iron bench. Willie stood stiffly by Goldie's side, looking straight ahead.

Honey Boy moved. "S-sh!" hissed Goldie in a whisper. "Senator Collamore is speaking. Oh, he is good! I have heard him speak twenty times before. He says this custom of setting aside a day especially to do honor to the soldier dead originated, in this country, in the South, tho now every little town as well as every big city in the North celebrates its Memorial Day; and he says that as long as memory lives we of the South shall continue to pay this sincere tribute to our men encamped beneath the green grass awaiting the bugles of a better day." Goldie nodded his head vigorously, softly patting his thin, little hands together in respectful applause—softly so that he should not disturb the speaker. "Yes, that's good and true," he whispered, "very true indeed."

"Did you hear that?" he whispered again enthusiastically after a while, turning first toward Willie and then to Honey Boy. "That is Governor Marcus speaking now. 'The South is loyal,' he says, 'and it never forgets.' Ah, yes, that is so true, too."

And so Goldie, as if some part of him sensed the fact that his two comrades were not getting all that he was getting, from time to time picked out and tossed to the tired and hungry boy and to his brother-in-arms whose mind was thousands of miles away some of the crums from the feast of oratory that only he could enjoy—gilded words and fancy phrases that the little soldier had hoarded lovingly in his memory for years.

WELL, after a while the speeches were all made, but Goldie stayed on. In other times it had been a custom in Asphodel to guard the Confederate Cemetery the night of Memorial Day, and Goldie was certain that he had been ordered to do guard duty that night.

Weak and hungry tho he was, Goldie had been heartened by what he had heard, and as he sat on the rusty-red old iron bench enthusiastically talking at Honey Boy and Willie his voice was almost loud.

"Look yonder!" he cried. "Every grave is a bank of flowers. And did you notice how many people were here? Every store and office in town must have closed up. It's a grand day. I'm a proud man this Memorial Day, I can tell you. If President Davis could only see all this—and Lee! But, there, I must not speak that last name again. If I do I'm bound to cry, and I'm too old for that. Two words can always make me cry——'mother' and 'Lee.'"

The mounds above most of the graves had been leveled by time, and over all of them was a rank growth of weeds and grass. Honey Boy stared hard at Goldie, then he began giggling. Suddenly his small gray eyes filled with tears; he twisted and wrung his hands, and began whimpering, "Honey Boy hungry. Honey Boy must go home right now."

"Hungry?" said Goldie in high scorn. "Why, you poor little fool, you don't know what hunger is. A soldier often goes two or three days on a single meal. But wait; our ladies will presently bring a banquet for the guard of honor—chicken and cake, strawberries and cream, and coffee—oh, I don't know what all, but it will be splendid. When the South does a thing it does it splendidly."

But the hot, damp, still afternoon wore away and no feast appeared. The notion that he was to do guard duty that night finally drove Goldie to consider the wisdom of fortifying himself in advance with sleep.

"You know," he explained to the unheeding ears of Willie and Honey Boy, "it is a serious offense to go to sleep on picket duty. In war-time it means court-martial. There is no punishment here and now except a man's conscience, but a conscience can be terrible sometimes. And do you boys know, ever since the war whenever I've been assigned to any duty at reunions or on Memorial Days I've had a feeling that if I didn't do it right *he* would know—General Lee."

CREEPING off to a secluded, shady spot some distance from the Confederate Cemetery, Goldie took off his coat, rolled it into a sort of pillow, and lay down in the deep grass, now wilted by the shimmering, moist heat. "This is how a soldier often has to sleep," he said proudly, looking from one to the other of his comrades.

Honey Boy, now completely subdued by hunger and thirst and fatigue, but held by fear and perhaps also by some boyish emotion of loyalty from deserting the little brown man in gray, sat staring at him a few moments, and then he too sank back on the grass and closed his eyes. Willie, his immaculate white suit of the morning wrinkled and soiled, dropped his straw hat to the ground at his feet and sat leaning against a stump, studying Goldie's face intently. Except for picketing the graves that night, Asphodel's Memorial Day exercises in honor of its soldier dead were over.

In the great sweet-gum tree above the three odd companions a pair of bluejays brought frequent instalments of food to their young and feasted them with much excitement and noisy importance. Out in the well-kept sections of the graveyard six or seven women appeared at various times during the afternoon, pulled a weed or a blade of grass from a grave, put down fresh flowers, pottered lovingly about it for a while, and then went home. But no one came to the Confederate Cemetery, and Goldie was as still as his comrades who slept beneath the tangles of grass and that weed called bitter. Honey Boy, waking up from time to time, looked around hopelessly, then weepingly lay back down. Willie continued staring at Goldie's face, as calm as death and as sweet as life.

LATE in the afternoon slim, dazzlingly white whips of lightning slashed about in the gray clouds that had been assembling above, thunder tumbled and mumbled and boomed, a quick shower of rain came sliding down the wind. It slipped under the waving branches of the tree above the sleepers and drenched them to the skin before they were fully awake. Willie now sat with his head leaning back against the stump, staring at the sky. He paid no attention to the rain or to his comrades.

Honey Boy began crying, his teeth chattering with cold, and he raised up and wrung his hands. "Oh, what is a little shower?" asked Goldie roughly, getting to his feet. "I have marched and slept a week in wet clothes." Moving closer to the trunk of the sweet-gum tree, where it was almost dry, he laid his body down again and drifted away to sleep as sweetly as a child. Honey Boy beat his hands together and sobbed bitterly, but finally he crept close to Goldie, rolled himself into a ball, and was once more quiet.

And while two of them slept and one of them prowled desperately in the darkness of his mind for a lost thread a search-party that had been started by Mrs. Goldbaum came to the Confederate Cemetery, looked in, called loudly Goldie's name, and went away.

When night, and it was a heavy, clouded night, came on, Goldie rose, put on his hat and coat, selected a fallen dead limb of a pine-tree to serve as a gun, and proceeded to his post. Honey Boy stumbled along close behind him, now and then breaking out in a huge bellow of desperation. "Shut up!" hissed Goldie. "Have you no respect for the dead?"

But the frail, little, old soldier himself, reeling with weakness, often caught hold of the fence to steady his trembling legs. He was so tired that at the corners he sometimes stopped and rested his head against the flat-topped posts. But he had not been relieved of duty, so he kept on marching around the enclosure, often stumbling and falling in the dark, but always getting up and forcing himself along. Honey Boy flung himself into the deep grass near the paling fence and lay there moaning. Willie stood, a dozen yards away, against a tree intently studying Goldie.

MEANWHILE searching parties were excitedly combing Asphodel and its environs for the missing men and Honey Boy; and some time after midnight a party made a second trip to the Confederate Cemetery. As the searchers approached, their lanterns and blazing pine-knots burning ragged yellow holes in the night, Goldie tried to shout and almost did shout, "Halt!"

"Is that you, Goldie?" some one called.

"This is Private Levi Goldbaum."

"What are you doing out here, man? Your wife is crazy; she thinks you're dead. Where have you been all day? You're wet to the skin now, I'll bet. You look like it, anyhow. What in the world are you doing here?"

"I took part in our Memorial Day exercises, of course. Now I am on picket duty, guarding the graves of my comrades. I should have been relieved at midnight, but I reckon something went wrong. Anyway, I couldn't go until I was relieved, could I? Answer me that, Mr. Smarty. Don't come any nearer. You can't get through unless you've got the password. It's a point of honor. I don't care a rap who you are. Halt, there, you!"

Goldie stood up straight now, his bayonet pointing at the imprudent person who had come too near. The lights flickered over his frail figure, touching with yellow, beneath his slouch-hat, the lower half of his cleanly shaven face, revealing the pale, thin, old lips drawn tightly across his false teeth.

The invaders gathered to talk among themselves, and as they whispered Goldie's gun drooped slightly in his hands, dropped lower, and then the little old man moaned and crumpled stiffly to his knees.

He tried to rise, and did, and fell again. He whispered, "Halt! You can't pass here. It's a point of honor, you see. If General Lee found out he would be—would be sorry for me."

But the guard of honor had been relieved.

In his tracks stood another little soldier, this one clothed in white and shining with strength and fire and authority.

"Take him home, boys, but don't step across the line he set. Don't, don't, I tell you! This is no joke. Lift him up gently now. He dropped just like my buddy over there—the picture, with the lights and everything, was just exactly the same. He has reminded me in a thousand ways all day of my buddy. But he's only cold and hungry; my buddy was warm and dead. Take him home now, and when he comes to tell him not to worry: another soldier who remembers is covering his post. And General Lee will never know."

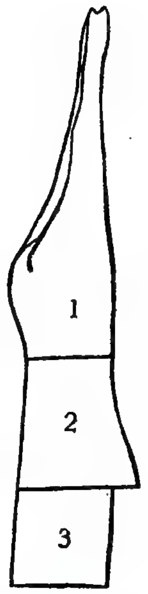
Shopping for meat

(*Lamb Roasts*)

Send for Swift & Company recipes

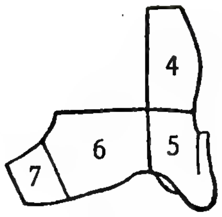
Leg of lamb is not the only cut that makes a good lamb roast. As you may see from this chart, there are many others from which to choose. The meat in every one of these cuts is delicate in flavor and rich in nourishment. An additional advantage—you can buy many of these other roasts at a considerable saving. Ask your dealer to cut you one of the fine roasts shown in this chart.

The publishing of these charts on different kinds of meat is part of Swift & Company's service: first, to supply you—wherever you may be—with choice, fresh meat; second, to help you to enjoy this meat in the greatest possible variety. Our large volume of business alone enables us to give you this service, since our profit from all sources averages only a fraction of a cent a pound.



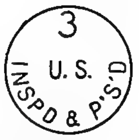
Long Lamb Saddle

1 Leg *2 Loin* *3 Rib*



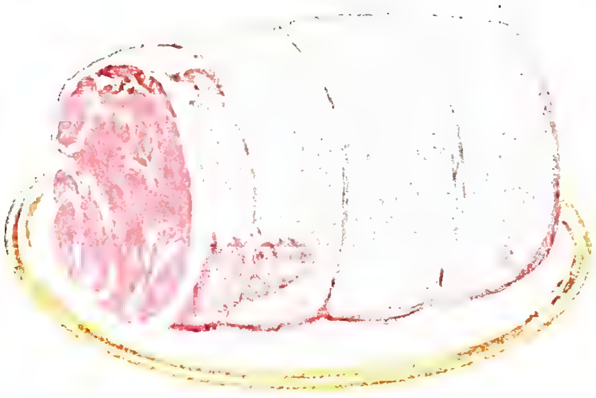
Lamb Rattle

4 Breast *6 Shoulder*
5 Shank *7 Neck*



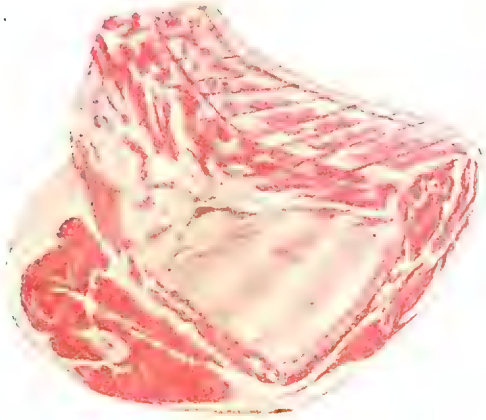
U. S. Inspected & Passed

When you buy meats look for the U. S. inspection stamp on the wholesale cuts

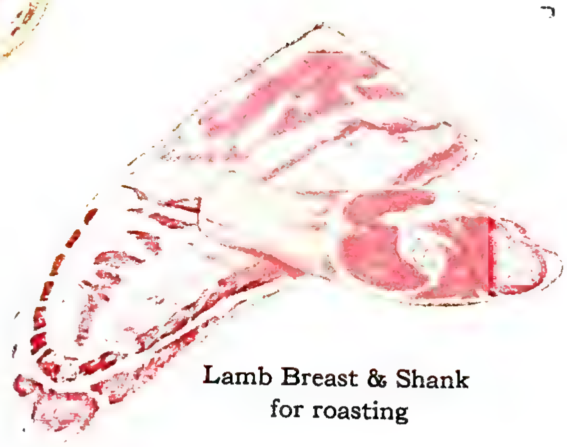


Boneless
Lamb Roll Roast

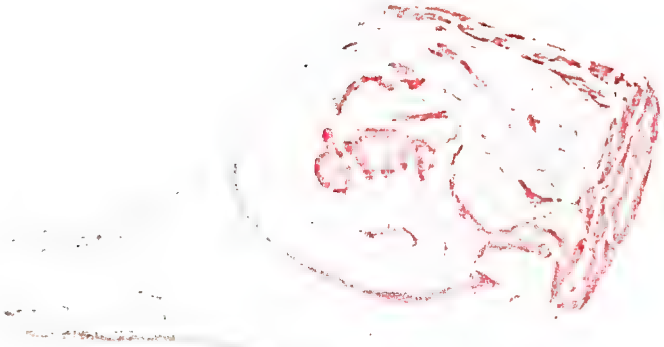
Consists of cuts 4, 5, 6 and 7 on diagram at upper right. These economical cuts are known as lamb rattle. When boned and rolled as shown here, they make a tempting roast



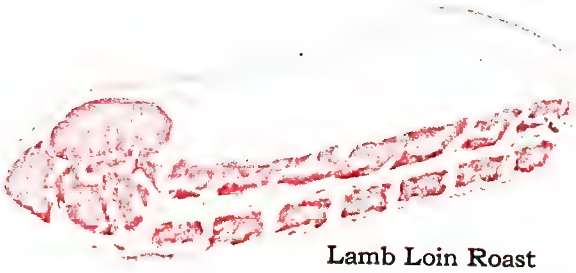
Lamb Shoulder Roast



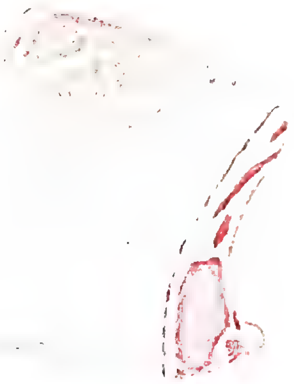
Lamb Breast & Shank
for roasting



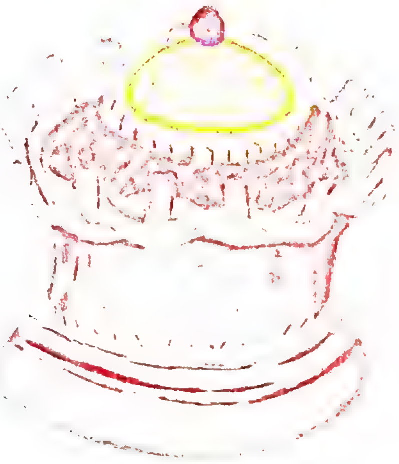
Lamb Leg Roast



Lamb Loin Roast



Lamb Rib Roast



Lamb Crown Roast

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Wouldn't you like to know interesting, new ways to serve these cuts of lamb? We have a whole new set of recipes, conveniently printed on cards (similar to previous Beef and Pork recipe cards) which we would be glad to send you free. Address Home Economics Dept., Swift & Company, Chicago

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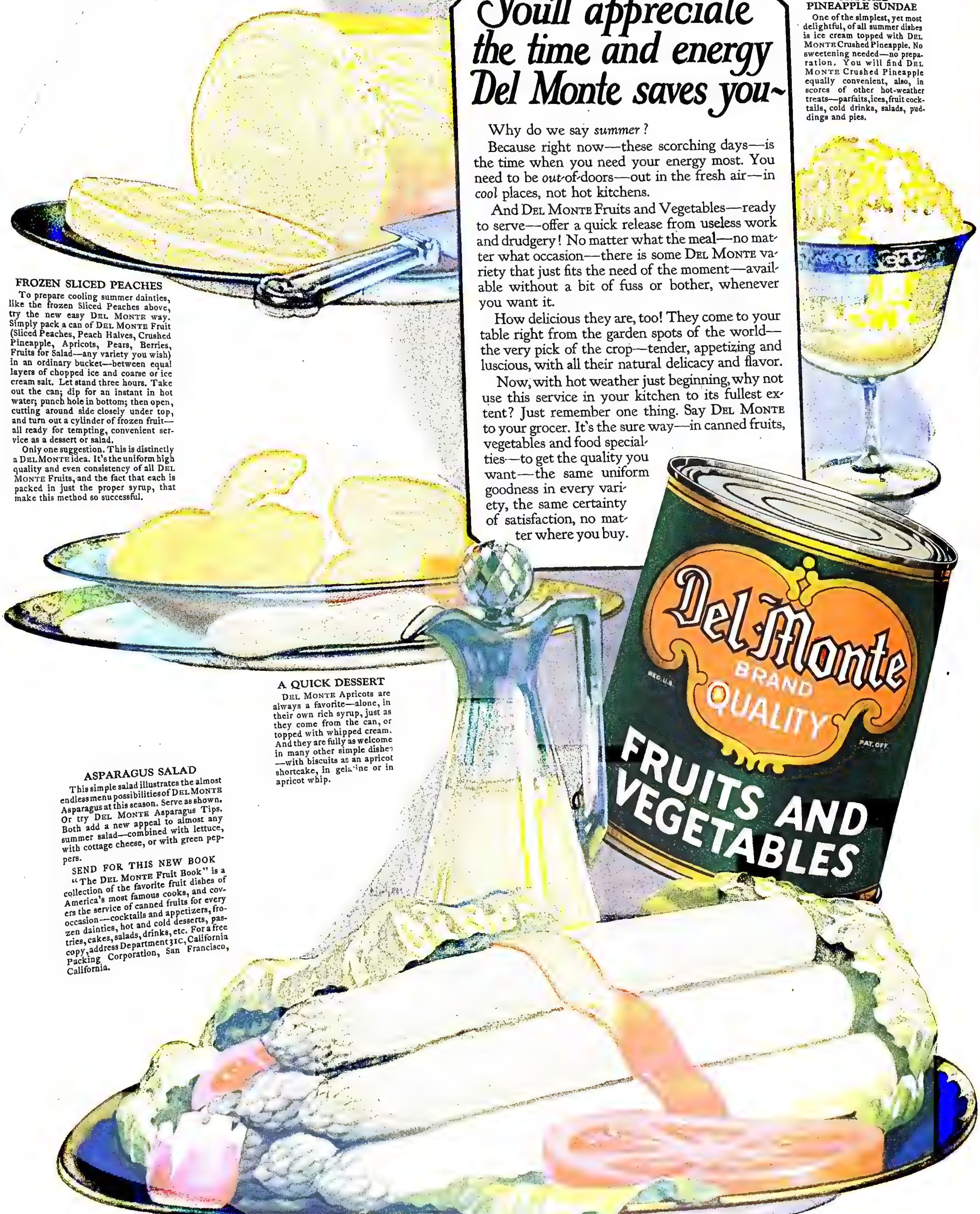
Now, with hot weather just beginning, why not use this service in your kitchen to its fullest extent? Just remember one thing. Say Del Monte to your grocer. It's the sure way—in canned fruits, vegetables and food specialties—to get the quality you want—the same uniform goodness in every variety, the same certainty of satisfaction, no matter where you buy.



CRUSHED PINEAPPLE SUNDAE

One of the simplest, yet most delightful, of all summer dishes is ice cream topped with Del Monte Crushed Pineapple. No sweetening needed—no preparation. You will find Del Monte Crushed Pineapple equally convenient, also, in scores of other hot-weather treats—parfaits, ices, fruit cocktails, cold drinks, salads, puddings and pies.

FROZEN SLICED PEACHES

To prepare cooling summer dainties, like the frozen Sliced Peaches above, try the new easy Del Monte way. Simply pack a can of Del Monte Fruit (Sliced Peaches, Peach Halves, Crushed Pineapple, Apricots, Pears, Berries, Fruits for Salad—any variety you wish) in an ordinary bucket—between equal layers of chopped ice and coarse or ice cream salt. Let stand three hours. Take out the can; dip for an instant in hot water; punch hole in bottom; then open, cutting around side closely under top, and turn out a cylinder of frozen fruit—all ready for tempting, convenient service as a dessert or salad.

Only one suggestion. This is distinctly a Del Monte idea. It's the uniform high quality and even consistency of all Del Monte Fruits, and the fact that each is packed in just the proper syrup, that make this method so successful.

A QUICK DESSERT

Del Monte Apricots are always a favorite—alone, in their own rich syrup, just as they come from the can, or topped with whipped cream. And they are fully as welcome in many other simple dishes—with biscuits as an apricot shortcake, in gelatine or in apricot whip.

ASPARAGUS SALAD

This simple salad illustrates the almost endless menu possibilities of Del Monte Asparagus at this season. Serve as shown. Or try Del Monte Asparagus Tips. Both add a new appeal to almost any summer salad—combined with lettuce, with cottage cheese, or with green peppers.

SEND FOR THIS NEW BOOK

"The Del Monte Fruit Book" is a collection of the favorite fruit dishes of America's most famous cooks, and covers the service of canned fruits for every occasion—cocktails and appetizers, frozen dainties, hot and cold desserts, pastries, cakes, salads, drinks, etc. For a free copy, address Department 31C, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Sand: A Story of a Great Love

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

"We have called you in to thank you for what you have done for us."

Dene looked down as tho through the floor. He had to say something. He muttered: "I didn't do anything. 'Twas the whole boat's crew."

"They tell me in this town that when there is anything perilous they choose you. You have a name for this. You do not know fear. If my girl had not jumped we would all be here," said the mother. "She was like a flame of light in my house."

The dead girl had had some quality of gaiety that was like a jewel to them. They forgave her everything for this. Dene knew she didn't work as women ought to. But her gaiety made beauty for them. One of the boys said: "My sister could sing like a nightingale."

Another put in: "No one could dance as she could."

The mother said: "Men followed her like flies after honey."

"It is hard for all," said her father, "but it is hardest for Regina."

Regina went silently and brought a little flask of cordial and some cake. It choked Dene to eat it, but he knew no way out. One of the younger ones had approached him shyly and said:

"Our sister always hit us whenever our mother wasn't looking."

"Yes," said another, "if we had candy she took it away from us."

"Hush," said the father. "You mustn't say things like that now."

HOW well he knew all those things they had told him—that she danced and sang and stole their sweets and deceived every one among them. They knew it. Only death had let down a curtain between her and themselves.

Dene wondered how he could get out, and, looking up, he found Regina's steady eyes on him. They were tender and kind, and at the same time they seemed to say to him:

"I know everything. I know how this is making you suffer." In all this alien group he felt she was kin to him. He looked at Regina a long straight look. She answered him.

Then it was that Dene's heart broke. He knew all the things that had been obscure to him. This girl was his woman. He could never marry her now. He had murdered her sister. Useless to tell himself that the fault lay in her jumping. A girl like Regina—she could have been saved. He hated the other girl. He had willed her death.

He muttered something about it being time to go. The mother kissed him. Regina put out both her hands to him as she had before. The pressure of her hands flowed through Dene like forbidden wine.

Next day was boat-drill, and the captain was ill. It was for Dene to take his place. He looked at the breakers with new knowledge. In the westward was a menacing yellow sky. The water between the breakers was black as basalt. Dene gave his orders mechanically. He had done boat-drill while the captain was sick, and in worse weather. Now as he stepped in the life-boat he felt his legs turn to water. Always before he had driven through the breakers with the certainty of his knowledge.

Dene had lost his nerve. And nerve is a strange thing. Lose it for good and a man is blasted. He belongs to men in limbo—men like the mate. He knew he had lost his nerve and gave an order that shipped water and jammed one of the men's hands righting the boat. That boat-drill was a long anguish to Dene, even to the choosing of the wave to land.

"Heavens," he thought, "I ain't any good any more. What did I do in the wreck? What'd I *do?*"

He wanted to go to Regina and tell her about it, as tho in her lay salvation. He was cut away from Regina forever; cut away because he had killed her sister; cut away because he had lost his nerve. Things were made worse by the old man asking:

"What in Ned ailed you in boat-drill to-day? I was awatchin' you. I never see the drill done worse."

The other men guyed him. One said: "Dene's in love."

At that Dene sprang on him and knocked him out of the door on the sand. His anger not assuaged, he picked up an ax. Some of the men held him back, and he dropped down on a chair, all strength gone from him. Yet his prestige held. He could hear the men discussing that it wasn't a healthy thing to guy Dene when the old man had given him a call-down. He spoke to none of them until he went off on liberty.

HE WAS cook for that week and exempt from patrol. The men kept far off from him. He could feel the captain watching him narrowly. He was an old man, near to retiring age, and Dene was picked in his mind for his successor, but he knew what the sea can do to men, and what life can do. And Dene felt him watching, and felt that the captain's appraisal was like being swung in the balance for hell or heaven.

He had no way to meet the engulfing blackness around him, for he had been victorious with life, and fear had come crashing down on him, destroying him.

All the week he tried to get back his nerve. As well snatch for an exploded soap-bubble! Dene was afraid of the sea, and he knew it. His nerve was gone. Lose your nerve and you're done for.

The worst of it with Dene was that people treated him like a hero. He had been mentioned in the report. There was a long write-up of him in the Sunday paper with his picture. Denny went around bragging about him.

He could have taken it better, but he had met the woman he could love. He could never have her. She believed in him, too—she believed in something that walked around in Dene's body, from which the spirit which made it powerful had gone.

NEXT time he was in town he walked in the evening up the zigzag lane where the Desalvos lived. He didn't want to go, but he was drawn there as tho by some powerful magnet. A soft figure brushed against him in the dark. He didn't need to know that this was Regina, and that she had been watching for him in the dusk and had come out to meet him. She had recognized her man as he had recognized his woman, and this had made her bold. They walked along the street together, saying small, inconsequential things. Dene asked her:

"How are you getting on here? All right?"

"Yes," said the girl. "My father has a job all fixed: The boys, too."

"Do you like it here?" asked Dene.

"Yes, oh, yes. The house is nice. Our people have jobs. The neighbors are kind," she answered, but Dene knew she was crying out, "I like it because of you. I've found you."

So Dene walked beside the woman he loved. Between them her dead sister, and Dene's nerve was gone. They pushed on and on through the sweet-smelling bayberry.

And then suddenly they were in each other's arms. Dene's mouth was on hers, and both of them knew that this was no love-making of trivial people, but of a man and a woman who belonged together and must bide together whatever happens. She broke from him at last. He could hear her say in a low voice:

"I shouldn't be happy, not with mourning in the house. I can't help it. I can't help being happy."

"Do you love me?" asked Dene.

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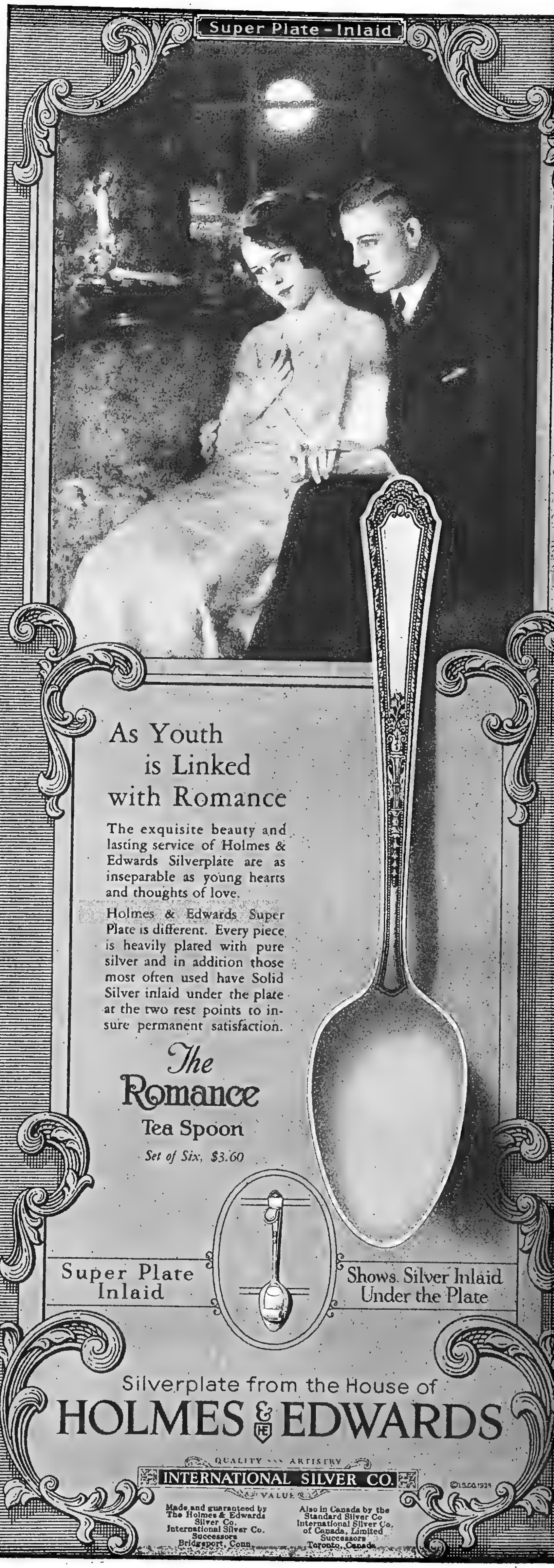

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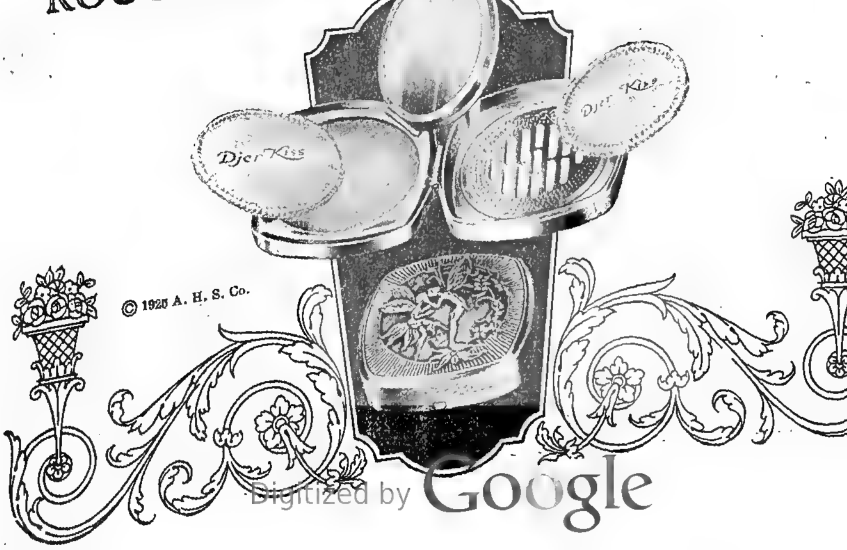

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Sand: A Story of a Great Love

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

For answer she clung to him again. Then she said:

"My mother! She will wonder where I am." She laughed. She had a great secret. She was a person who had been in paradise, and her mother and her family would wonder where she was.

At the door of her house she waited a moment as tho she expected Dene to come in and tell them all. Then he went down the dark street, dazed that any human being could live and suffer so.

His next liberty day he shut himself up at home—shut himself away against his mother's eyes and pretended sickness, but through his window he saw Regina pass his house and then pass it again. She was wistful and puzzled, but she carried herself with gallantry. There was a certainty in the way she walked of a woman whose belief can't be undermined. She knew Dene loved her. She knew she loved Dene. Why should she be troubled? And Dene, seeing her go off so gallantly, threw himself face down on the bed, and wondered how people went on when they had done things as he had.

FOR the next two days he was a shivering, shaking thing. A storm came up and the wind roared around the station, clawing it, and the surf beat on the beach.

The sound of it was horror to Dene. He made his patrol shaking. He stepped on a pile of kelp and screamed aloud, for he thought he had stepped on the body of a dead man. He stood his lookout, his legs giving way under him. Always his thoughts went back to Regina, who loved him—Regina, who expected to marry him. He saw no way out.

The third day the wind still held heavy, and the lookout reported:

"A woman's awallerin' through the sand-dunes."

"A *woman!*" said the captain. "No woman would come out in the face of this. What in all creation would bring a *woman* out?"

"Mebbe one o' her men be on that sloop we sighted to starboard a while back," said Whorf.

"A woman comin' out to-day—'tain't natural," the captain repeated. "Better go and see what's wrong, Dene."

They watched her laboring in the face of the driven sand, each man after the other squinting through the telescope until the captain called them down.

"That lookout's gotter keep his eye on the sloop. She ain't ridin' right, to my eye."

The lookout turned once more toward the woman. She was walking very slowly, the sand and wind beating her back, sand holding her feet. She never stopped. She was indomitable in her purpose of making the station. He turned toward the ocean again and watched the sloop narrowly. The vessel was reefed down, driven by the wind, beauty in every line of her. The sight of her lifted one's heart and made one believe again in the spirit of the vile animal, man. Man, who can make from wood things so perfect to fight against wind and sea, they do not seem like animate things, but instinct with their own life, perfect as birds, balanced so a finger can shift a course, stanch to ride out gales as tho with delight.

Meantime Dene hurried over the sand, the wind almost behind him. It bore him up as on that night of the wreck, but now he could see. Through the blowing sand he knew that it was Regina coming toward him.

"What yer doing here?" he bellowed roughly. "This ain't no day for any one who don't know the sand—especially a woman. Here, set in the lee of this high dune and get your breath. What made you come?" He spoke with the anger of a man who sees his woman go unnecessarily into danger.

She looked at him squarely. She was wind-blown, and her hair loose, yet some way undisturbed. She waited a moment, resting, putting her hair to rights with an instinctive gesture that hurt Dene so he could have cried aloud.

"What made you come to-day?" he repeated.

"You," she said. He looked at her open-mouthed. "I had to know what was wrong between us."

"You could 'a' waited."

"There are some times when one can not wait," she told him gravely. "There are times when things must be done quickly or it is life and death. What is wrong, Dene?"

"Everything's wrong!" he called out to her. "Everything! Me! When you an' your sister jumped that night, I chose you. I killed her!"

She nodded her head.

"You did what you were told," she said gravely. "She jumped before her time." There was a silence, then she said, "We came here because of a man that she wouldn't have and wouldn't let alone and who threatened to kill her." It was as tho Regina had told him, "My sister loved playing with death, and at last death came for her." He knew, too, that this drowned girl had expected he would catch her.

He helped Regina over the last high dunes that led to the station. She was very tired, but she smiled at him. And then to save her pride, she told the captain:

"My mother thinks she lost an earring and maybe a box belonging to us come ashore."

Her explanation deceived no one. The whole station knew why she had come. One man whispered:

"Oh, you Dene!" and Dene threw him a look so black with murder that no one said anything else. No one exchanged a glance, for there was something in her serene courage that made them respect her, and Dene sat there beside her, blond and powerful. She had dinner with the men. And then Dene and she sat down together, talking of unimportant things again.

SUDDENLY Dene knew what courage meant. Regina had broken through all the thou-shalt-nots which wreck people's lives to come to him. She had faced a storm blowing across an unknown country. She carried with her her own courage and his, which he had lost. She believed in him. Nothing could shake her belief. Suddenly he knew that he had suffered all he could for his choice. Power flowed back into him in a slow tide.

The lookout's voice floated down:

"Derelict to starboard!"

The wind had changed, and now they could see there was no man at the wheel of the sloop. She was abandoned, floating at the mercy of the sea, a vessel now, a wreck in a short time. She staggered on as tho bewildered at her abandonment, but as tho she were sailing to her death with gallant courage.

"Volunteer crew to salvage that vessel!" came the captain's voice. No man spoke. It was an ugly sea to face. The captain looked at Dene, keen as a hawk. Regina arose. She expected him to go. Dene stood out. He had his old sureness again, the certain knowledge that he was stronger than the sea, the same knowledge that had made men discover continents, and that every day brings vessels through storms, with only a line in the logbook telling of a gale.

Dene knew he could save this sloop. His old lust for the mastery of danger filled him. He took both Regina's hands in his and then bent down and kissed her, knowing that not a man would dare to laugh since he was master of his world again.

"I'll go," he said briefly.

It was her doctor's recommendation

WHEN she was only a few weeks old, this little girl, Cecil Woodman, had to be put on bottle feedings. Her mother tried various prepared formulas, all without success. Nothing would agree with the baby.

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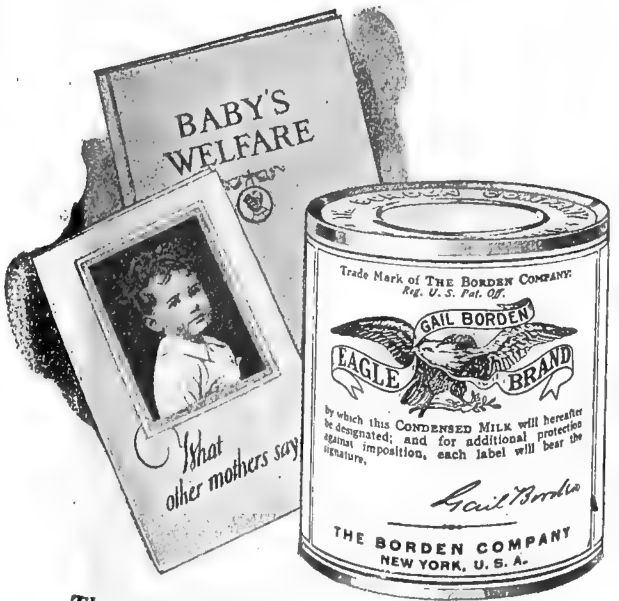
CECIL WOODMAN
Daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Henry Staunton Woodman
Rye, New York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The Serpent and the Dove

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

A large tree lay across our path, more than waist-high from the ground, and on it shimmering coils were piled, gleaming with shades of rusty red and marked in sharp contrasts of black and white. It was my first sight of a really big snake at large, and at the moment I estimated his length to be somewhere in the neighborhood of forty feet. We laid down our impedimenta.

The Indians realized for the first time that an unarmed advance upon the reptile was contemplated, and we had no need to ask for elbow-room. Front seats were at no premium for that audience; the last row in the balcony was good enough for them, and they retired there modestly and contentedly, mirthful no longer, for this was madness even beyond laughter.

Holding at arm's length before us the heavy seine with which we were accustomed to make fish-hauls, we advanced stealthily in open formation. We hoped the snake was sleeping, but how can one tell? A snake has no eyelids to lower in token of his drowsiness; he merely withdraws his consciousness from external things and sleeps or ponders.

When we were about five feet away a great flat head, whose bulging jaws formed a triangle, lifted slightly from the mass of coils. The boa was not asleep, and regarded us untroubled. It must have been a good many years since he had been seriously worried by the chance of an attack. Zoological collectors were outside the range of his experience, and since attaining his present size all other animals had eagerly respected his wish for solitude and privacy. But at length the idea dawned upon him that all was not well, that this intrusion was actually directed at him.

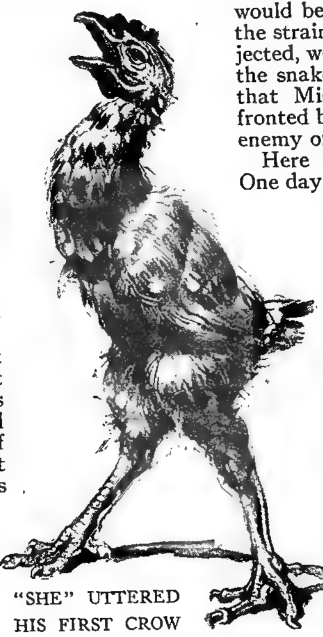
THERE was a rending hiss, as tho some one had pulled the emergency cord, and the huge head lunged forward with a driving-power behind it that would have bowled over a man if it had struck straight. We gave a grateful thought to the toughness and flexibility of the seine as the attack fell harmlessly within its meshes, affording us a splendid view of the snake's dental equipment and width of gape. For a moment his head swung from side to side, as tho he summed up the forces arrayed against him, and then the bulky coils began to shift as he commenced his unhurried, dignified retreat. All round the felled tree was a tangle of underbrush; once in that and a capture would have been a doubtful and unpleasant affair.

Maddened by the thought of losing such a fine specimen, the director forgot precautions, net and all. Dropping his end of the seine, he grasped wildly at the sliding heap before him, and got the reptile by the tail, which is not the choice position for handling a boa. His assistant nobly followed suit and obtained a more scientific hold just behind the jaws, and as the whole mass slithered off the tree, the artist and I cast ourselves upon the humping, thrashing coils between head and tail. I can remember hoping very ardently that the gentleman with the head-hold would not lose his grip.

After the lapse of an extremely active ten minutes the snake's head was tied in a cloth bag which we had thoughtfully brought with us. We paused long enough to take photographs of our triumphant group and then started riverward in single file, each with a portion of snake draped over the right shoulder. It looked like a tropical version of bringing in the Yule log, or the local fire company bringing in the hose.

We were so pleased with ourselves that the return trip did not seem long, tho our captive was no light burden.

The serpent was installed in a neat bungalow of his own, made of a large wooden box faced with stout wire and placed in the compound near the row of tents which were our bedrooms. Not far away was the little bird-house perched on a pole, the residence of Mishkin, our well-beloved pet monkey. He persisted in this pantomimic *schrecklichkeit* until, fearing that his facial muscles would be permanently injured by the strain to which they were subjected, we turned the open front of the snake's cage at such an angle that Mishkin was no longer affronted by the sight of the arch-enemy of his people.


"SHE" UTTERED HIS FIRST CROW

Here at last the dove enters. One day the director asked, "Has that boa had anything to eat?" This was the question I had been dreading, for one of my duties was to feed the live creatures that we had as specimens and pets, and I knew that a boa would not think of eating anything that he had not killed himself. It is the kosher law of the race, and while I knew that it must be complied with if we hoped to get the snake to the Bronx Zoo alive, I shrank from the thought of casting any living thing to this dreadful fate. Such illogical sentimentality in a would-be zoologist was sure to be unfavorably received, so I merely answered that so far as I knew, the boa had broken neither bread nor bones since becoming our guest.

"Then," said the director, "suppose you run over to Hope's and buy a chicken?" And as I walked, not ran, drearily on my heartless errand, he called after me, "Look them over and pick out the right size."

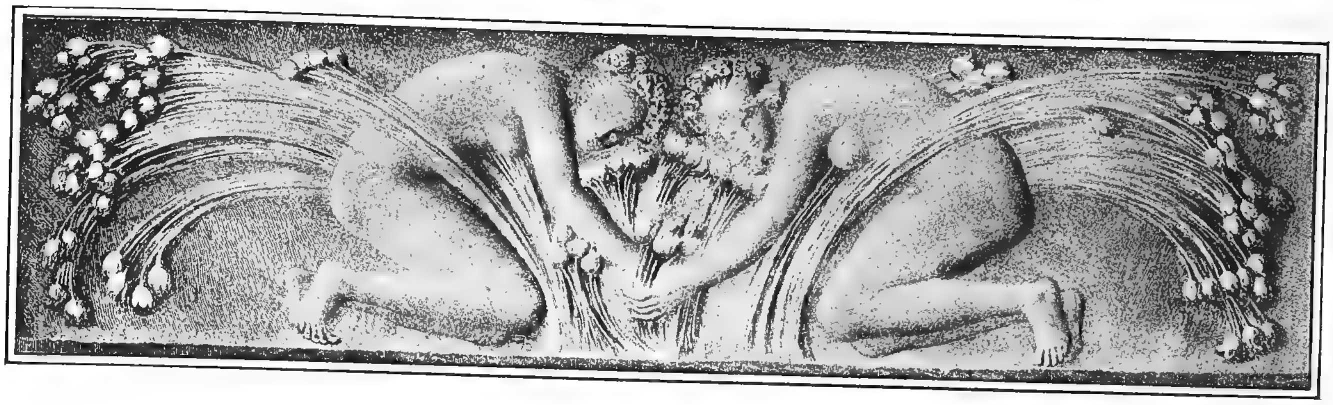
Only from a jungle laboratory would one go on such a mission—shopping for a chicken to fit a boa-constrictor. Unwillingly I went to Hope, our nearest, in fact our only neighbor, a gentleman of such mixed parentage that a word was coined to designate his race, so that he and the rest of the half-, quarter-, and third-breeds who live in the interior are locally known as "bovianders."

Hope and his family, of unfathomed ramifications and degress of relationship, have a sort of dwelling not far from our camp. It is a shaky hut patched together from old Dutch bricks.

I NEGOTIATED for the form-fitting chicken, hoping that I had a good eye for dimensions. Hens have always seemed to me more deserving than any other animal of the adjective "dumb," and the only time I ever really liked one was after it was broiled; but my whole heart went out in sympathy to this scrawny, leggy creature as I carried it back. The peculiarly inexpressive countenance of the fowl seemed to my excited sensibilities to denote dread and horror, and I read into its glassy eye an anguished appeal for mercy that was almost more than I could bear. There on the spot she was christened Iphigenia. Nothing less nobly classic would have been worthy of her sacrificial fate.

At the door of the serpent's cage I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46



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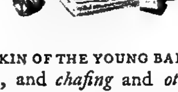

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The Serpent and the Dove

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

paused and nerved myself by repeating the phrase with which the director always encourages us in any special stress. Muttering feverishly, "It's all for science," I cast the poor victim into the arena and ran shuddering in the opposite direction. At least I did not have to watch the result of my dreadful deed.

All day I carefully avoided the neighborhood of the scene of slaughter, but ever and anon I was troubled by remorseful thoughts of Iphigenia, crouching in the farthest corner from the doom which slowly, relentlessly, horribly approached. Memories of Kaa and the Bandar-Log added the ghastliness of mesmerization to the imaginary torture-chamber, and by evening I was thoroughly unnerved. Not so Iphigenia.

ON MY way to bed, armed with a flashlight, I cast a terrified glance into the snake's den, and beheld her sleeping, head instinctively turned toward a scraggy, wholly inadequate wing. Back in the lurking shadows was a dim mass of loops and coils, motionless, portentous, awe-inspiring—at least to me. It seemed incredible that Iphigenia could sleep in such a presence. Perhaps she was only feigning unconsciousness, or perhaps she was already hypnotized. Even if her sleep were natural, it was a fearful situation. Several times I woke to the silence of the jungle night, a silence made up of a thousand sounds, and listened, unwilling yet fascinated, for any noise that should presage the consummation of the sacrifice.

But in the morning the situation was still in suspense. The serpent had not moved and the victim was strolling about the small quarters, pecking briskly at stray bits of dirt and splinters with an unconcern that was truly sublime, whether it was real or feigned. Evidently the snake was not yet ahungered, but his prospective meal must be kept in good condition. Feeling rather like the witch in "Hänsel und Gretel," I strewed corn in the cage, and Iphigenia fell to with a will, displaying either an admirable bravado or a pitiable ignorance. My antihen propensities inclined me to the latter explanation of her behavior.

We were worried over the situation, but gradually the wind of our sympathies shifted, until from anticipatory grief over the dove's long-delayed demise it blew strongly from the quarter of concern for the serpent. I continued to feed Iphigenia in the cage and, like Daniel in another sort of den, no manner of hurt was found upon her. Indeed, she apparently assumed that the entire arrangement had been conceived for her especial benefit and well-being. Even when the snake became more active her poise was not shaken for a moment. One day I saw the reptile uncoil and start to move slowly round the confines of the box, which was so small for his proportions that he formed an endless chain, two loops wide, all round the sides.

Iphigenia stood in the clear space in the middle, a reflective eye cocked at this innovation; having considered the matter with that cool judgment for which she later became famous, she stepped calmly aboard and was borne deliberately and majestically round and round on a sort of slowed-down scenic railway. She rode sideways, of course, yielding gracefully to the easy motion of her steed, and I am sure she thought all this had been arranged with the idea of giving her some healthful exercise. Her sharp claws probably acted as spurs to the snake as well as clamps for her, for his speed was noticeably increased and his promenade much prolonged. This became Iphigenia's favorite sport, and she spent much time in surveying with evident relish the somewhat limited panorama that passed before her, when the snake saw fit to indulge her fondness for a little ride.

Of course such an unnatural state of affairs could not last. The climax was bound to come, and as the serpent's memories of his last meal grew dim, anticipations of the next one began to take their place. Came a day when the incidental music for the scene should have been of the most shivery, when the cold eye of the great snake lit upon the plump form of his cage-mate, and for the first time he saw in her the makings of a meal.

Slowly the huge flat head lifted, slowly it stretched out, angling toward the spot where Iphigenia stood, magnificently intrepid, giving not an inch before the menace of this deliberate advance. The audience waited breathless for the heroine to be cut off in the flower of her youth, when the snake paused within easy striking distance; as tho to make certain of his prey's identity and position, the sensitive, tactile tongue flickered delicately toward Iphigenia, almost touching her. And she, with perfectly magnificent presence of mind, bit it!

It may have been sheer valor; on the other hand, perhaps she thought it was a worm. In any case the serpent was utterly cowed and his spirit broken forever. He huddled, cringing, in the farthest corner, and never again ventured forth so long as the hen with the heart of oak was on the premises. Our pent-up excitement broke forth in a loud cheer, and we sang "Chickens Never, Never, Never Shall Be Slaves" in honor of our gallant fowl.

There was now no doubt as to who ruled the roost. The snake would still resent a human spectator of his humiliated estate by a prolonged and venomous hiss, but Iphigenia ignored this boorishness as one who dismisses with a shrug the accustomed eccentricities of a relative. Meanwhile she grew larger, and when it was discovered that she now made it her habit to roost each night on her intimidated fellow lodger, the director called a halt. I think his reptilophile sympathies were outraged by this final indignity.

"You must take that hen out of the cage," quoth he one day. "She is going to hurt that poor snake."

So I opened the door, keeping a wary eye on the serpent's movements, and spoke softly to Iphigenia, requesting her to come forth. But did she eagerly grasp the opportunity to lead a larger life? Not at all. She regarded the snake's cage as her sphere of usefulness, and also as the place where her right there was none to dispute. What was to have been a gracious act of deliverance on my part ended in an awkward scramble to drag out a protesting erstwhile sacrifice, who fought against the freedom of the great open spaces like a confirmed slum-dweller.

I CAST her forth, both of us much ruffled, and her indignant squawks made the next hour vociferous. When she became more composed she did a sort of sentry-go before the wire front of the cage, pausing to peer in wistfully at her snake, now delivered from the horrors of henpecking. Now and then she minced as far as Mishkin's territory, whereupon he emitted a short yelp of alarmed disgust and hastily climbed his pole. Sometimes the hens from Hope's flock strayed into our compound, and tho they were never welcome, we hoped that Iphigenia would rejoin her kind and perhaps fill her now empty life with family cares.

At first she paid them small attention, but one day after she had exhausted herself in attempts to re-enter the cage, she turned to the other hens for companionship. It was the old, old story, however; those who had never wandered from the narrow path of every-day life turned with fierce, intolerant cries upon the creature who for a month had lived with a snake, and drove her from the tribe, leaving

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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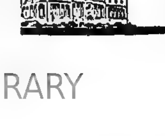

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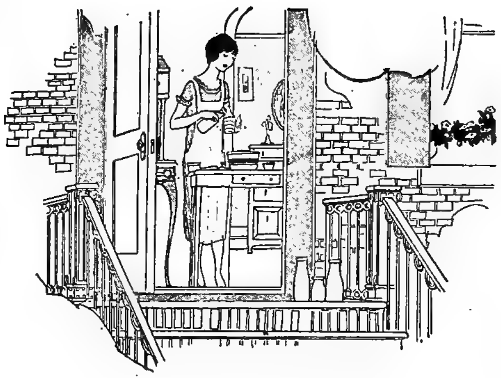

[*By* William R. Durgin]

THE CITY of Chicago has always had a health department, but it has not always had a health commissioner like Doctor Herman N. Bundesen!

This man's energetic work for the health of Chicago's three million people is amply recorded in the vital statistics of that city.

His advice on health is of the kind that is needed, and should be heeded, by us all.

And if you ask him for a four-letter word that is a synonym for pristine health to all ages, he will answer—*Milk!*

You have always known milk is a wonderful food. Few of us realize how wonderful. Because milk is not only food, but building material—fuel—energy. Milk has in it *the spark of life*. But let Doctor Bundesen tell some of its mysterious and marvelous powers:

Some Amazing Facts About Milk

"The glass of milk you drink brings about combustion. It acts exactly like the shovelful of coal fed a locomotive. This is not so fanciful a comparison as you may think; *dried milk can actually be used to run a locomotive.*

"Those who daily take a glass of milk or more have a very soft skin, and sufficient color in the cheeks to distinguish them readily among even the healthiest who do not drink milk.

"One of twin girls you could not tell apart was given milk regularly, the other none; *in six months' time they no longer appeared sisters, or even related.*

"Milk is the best body-builder because it contains *every structural part.*"

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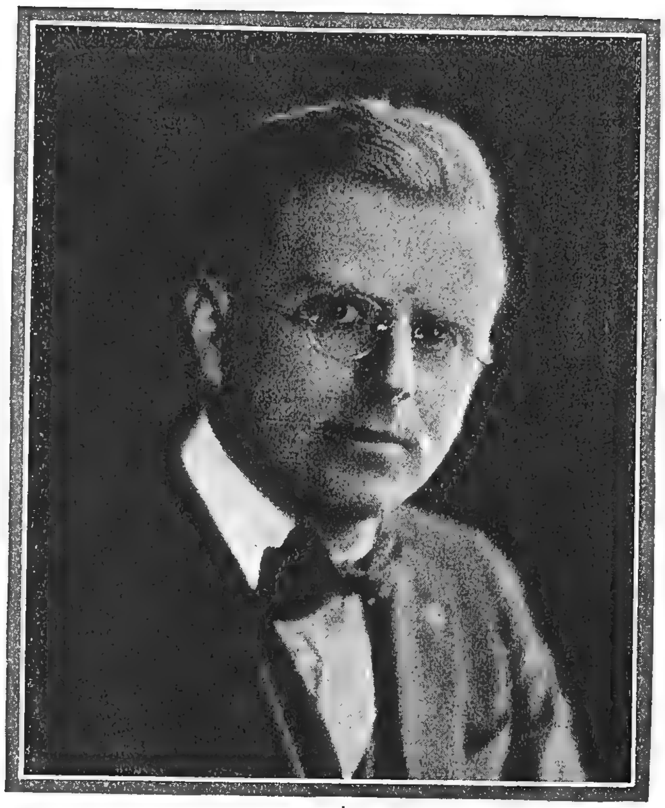
Pure milk abounds in four mysterious vitamines. Be sure that milk is *pure*. Modern dairy methods have made absolutely pure milk and cream easy to secure. Herds are watched, handling is supervised, bottling is scientifically sanitary.

But your milkman cannot control conditions on your back porch.

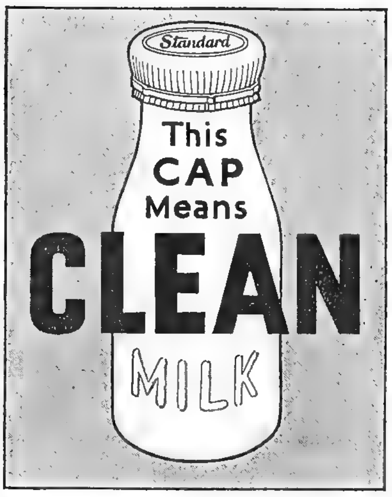
What use is every scruple of the dairy, if householders pour clean milk from bottles that have become dirty?

Milk and cream are delivered at all hours; in all sorts of weather. Bottles must be handled; must stand exposed to dust and dirt, and contaminating contacts. The entire top of every bottle—*the pouring lip*—should be protected, covered, *sealed* against dirty hands; nearby refuse; curious cat or dog; germ carriers of whatever kind. Fortunately, no American household need longer have its milk or cream subject to these hazards. A simple invention now hoods and seals the entire top of the bottle. It is a small, inexpensive, sterile seal that stays sealed until you remove it in your own kitchen. A flip of the finger, and it's off. You pour over an absolutely clean pouring lip, and replace the hood. But any previous removal or tampering would be instantly detected.



HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M. D., quoted in this page by permission, has done a great deal for the health of a great municipality. He is the present Health Commissioner of the City of Chicago.

We owe this ingenious hood and seal to a Chicago man, O. N. Tevander. Its use, however, has spread all over the country; more than nine hundred dairies now apply it. In *Chicago's Health*, a small but widely quoted weekly devoted to the general welfare, recently appeared these words by Doctor Bundesen: "Such protection as the hood and seal provides so inexpensively should become a public health measure."



Under this banner, countless communities are enlisting for 100% protection of the household milk supply. Note the ingenious hood that covers entire top of any milk or cream bottle. Read about the Milk Book that is being distributed free.

Meantime, does milk and cream for your household have this sensible safeguard? It is probable that any certified milk you buy is thus protected. In fact, a bottle of the baby's milk would appear strange without the hood. But enlightened communities are asking dairies to seal *all* milk in this manner. Why not? Why be less careful where the health of grown people is at stake? The dairymen are gladly co-operating with the public in this safety measure. They want you to have this protection if you want it. Let your milkman know that you do.

A Valuable Little Book, Free

A new book tells some of the things you can do with milk—and the things milk can do for you.

No one would care to eat eight eggs every day in the year! They would pall on the palate. Your stomach would rebel. *But you can have the same nourishment from one quart of milk, and enjoy every drop, every day.*

A quart of refreshing milk taken daily for only a month will make the eyes so much brighter, the "whites" so much whiter, the most casual observer will notice the change. The dentist who works on your teeth will discover their new hardness within a few weeks of your starting to enjoy a glass of milk with meals.

Vitamines which make milk so valuable to humans are not stored in the body; so the only permanent good from milk is in its regular use.

There are only two kinds of milk—good and bad. Quality in milk is entirely a matter of purity. No good to use extraordinary care in buying pure milk if you are not just as careful of its purity until poured into the glass, or the dishes prepared for the table. Washing the lip or crevice of bottle tops will not kill germs. *Water hot enough to do that would crack any milk bottle.*

✠

In New York City, it is almost impossible today to find a bottle of Grade A milk except it be hooded and sealed like the bottle in the picture. The same is true of a host of progressive towns of lesser size. In fact, many dairies hood every bottle, of whatever grade or price.

Your dairy can provide milk and cream of utter purity, in bottles scrupulously clean. With your co-operation, this cleanliness can carry straight through to your table. Vote for the hood and seal. Sign and mail the milk consumers' coupon that appears below. No use will be made of your name except to mail you the valuable, free book on milk.

All dairymen are invited to make use of the special coupon provided for them.

31

Dairymen Mail This

Standard Cap and Seal Corporation
Fullerton and Racine Avenues, Chicago

We would like to have samples of the hood and seal with complete information about its use in dairies.

Firm..

Address..

Complete hooding equipment for any size plant

32

Housewives Mail This

Standard Cap and Seal Corporation
Fullerton and Racine Avenues, Chicago

I am interested in having my milk hood and seal protected and want your illustrated book about milk free.

Name..

Address..

Please write name of your dairy in margin

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

and she liked that. It was kind of what you might call a souvenir.

We stayed in London about two years that time and then went to Vienna. They was going to spend that Winter there. Clara wanted to study piano with Leschetizky. That's where she met Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Mr. Clemens had planned to do a lot of writing, and they stayed at the Hôtel Métropole, one of the most beautiful hotels in Vienna, and Mr. Clemens and the whole family in fact was just the idols of Vienna. They had a wonderful time and was invited everywhere by royalty and everybody else. They did a great deal of entertaining themselves too.

Everybody was just mad over "Mark Twain." They was falling over each other to get to know him. He gave a lecture one night, and the house was just jammed. He spoke in English, of course, and the whole audience was in spasms of laughter the minute he began. All kinds of celebrated people were at that lecture, and all the people from the court too.

THE Clemenses was very hospitable and gave lots of parties. They used to have a sofa in the drawing-room, and it was the rule that the highest-rank person in the room had to sit on this sofa. Well, one night Loie Fuller, the dancer, she come in and set right down on the top seat of that sofa when the Princess was there! Oh, my! how Mrs. Clemens had to work to get her off that top seat, and not let her know, so as not to hurt her feelings. When they went to them royal entertainments of course Mr. Clemens had to back out of the room, and he hated that! He didn't know how to back out. It used to make him swear to have to back out for the royalty.

Miss Clara had lots of officers for beaus that Winter. They used to call every day for tea, and lots of them was very musical. I don't remember who they was, but some of them was royalty, tho not very deep in the royal blood. There was lots of music that Winter, and all those elegant military gentlemen used to come in for music and tea every afternoon.

They always had tea-parties every Sunday night. Leschetizky and Paderewski too came there. Leschetizky was a funny man, wasn't he? I remember the way he laughed. He used to grin and show his teeth—like a gorilla. I never really liked him, but most people liked him because he was such a celebrated man. He was the greatest piano-teacher in the world, you know. Miss Clara had been studying with him, but that Winter she changed from piano to voice. She studied with an old opera-singer, Marianna Brandt. She took that up because her hand was too small to play well.

We had great times in Vienna. We settled down there to live very happy and comfortable. That was the time that Mr. Clemens told about closing the door. He had a little study off the dining-room, and when I left the door open one time he told me to shut it, and I asked him was he cold, and he said, "No, no, the open door didn't let the cold *in*, but it let the coziness *out!*"

You see, he was doing a lot of writing that Winter. It was then that the Kaiser's sister came there to our hotel with her train of servants and everything. Her daughter was with her, and she was engaged. Her sweetheart too was in the party. When Mr. Clemens heard they were there he said that he knew the Princess would send for him soon to have a talk with him. The children laughed and said:

"Oh, Papa, you think that all the royalty are crazy about you. We don't think the Princess will send for you at all. She don't even know you're here."

"Oh, she knows I'm here," he said. "They always look to see who's registered. The royalty wouldn't stay in a hotel unless there was some celebrity there. So they know I'm here!"

There was a window from the balcony of our room where you could look down into the dining-room and see who was there. We spotted the royal family at once. And I had the honor of eating with the royal dogs—two of them. They brought those dogs into the room where I had my dinner. Mr. Clemens said that was quite an honor. The men that had care of those royal dogs ate in this dining-room where all the maids to the royal family ate. They had a table there too and them dogs was fed just like Christians. That night I come up and said that I'd had the royalty with me *first!* I told Mr. Clemens that I'd beat him, because I'd had the royal dogs anyway! They was nice little Pekingese. They had nice manners too.

Well, the Princess seemed to have a *grand* time. She was a beautiful woman and she was always beautifully dressed. She smoked too, but not cigarets—cigars. Her name was the Princess Metternich. Well, the time went on and the children kept saying to their father, "The Princess hasn't sent for you yet, Papa." "Well, she will," he says; "she will." Well, one night I seen 'em getting the dogs all ready. They was going to leave the next day. The dogs were the first to get ready. So I come right up-stairs and told them that they was leaving the next day. "Well, now, Papa," the children said, "your hopes are all gone! The royal family is going to leave to-morrow."

This was about noon, and at two o'clock a man in great military style—gold breeches and gold head-dress and everything—came and knocked very loud at the door, and asked if Mr. Clemens was there, and he gave Mr. Clemens a note from the Princess that said she would be pleased to see Mr. Clemens any time it was convenient for him that day.

Well, he wrote a note right back saying he would be delighted to see her at half past two and that he would come to her quarters then. So he dressed himself up good, but he didn't have anything gold to put on. He had his shoes cleaned and his clothes brushed and we made him look tidy, and he went down to see the Princess, and she was just delighted with him. And she asked him then if she couldn't have his last book, "Following the Equator." She'd love to have that, and so he said that he'd be delighted and would have a special one made.

He wrote right away to the Harper Brothers in New York and told them to make a book of the very finest they could procure, gold-edged leaves and a wonderful cover, and have the Princess's name stuck right on the cover in gold letters. And it was done. I saw it before he sent it to her. He did it up brown—I tell you! Of course after that the children didn't say another word. He had the laugh on them.

While we are talking of royalty we mustn't forget to speak about the Kaiser. He was royalty then, tho there ain't much left of him now. He was very anxious to meet Mr. Clemens too, and he had a dinner for him, and just the right people come. You know, Mr. Clemens had a cousin, Frau von ———. She was married in very high society there. She was way up, and when the Kaiser wanted to have special people, he always had Frau von ——— get up the dinner and invite those he wanted to meet. And he wanted to meet Mr. Clemens terrible bad, so he got up this great dinner for Mr. Clemens.

I think I'll tell you how Mr. Clemens went to see Chiro, the palmist. Well, Mr. Clemens went first and Chiro read his palm and then told him he didn't want to tell him all he'd seen. He said, "You're a very distinguished man, but there is something in the next year I don't want to tell you. You're going to be a *widower*, and you're going to have a great deal of trouble—you're going to lose your wife!" I don't know all he told him, but anyway Mr. Clemens came home terribly upset, and he met the girls on the door-step and he says, "You must not tell your mother this. I'll never let her know what Chiro said."

So he went in to see Mrs. Clemens and, oh! he just made up some wonderful things to tell her—how everything was going on so fine, and then he says, "I'd like you to go to him. You go to him to-morrow." So Mrs. Clemens went and then Chiro read Mrs. Clemens's palm, and said she was going to be a *widow*—her husband was going to die very soon! Oh, dear! she come home broken-hearted, and when Mr. Clemens asked what Chiro said—well, she just up and told him. When Mr. Clemens heard that, he says:

"Well, —— that man! I'm going up there and knock his head off! He don't know a —— thing! He told me that *you* were going to die, and I was going to be a *widower*. Now he tells you that *I'm* going to die, and you're going to be a *widow*. Why," Mr. Clemens says, "he's a regular pirate!"

Well, of course he scolded and stormed around and told Mrs. Clemens not to believe a thing Chiro said. But Miss Clara went to him anyway, in spite of all this. And I went, too. But I couldn't tell you now what he said. I went after the family did, but I didn't have any faith in him. Miss Clara sent me and she paid the five dollars—a guinea. 'Twas worth five dollars to hear him talk, and it was worth a couple o' dollars at least to see his rooms, with all those things from the East.

It seems he was in the East for years studying—that's what he said. His rooms at any rate was lovely, and he had 'em all dadoed with them Eastern things. Chiro was a handsome-looking man, a great, big, fine fellow. I wanted to tell him I didn't believe in him, but I was kind o' afraid of him, afraid he might get his Indian blood up and kill me!

SPEAKING of queens, I told you that story about Mr. Clemens writing to Queen Victoria and telling her he couldn't pay the tax, and how he'd seen her son, the Prince of Wales, one time from the top of a bus while the Prince was marching down Piccadilly at the head of his army. Well, Mr. Clemens did really meet the Prince of Wales—spoke to him and they got quite friendly; slapped each other on the back and had a long talk together.

The first time it was in one of them bath places in Germany—Nauheim—where the Prince was taking the baths, I guess, and he wanted to meet Mr. Clemens, and so it was arranged. They had a very nice talk together, I heard, and when they parted they both complimented each other, and Mr. Clemens says what a pleasure it was to meet His Royal Highness, and then the Prince, he says, "Oh, but I met you before, Mr. Clemens. Don't you remember?" Mr. Clemens says no; he wondered where. Then the Prince of Wales says, "When you was riding on top o' that bus, and I was marching down Piccadilly with my army." Of course they both roared at that, 'cause that's what Mr. Clemens had said in his letter to old Queen Victoria.

The fifth instalment of "A Lifetime with 'Mark Twain'" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published July 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

Martha Ostenso

Winner of the $13,500 prize awarded by Pictorial Review, Dodd, Mead & Co., and The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation for her novel "Wild Geese."

"Wild Geese" begins in Pictorial Review next month

Miss Ostenso was born in Norway just twenty-four years ago. Her ancestors were vikings, and she, like them, loves the sea, the wind in the trees, wild country, rocks, and hills.

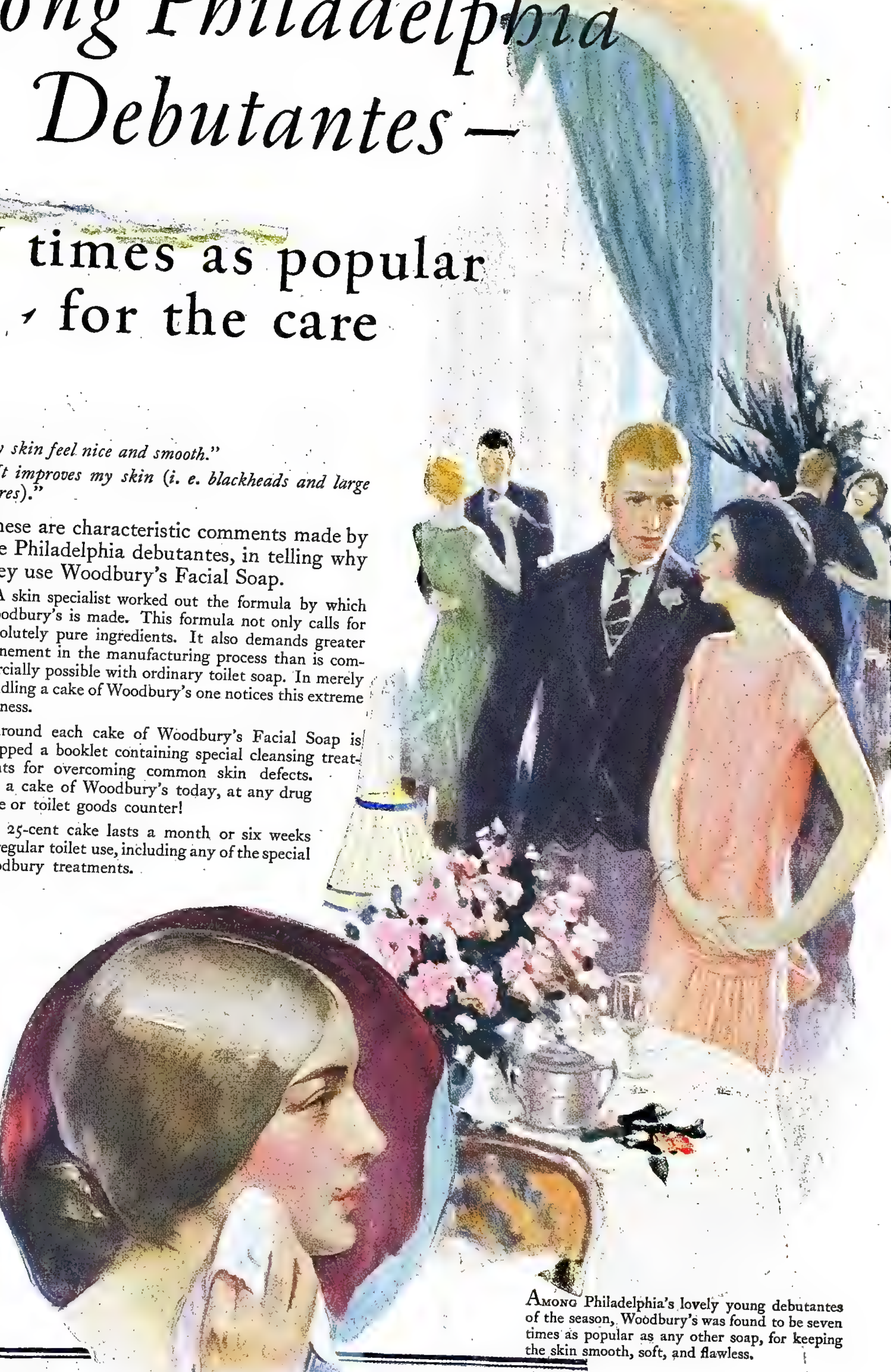
In Norway her people have held to their estates for many years, but a restless spirit possessed her father, who brought his family to America when Martha was only two. They settled first in South Dakota, then moved to Manitoba, where Martha went to school and later to college. She then became a teacher, but the temptation to be near the sea drove her East, where she went into social service work in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Her novel "Wild Geese" is founded on her own experience as a teacher in a frontier community. The plot and the individuals in it are imaginary, but the atmosphere is real and her characters are flesh-and-blood people.

Don't miss the beginning of this Prize Novel in Pictorial Review for August—out July 15th.

Among Philadelphia Debutantes—

This soap is 7 times as popular as any other for the care of the skin



NEW YORK'S lovely debutantes, inimitable for chic, daring, vivacity—

Boston's debutantes, girls with the dazzling freshness and grace of flowers—

Washington's, Baltimore's debutantes—charming descendants of an aristocracy famous for its beautiful women—

Philadelphia debutantes, with their old-world beauty and breeding—

How do all these young society girls take care of their skin? What soap do they use to keep their skin soft, smooth, brilliantly flawless?

An overwhelming majority prefer this one soap

It was to learn the answer to these questions that we conducted an investigation among the debutantes of five leading cities.

We discovered these facts—

Among New York's one hundred and sixty debutantes of the season, Woodbury's Facial Soap is more than three times as popular as any other toilet soap; among Boston debutantes, nearly five times as popular; by the debutantes of Washington and Baltimore, preferred six times over to any other soap; and among Philadelphia debutantes, *seven* times as popular as any other.

"I use it because of its pleasant and softening effect on the skin."

"It imparts a smooth glow to the skin, and relieves an oily condition."

"Gives me good color."

"I find it delightfully soothing to the skin."

"Mother insists it is the best toilet soap; it makes my skin feel nice and smooth."

"It improves my skin (i. e. blackheads and large pores)."

These are characteristic comments made by the Philadelphia debutantes, in telling why they use Woodbury's Facial Soap.

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter!

A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

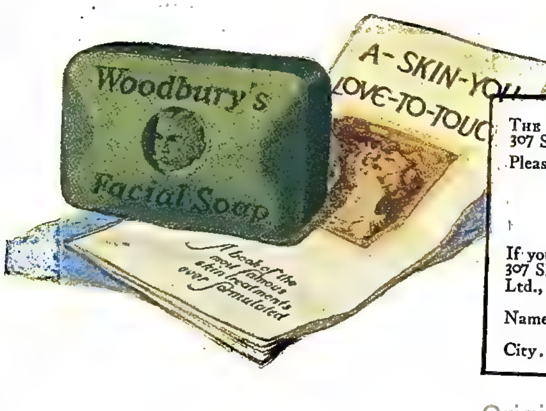
AMONG Philadelphia's lovely young debutantes of the season, Woodbury's was found to be seven times as popular as any other soap, for keeping the skin smooth, soft, and flawless.

HOW TO CORRECT AN OILY SKIN

FIRST cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's in your hands.

Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and you will see a marked improvement.


Woodbury's Facial Soap
A-SKIN-YOU-LOVE-TO-TOUCH
A book of the most famous skin treatments ever formulated

FREE OFFER

A GUEST-SIZE SET, *containing the new, large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Cut out the coupon and send for the free set today!*

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
307 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me FREE

The new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder, and the treatment booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch."*

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 307 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. English Agents: Quelch and Gambles, Ltd., Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1

Name..............................Street..............

City..............................State..............

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Makers of

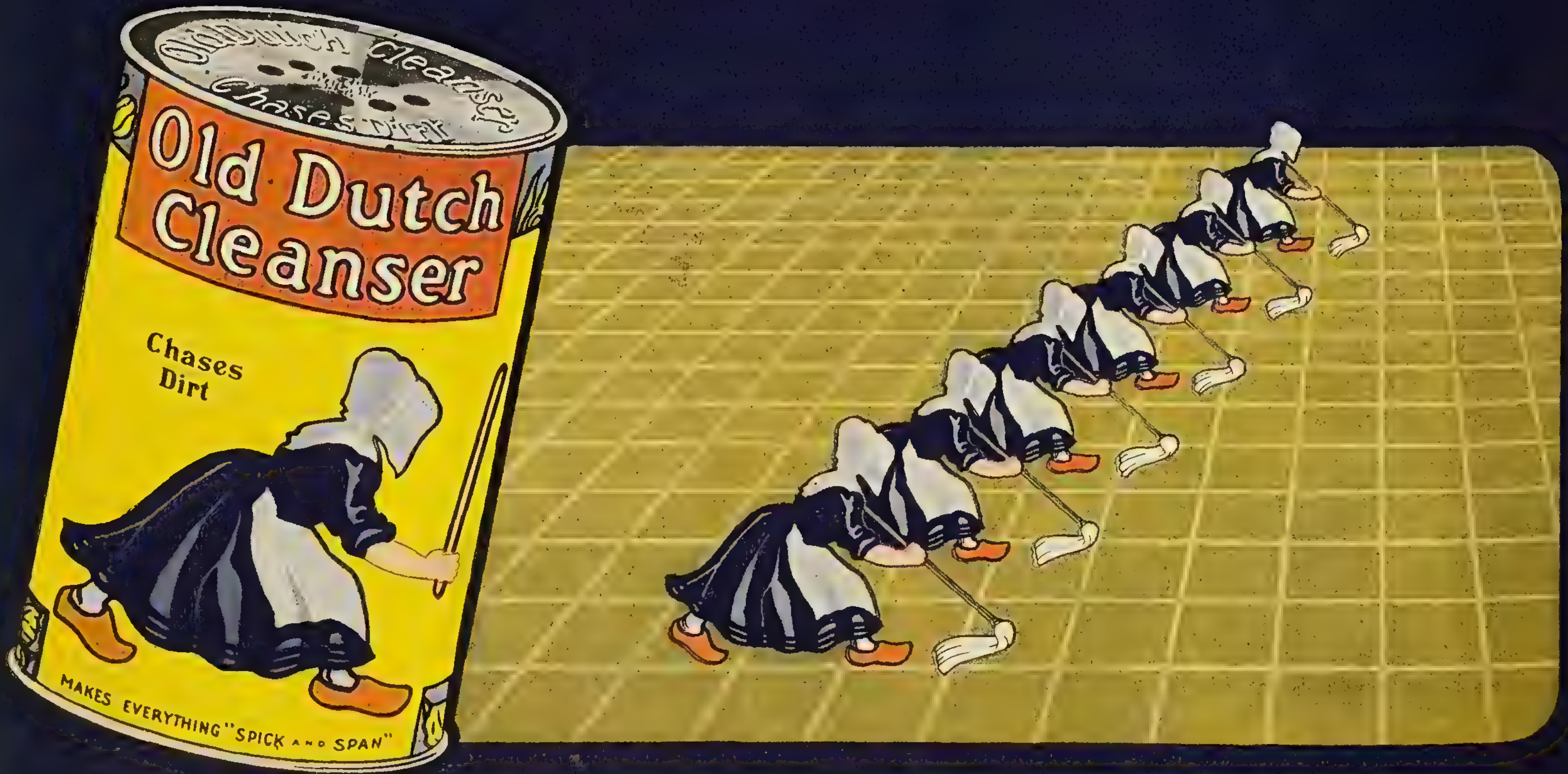
Healthful Cleanliness

Clean, sanitary floors — free from dirt and impurities are important to *healthful cleanliness.*

Old Dutch keeps floors spick and span, wholesome and sanitary so quickly and economically and with such little effort. Just sprinkle a little Old Dutch on the floor, apply damp mop — rinse in clear water and wipe up, the floor is spotless and healthfully clean. Laboratory tests prove that surfaces cleaned with Old Dutch are hygienically clean.

Old Dutch efficiency is due to its distinctive character. To the eye a fine powder — under the microscope its particles are flaky and *flat shaped.* They make complete contact with the surface, erasing all impurities without leaving scratches which easily collect and hold dirt. This natural detergent quality makes Old Dutch Cleanser unequalled for thoroughness, ease and quickness, and above all, it assures *healthful cleanliness.* Old Dutch too saves you money because it goes farther — lasts longer.

There is nothing else like it



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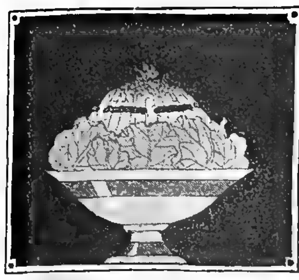
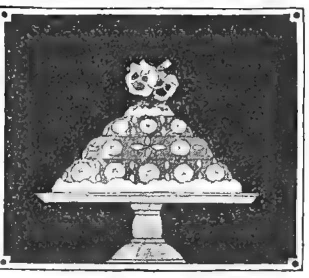


THE HOME BUREAU

CONDUCTED BY MARIE SELLERS



A Well-Planned Hamper Makes the Picnic

BY JENOISE BROWN SHORT

DO YOU belong to a picnic-loving family? If so, then you will not have to educate yours to this health-giving recreation. If you are an adept at the picnic game, and you do not exhaust yourself in the preparation, the out-of-door meal proves an ideal way to do one's Summer's entertaining—far from the kitchen stove. The camp-fire never seems hot, and, what is more, the men in the party enjoy officiating. Even the most housework-shy male loves to preside at this out-of-door function. He will cook, serve, and actually clear up.

"But a picnic is so much trouble," we hear people say. Of course it is if at the last moment you must look up strings, bottles, and all the rest of the paraphernalia. To me the secret of our easy picnics is our picnic or emergency shelf, which is kept well supplied with canned and bottled foods as well as the paper, twine, rubber snaps, paper plates, and other essentials for packing and serving picnics. Some sort of a commodious carrier is also quite necessary, we find.

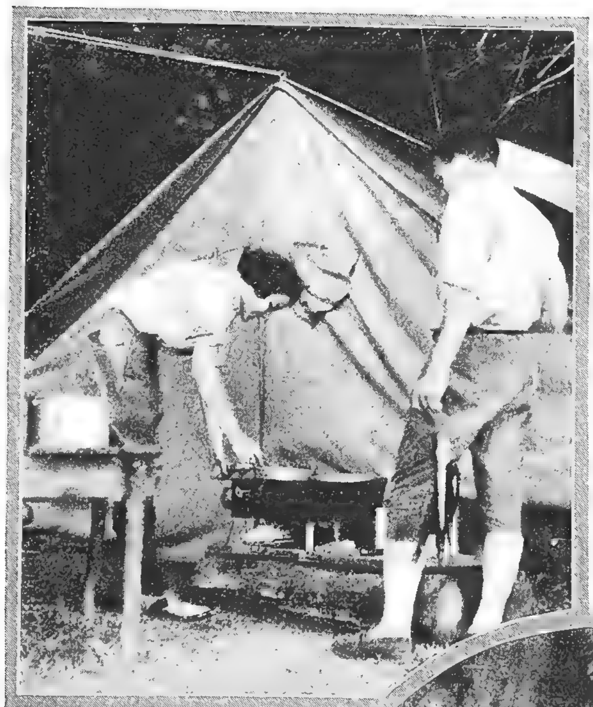


Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts

A SPECIAL STOVE FOR COOKING OUT-OF-DOORS

I do not always patronize the food section of this shelf, for we frequently take a meal literally right off the stove, pack it up fireless-cooker fashion, and are off. Then when that hungry feeling comes a hot meal is ready. We find this plan particularly attractive for the first and last picnics of the season, when the air is crisp and cool. If I am planning a "right-from-the-stove picnic" I usually have a roast or a chicken, or frequently a casserole dish. When the roast is almost done it is removed from the oven in the pan, and the cover put in place. Then the roaster is wrapped in many layers of newspapers, and the food continues to cook en route. The casserole is handled the same way. If the food is to be kept hot for several hours it is preferable to bury the container in crumpled or cut newspapers; or hay, excelsior, or cork will do the trick. But the dish should be tightly covered and well protected if any of the last three is used.

Photo by Kadel & Herbert

AUTOMOBILES AND CAMP COOKING-KITS HAVE MADE PICNICKING A FAVORITE PASTIME

Keeping the Hot Foods Hot

THERE is frequently room in a machine for a small fireless cooker. If you picnic often enough and do not own a suitable cooker, it will pay you to prepare a special box for carrying the hot foods, lining it with some non-conducting material. The large vacuum-food jars are also excellent for this purpose.

Unless every man is for himself, and each one totes his own pack, as is quite customary on a hiking picnic, the average family finds an ordinary suitcase of light weight, one of those beautifully equipped cases which can be found in the shops, or a covered basket, quite essential for packing and carrying a lunch comfortably.

I must not forget to mention our picnic trays. A plate balanced on one knee, and a cup of hot coffee on the other, or in the grass at your side, is all very well, but we have found that a tray to hold plate, cup, knife, fork, and spoon is much better. These trays, which are oblong in shape, were bought at the ten-cent store. They are very thin and light, and pack well. We find them a great help in serving, too, for the food can be arranged blue-plate fashion on the plate at the source of supplies, and then passed on the tray with the coffee-cup, silver, and napkin if desired.

Most grown-ups demand coffee on a picnic. The vacuum-bottle will carry it hot with all the trimmings, or if a fire is allowed you can make it on the spot. Unless we are sure we are going to land near a spring or other satisfactory water-supply we take no chances and carry our own water either in a closely covered pail or in our picnic teakettle, which has a cork in the spout. The coffee should be ground moderately fine and tied in a cheese-cloth bag, allowing room for the grounds to swell. Don't forget the matches.

We often take fresh berries on our picnics. These we clean and put in glass jars, sometimes sugaring them before we leave home, or the sugar may be added when the berries are served.

One of the most enjoyable picnics I ever attended was in the early Spring, and we had driven down to the sea-shore, arriving happy and hungry. The meal started with a steaming cup of bouillon. The hot water was carried from home in a vacuum-bottle. A bouillon cube was dropped in each cup and the water poured over it. With crisp crackers this was an appetizing beginning for the meal. The children liked it too. Later coffee was served from another vacuum bottle. One famous provider that we know often takes along a freezer of ice-cream to top off her picnic. She uses one of the crankless freezers, and the frozen dessert is appreciated, and not at all hard to serve.

Whole books have been written on cooking in the open and they are fascinating reading. If you are not acquainted with any of these consult your library, and you will surely find them there. Then see if you don't go in for some sort of out-of-door cooking on your next trip. Fascinating equipment can be purchased in our sporting-goods stores, but very good results can be had with a fairly simple one.

It doesn't take much except a fire intelligently managed and a frying-pan or broiler to fry steaks or chops and potatoes, and a coffee-pot to make a steaming cup of coffee. An easy way to prepare Hamburg steak for the out-of-door meal is to mix the ground meat with a little butter and pepper and make it into balls before leaving home; wrap in wax-paper. Slices of fillet of beef, broiled or fried, are another good picnic meat.

Everybody enjoys a bacon bat or a Wiener roast. Plan on plenty of rolls for splitting and serving the bacon or Wieners between. Most people like a touch of mustard with their Wieners, and pickles are acceptable too. Both of these meals may be topped off with *another* cup of coffee, small cakes, and fruit.

Fruit in a Separate Basket

I HAVE found that the easiest way to take fruit on a picnic, and one that makes it sure of being carried safely, is to pack it nicely in a basket; either a small peach- or grape-basket will serve the purpose well. Cover the fruit with wax-paper and then with a piece of wrapping-paper. I usually try to have an attractive assortment rather than all of one kind.

The sandwich, which is the *pièce de résistance* on so many picnics, has been entirely neglected in this article. If you want sandwich suggestions for your picnics, send a self-addressed, stamped envelop to me, in care of Pictorial Review. We will also send you some other picnic suggestions and menus, which we have not had space to include.

Out-of-door meals can be planned so that they rest the home manager, are a joy to the family, and do not ruin digestions, especially children's. The dietary indiscretions committed in the name of a picnic are many—and particularly should the children's meals be considered, so that there will be no regrets. The meals should be well-rounded. There is an art in picnicking well and comfortably.

Photo by Wide World Photos

SOME KIND OF PAPER PLATE IS INDISPENSABLE

A perfect little cherub!

WHEN baby isn't being fed or bathed, he is supposed to be snuggled in his soft, warm crib, sleeping peacefully or crooning to himself—*a perfect little cherub.*

But even a cherub gets stiff and sore lying flat on its back all day and soon learns to cry and fret for want of a little diversion.

In place of harmful cuddling and carrying about, try a delightfully refreshing Mennen shower.

You know how perspiration, urine and bath-water collect in the chubby folds of baby's skin. Gentle towelling cannot remove it... but Mennen Borated Talcum, like millions of soft, white fairy sponges, absorbs every trace of this irritating *moisture*, leaving the skin-folds dry and safe.

And *friction* is another foe of baby's comfort. His skin-folds rub. His clothes often bind. Bedding sometimes chafes...but this pure, cooling talcum spreads a silky film over the sensitive little body, saving it from contact with harsh, damp clothes and woolly blankets.

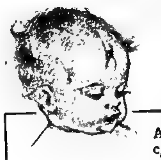
Baby's delicate skin cannot resist *infection* as easily as yours. Tiny defects easily become serious—even fatal...and so Mennen's is made not only mild and pure, but wonderfully healing and antiseptic as well.

Just dust Mennen Borated Talcum on the chubby little body, after every bath and change of diapers, before each nap and whenever baby cries.

Only 25c and the coupon below brings you postpaid the famous Mennen Baby Book—a real help for mothers.

MENNEN
BORATED
TALCUM

MAIL COUPON



AUNT BELLE
c/o The Mennen Company
337 Central Avenue, Newark, N.J.

I enclose 25c [coin or stamps]. Please send the Mennen Baby Book, postpaid, in plain package to

Name ....
Address ....
....

The Home Bureau

The Babies' Health Department

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

Changing Fresh-milk Formulas to Meet Special Conditions

WHEN a bottle-fed baby is doing well he should gain from four to five ounces weekly, have smooth, yellow stools, no vomiting or colic, sleep well at night and during daytime naps, and seem happy and contented during his waking hours. When he does not conform to these conditions the mother should consult her physician if possible; when she can not reach him immediately, she may try the suggestions given here until his advice can be obtained.

VOMITING—Vomiting should never be considered as "natural" or "a healthy sign," for it is decidedly neither of these. Some of the causes of vomiting in bottle-fed babies are feeding too often or irregularly, too large a quantity of food given at one time, food taken too fast, child shaken up or handled too soon after a meal, abdominal binders too tight, too much fat or cream in formulas, too much sugar, milk-supply not as good as it should be, constipation, and gas.

Vomiting is sometimes the beginning of an infectious disease, or it may denote some abnormal condition in the stomach itself, as the conditions called "pyloric stenosis" and "pyloric spasm." These are usually seen during the first few weeks of life and are accompanied by loss in weight and constipation.

To correct vomiting in the bottle-fed baby, first try to determine the cause. If feeding every two hours, change at once to every three hours; if baby vomits then, try the four-hour interval. Always feed at exactly the same hour every day, beginning at the same time in the morning and counting the feeding-intervals from that hour. Do not give a baby more food at each interval than he can digest; keep to the schedule for his age and weight. Do not allow a baby to take his food in five or ten minutes. Make the one small hole in the nipple even smaller if necessary; he should be from fifteen to twenty minutes taking each bottle.

Allow the baby to lie quietly in his crib for at least half an hour after each meal. Abdominal bands should be snug, but never tight. If you are using top-milk formulas try whole-milk or even skim-milk ones for a while. Too much fat or cream is very unwise, especially in hot weather, when the baby digests fat even less readily than he does during the cold months. Try using a little less sugar in the regular formulas. If the baby is constipated and has much gas regulate his bowels as directed by a physician or by our Mother Club leaflets. If he still vomits after trying these suggestions, make a change of milk-supply when a better one can be obtained. The abnormal condition with the pyloric end of the stomach must be treated by a doctor at once.

Until a doctor can be reached the mother may give the baby barley-water and no milk for twenty-four hours if the attack of vomiting is an acute one, as sometimes happens on a very hot day. Get skilled advice as soon as possible; do not waste valuable time and say the baby is "only teething."

DIARRHEA—Diarrhea in bottle-fed babies may come from hot weather, unclean bottles and nipples, infected milk, and many other causes. Do not attribute it to "teething" and allow it to continue on this account.

To prevent diarrhea take the greatest care of bottles, nipples, and all utensils used in preparing baby's food. Get the best possible milk; if certified milk can not be obtained, Pasteurize it or even sterilize it if necessary in hot weather. Use whole-milk formulas, not top-milk ones. On very hot days remove an ounce or two from the top of each quart bottle of milk before making up regular formulas, or reduce the strength of the formulas by adding a little more cereal gruel or boiled water for a few days.

When an attack of diarrhea has actually begun many doctors like to clear the intestinal tract with a teaspoonful of castor-oil. Stop all milk and give barley-water at the regular meal-hours, or even plain boiled water for twelve to twenty-four hours. A high colon-irrigation with two teaspoonfuls of bicarbonate of soda to one quart of boiled water at 98 degrees F. is often helpful, but should be given by a visiting nurse if possible. In any case baby must be offered boiled water often. As the stools improve, milk, usually skimmed at first, may be gradually added to the barley-water and the mixture boiled two or three minutes for a few days at least. The sugar should usually be omitted for a time. The sooner the baby can be placed under a reliable doctor's care the better for the child.

Our "Feeding Leaflet No. 2" will be sent on receipt of a self-addressed, United States stamped envelop, and will assist the mother until she can consult her physician.

Free Child Health Service

IF your baby is under six months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help until the baby is two years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of twelve, ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

No blanks will be sent or inquiries answered unless you enclose a self-addressed, United States stamped envelop.

Address Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, New York, N. Y.

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Mothers with babies should consult their physicians regarding the proper use and modification of KLIM for infant feeding.

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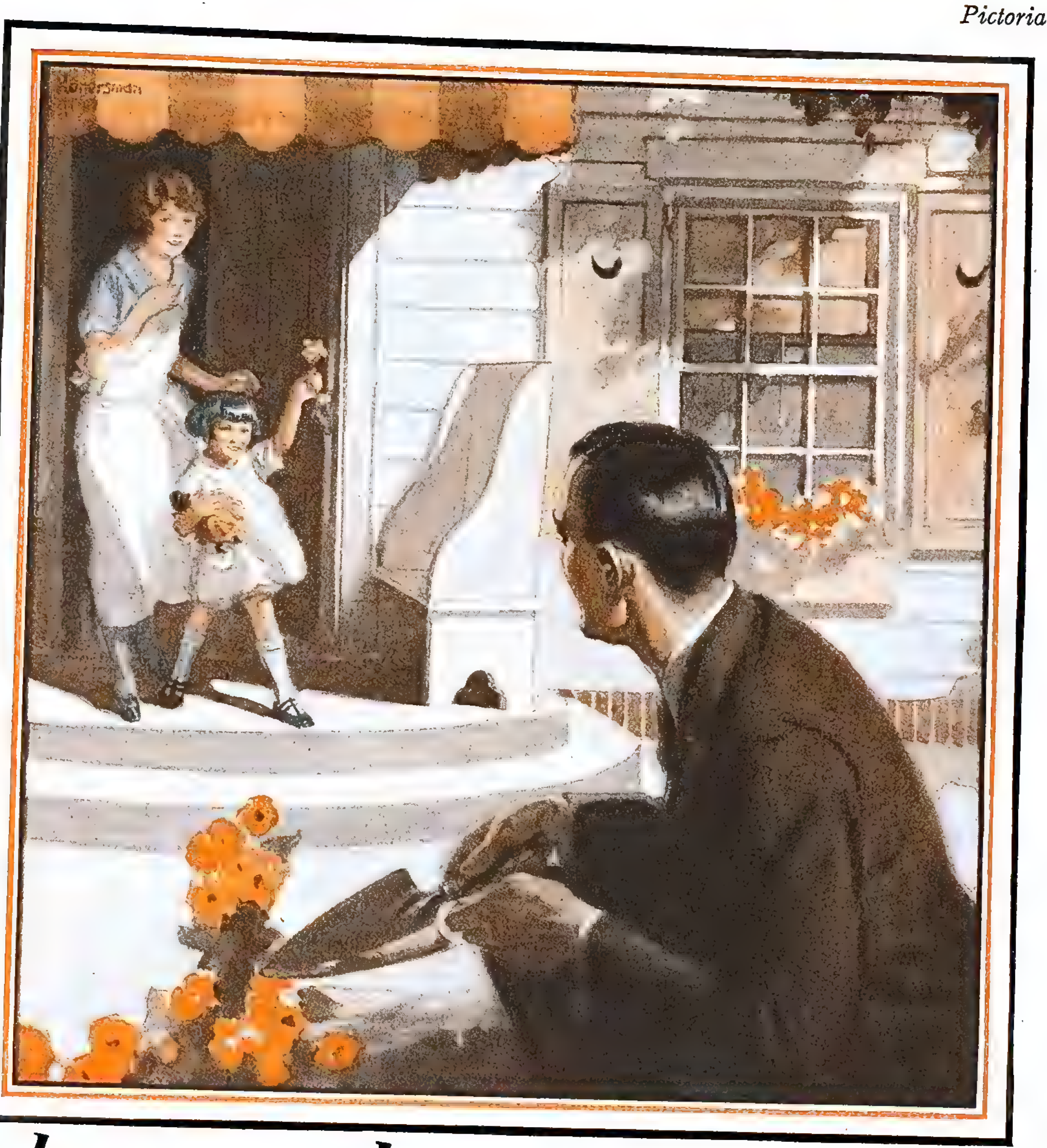

Makes mother a companion

For many a woman, the modern Perfection Oil Range is turning kitchen hours into playtime with husband and children.

Perfection stoves make homes happier by saving time and lightening labor. Their powerful new burners cook with all the speed and reliability of gas. They let Mother come out of the kitchen earlier and less tired,—free from the time-taking, back-breaking labor of using coal and wood.

If you do not know of the progress that has been made in oil stove cookery, visit a Perfection dealer and learn of Perfection's gas-like cooking service—its clean, intense heat, its fine baking qualities, its ample capacity, its beauty and convenience.

These are things which are giving women a new freedom in homes beyond the gas mains.

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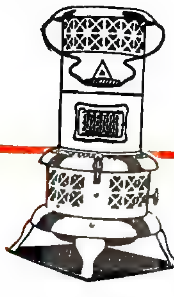

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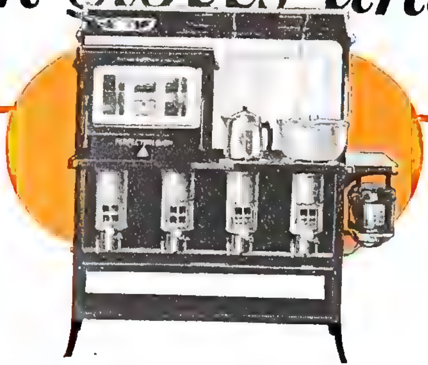

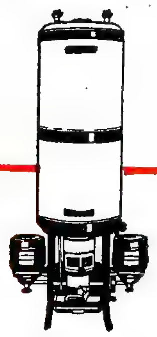

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From Excessive Armpit Perspiration with its not infrequent injurious complications.

From all embarrassing Armpit Odor.

From that humiliating loss of poise which comes through a sense of impaired daintiness.

From those unsightly perspiration stains, which ruin one's costly gowns.

Just One of Many Letters

Los Angeles, California
October 13, 1924

Nonspi Company

Dear Sirs:

Just received your sample of Nonspi for which I thank you very kindly. The kind friend who turned in my name did not know that I had used Nonspi for 15 years and can honestly say that I would rather have one meal a day and know that I had a bottle of Nonspi in my bathroom than have three meals and be minus the Nonspi. It's the greatest blessing women ever had. I will give my sample to some friend and will fill in this slip of another one. I will always have a good word for Nonspi.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. W. E. Stradley.

A million happy women have been freed forever from the embarrassment of Excessive Armpit Perspiration because—twice a week—they use NONSPI, the old reliable, the perfect and truly scientific remedy for this unhealthful condition.

Year in and year out, wonderful NONSPI (a pure antiseptic liquid) has gone ever onward, convincing chemists, physicians and nurses—demonstrating to women the world over—that a simple easy way out of perspiration troubles has been found.

And so, if you too, are troubled with this disordered condition, your best interests will be served by obtaining a bottle of NONSPI at once from any toilet or drug counter, and using it twice a week; your armpits will then remain normally dry and there will not be the slightest trace of underarm odor.

The price of NONSPI is only 50c, and it need be used but twice a week. One bottle will last you several months.

Too Good to be true you say? Then send for one of our Free - testing samples

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Without obligation please send free testing sample to:

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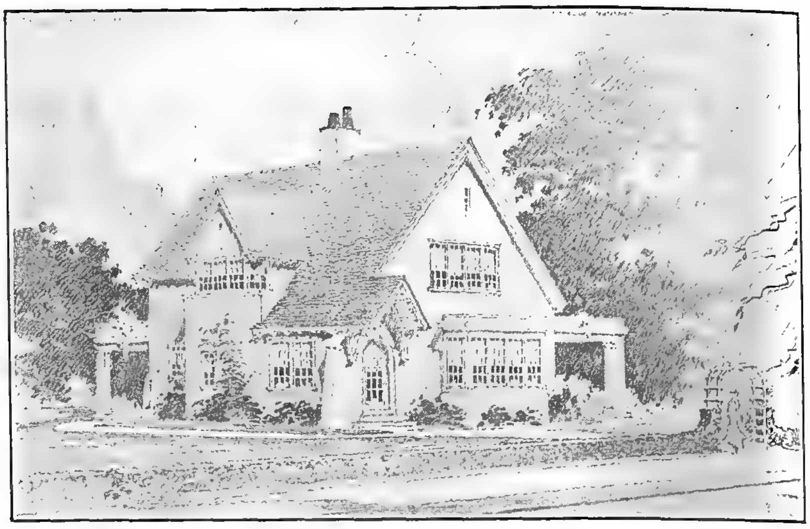
If you already use NONSPI, please send us the name of a friend who does not.



THE LOCATION OF THE STAIRCASE IN A LARGE BAY, WITH GROUPED CASEMENTS, ADDS INTEREST TO THE EXTERIOR

A Little House of English Type

By COLLIER STEVENSON

Designed by C. E. Schermerhorn, A. A. I. A.

THIS little house of English type, made picturesque by clustered casements, wide bay windows, pleasant porches, and a high-pitched roof, is happily developed in warm-toned old ivory stucco, with the ivory-white of the woodtrim and the mellow red of the roof to afford ample color-contrast. Charm is present, largely because of the welcome freedom from superfluous ornamentation.

From a hooded entrance, access is gained to a hall of agreeable proportions and unusually fine lighting, windows upon the lower floor and the upper landing being generously provided. Adequate storage for outer wraps is arranged at the further end of the hall; and, at the right of the entrance, a wide-cased opening admits to the living-room.

To the practically square contour of the living-room a large bay window adds appreciable area, presenting, too, a golden opportunity for an interesting disposal of furniture. The living-room fireplace is, by the way, so located that its flue can, with the flues of the range and heating system, enter the one big chimney which occupies the center of the house.

The living-room is connected with the porch by French casements and with the dining-room at the rear by a broad-cased opening. Thus, an intimate relationship between the various parts of the first floor is firmly established, to the end that the house can be conveniently used for social occasions as well as for ordinary family activities.

Two groups of casement-windows indicate a dining-room of exceptional cheerfulness throughout the year. Nor have these windows been included at the expense of much-needed furnishing-space, for ample free wall-room has been reserved for the sideboard, serving-table, and extra chairs.

In line with contemporary ideas of small-house efficiency, a serving-pantry is omitted here, but in its stead suitable storage-room is freely introduced by built-in cabinets. The location of the refrigerator in the rear entry is also quite in line with modern usage; which is true of the inclusion of a breakfast-nook at one end of the kitchen. The stairs to the cellar descend from the kitchen, and, at their first landing, an outside grade-entrance confers convenience. Both in size and in placement the porch behind the kitchen can not but suggest informal outdoor meals during the Summer.

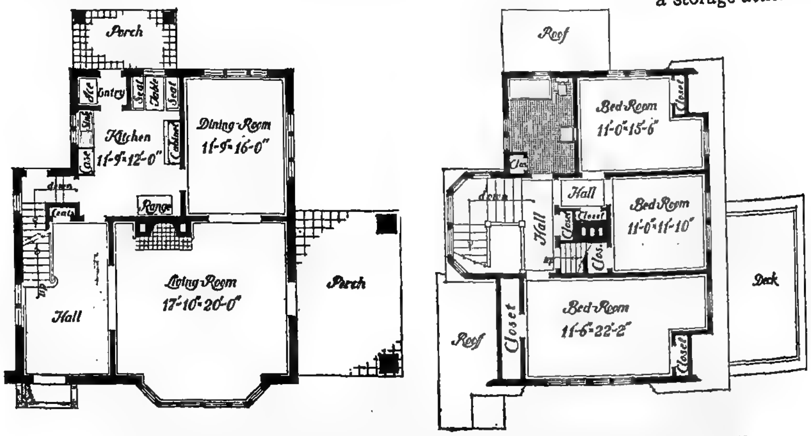
Upon the second floor there are three bedrooms, varied in size and arrangement, but each well equipped with closet-room, furnishing-space, and windows. Closets, too, are useful adjuncts of the hall and bathroom; and, in the bathroom, windows upon two sides are sufficiently unique to deserve praise. Stairs rise from the upper hall to a storage attic.

HOUSE-PLAN SERVICE

Thirty attractive houses are illustrated by photograph and plans in "Houses from Coast to Coast," just compiled by Collier Stevenson. The booklet will be sent post-paid for thirty cents in stamps.

Mr. Stevenson will answer any inquiries about the house on this page, if a stamped, self-addressed envelop is enclosed.

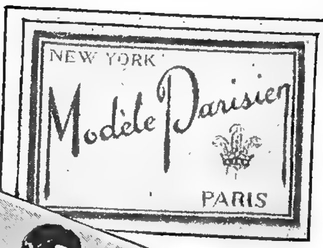
Address House Plan Service, Pictorial Review, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.



PORCHES OF GENEROUS AREA ARE SENSIBLY PLACED AT THE SIDE AND AT THE REAR FOR GREATER PRIVACY

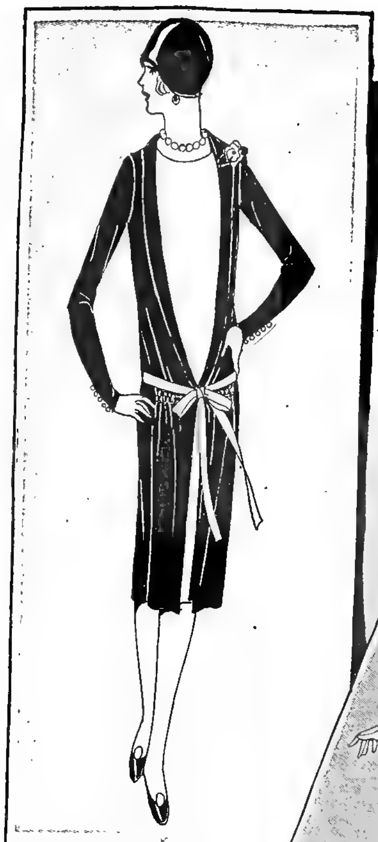
Last Minute Sketches from Paris

MODÈLE PARISIEN

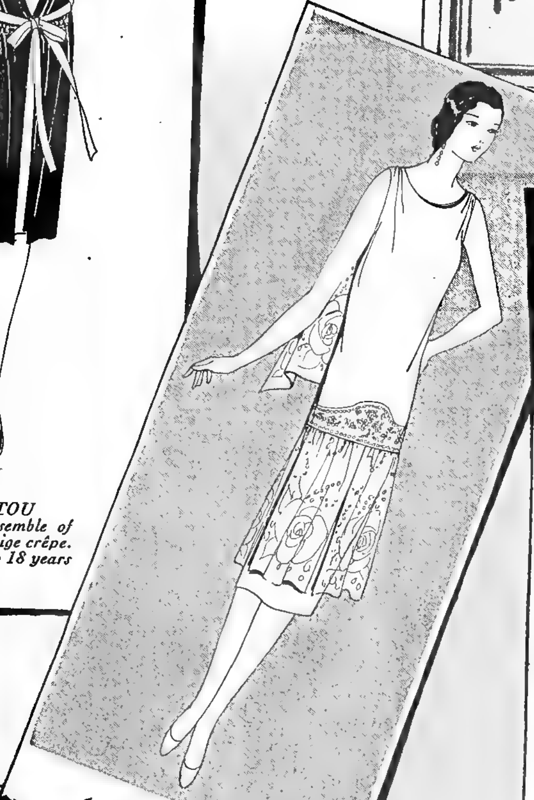


Sew This Label In Your New Frock

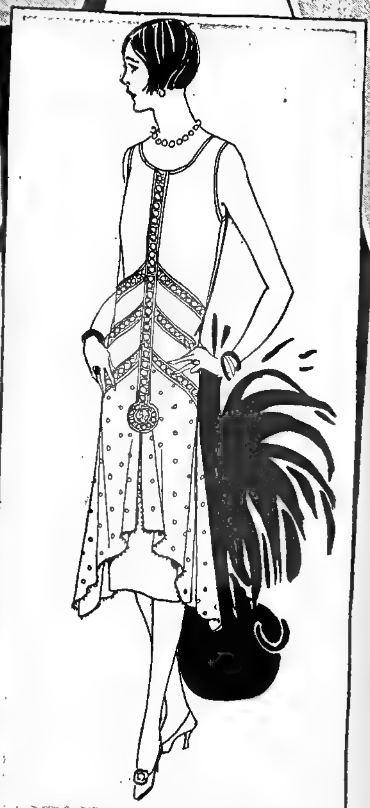
This specially designed silk label is included free with every Modèle Parisien pattern. You can sew it into the frock you make and be proud to display it to your friends.



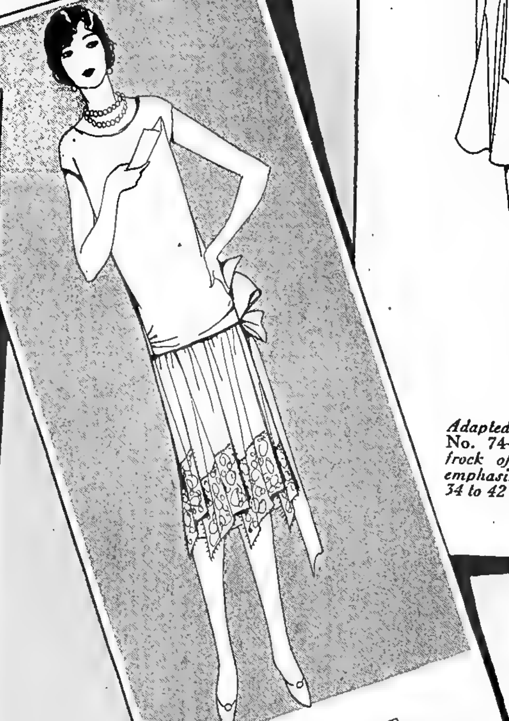
Adapted from PATOU
No. 75—*Dress ensemble of black chiffon and beige crêpe.*
34 to 44 bust—14 to 18 years
$1.00



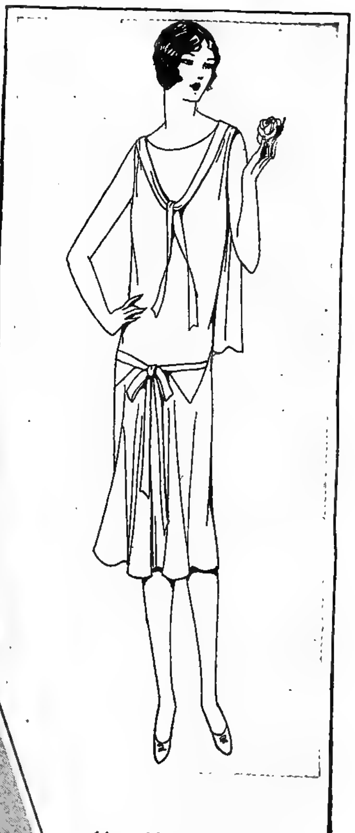
Adapted from WORTH
No. 71—*Cape-back frock with chiffon tunics trimmed with crystal beads.*
34 to 42 bust—14 to 18 years
$1.00



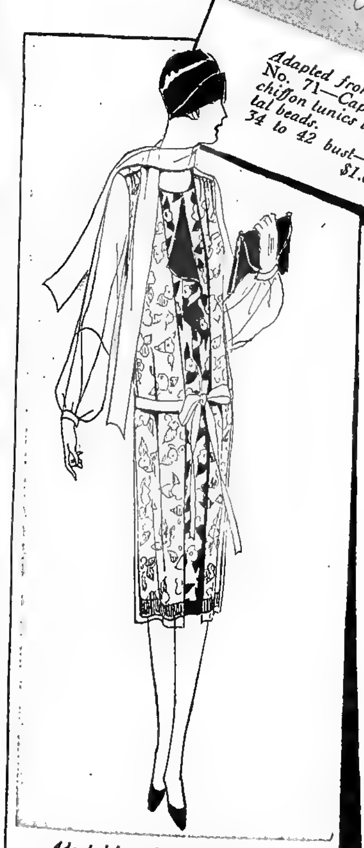
Adapted from AGNES
No. 72—*White Georgette evening frock with rhinestone bands.*
34 to 38 bust—14 to 18 years
$1.00



Adapted from LUCILLE
No. 73—*Flesh-colored chiffon frock with lace-edged, uneven tunics and bow.*
34 to 42 bust—14 to 18 years
$1.00



Adapted from DOEUILLET
No. 74—*The new cape-back frock of pale-green chiffon emphasizes the front flare.*
34 to 42 bust—14 to 18 years
$1.00

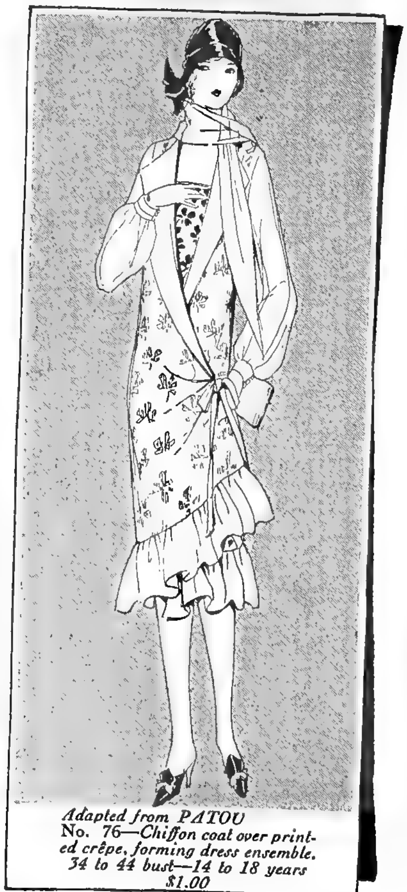


Adapted from LELONG
No. 69—*Dress ensemble consisting of black Georgette over printed crêpe.*
34 to 44 bust—14 to 18 years
$1.00

Un Service Exclusif

These advance models were selected by our representative resident in Paris, through an exclusive arrangement with the greatest *couturiers* of the *Champs Elysées, Rue de la Paix,* and *Place Vendôme,* to meet the requirements of those who demand the most advanced style creations.

Patterns Including Silk Label $1.00 each



Adapted from PATOU
No. 76—*Chiffon coat over printed crêpe, forming dress ensemble.*
34 to 44 bust—14 to 18 years
$1.00

If you use Modèle Parisien patterns, you cannot help being smartly costumed, for they are all faithful adaptations from the newest creations of Parisien *couturiers.* They bring to you all the latest ideas in the matter of silhouette, and the chic details of line, length of skirt and sleeve that are typical of French designs and only to be found in Modèle Parisien patterns.

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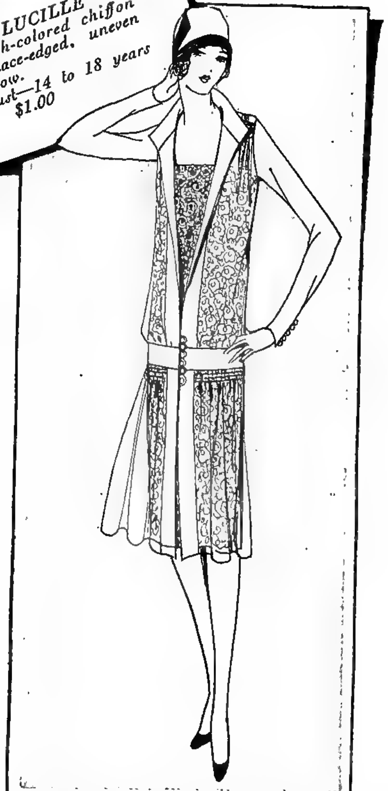

Adapted from BERTHÉ
No. 70—*Shirred coat-blouse worn over a printed silk slip.*
34 to 44 bust—14 to 18 years
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In response to many requests from exclusive dressmakers, we offer a special yearly subscription consisting of individual fashion cards for each Modèle Parisien design together with handsome art leatherette binder for only $6.00.

Fill in coupon at right for sample fashion card and details, or send $6.00 and receive this exclusive service immediately. Eight patterns selected from the Paris world of fashion will be shown in Pictorial Review every month.

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HOW will those whom you meet today remember you tomorrow?—first impressions make lasting memories. Will they think of you as keen, alert, dainty, altogether charming or will a bad skin make you seem sluggish, indifferent, careless?

Don't let people get a wrong impression of you. Guard your skin against those enemies—blackheads, oiliness, clogged pores, sallowness, etc.—which destroy its beauty and place you in a wrong light. Cleanliness is the chief source of a good complexion and among medical skin specialists cleansing with a pure soap and warm water is the method most highly recommended.

RESINOL SOAP is ideal for every skin and will stand any test of purity. Its particular fragrance as well as its rich color is your guarantee for the healthful Resinol properties it contains. No heavy perfume is required to conceal inferior quality. Buy a cake from your druggist or toilet goods dealer, and bathe your face with it tonight. Note how readily it lathers, how gently but thoroughly it cleanses the pores, how easily it rinses, how soft, velvety and refreshed it leaves your skin.

If your complexion is now marred by blackheads, blotches, roughnesses, etc., apply Resinol and see how quickly it clears them away. This soothing, healing ointment has been successfully prescribed for years for skin disorders. Itching rashes, slight or serious, chafings, or the smart of a burn, cut or sore quickly respond to its first application. No home should be without it. Resinol products sold by all druggists.

RESINOL SOAP

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I have never used Resinol Soap and Ointment so please send me a free sample of each.

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The Crystal Cup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

you might. You have imagination, if you would consent to use it. You're not nearly so matter-of-fact as you like to think."

"I'm no actress, anyhow."

"Every woman is an actress. As safe to bet on as that no woman knows the sort of man she'll fall in love with. Look at Polly. Love, for that matter, is often due to the planting of a suggestion on one side or the other."

"Polly says Dr. Pelham told her that love is—oh, how can I remember all that? Matter of oversecretion of hormones in cells next door to some kind of follicles."

Eustace burst into a roar of laughter. "Sounds like old Geoff. Is that the sort of diet he feeds Polly on? She must be in love with him if she can stand it!"

"Polly's up on endocrines. Every once in a while she and Elsie get going on the subject, but I always shut them up. I should think that knowing too much would be the death of romance."

"Quite. And far better for the race. But you're the last person I should expect to set up a wail over the death of romance."

"Not I. Jolly good thing it's out of date. Merely made an observation. You've taught me to look all round a subject."

"And you're the aptest of pupils. But I'm tired of playing schoolmaster—for the present—and I should think that in time it would corrode the vanity of a beautiful and highly intelligent woman to sit constantly at the feet of a man. Do let us play for a while."

Gita looked hard at him, but he returned her stare unflinchingly.

"You said yourself that love was a matter of suggestion, and you might come to fancy you were really in love with me," she remarked. "That would be simply horrid and spoil everything."

"My imagination never runs away with me even when I am writing fiction. And I assure you I shall never be in doubt of my true sentiments for a moment."

Gita smiled. "You do play rather well. I've often watched you at parties."

"Whole-heartedly."

He looked prosaic enough with that beard and those rather plump cheeks. And if she could simulate interest in him it would help her to be noble with Polly. If Geoffrey Pelham looked on, so much the better. Another act in her play—more unreal than the stage itself!

"All right." She caught her hat by the crown and stood up. "What's the first move? How do I do it?"

"Leave it to me. Just be the flying princess for a time."

She grinned widely. "Good title for a musical comedy. And I'll like that rôle well enough."

GITA had given several parties during the Winter, but refused to ask more than forty at a time. She disliked crowded rooms, where the selfish appropriated the chairs and sofas permanently, while the others were forced to stand about or wander. A few always retired to her ark, those who liked to hear themselves talk and two or three who had formed the habit of listening. In the large drawing-room and connecting dining-room the rest of the guests sat comfortably, drank the cocktails and whiskies and sodas passed by the host, and gave a divided attention to the spontaneous performances of the livelier members of the company. There was a good deal of music to-night, impromptu little plays, and much staccato talk. Polly had steered Dr. Pelham into a corner behind the piano, and kept him there; and Elsie, who was helping Gita play hostess, watched her brother out of a corner of her eye.

While a young musical-comedy actress was giving the convolutions of a skirt-dance, spontaneously invented, Gita found an empty chair behind a door and indulged in a yawn. She suddenly felt bored with New York and parties. And clever people could be as monotonous in time as the more stereotyped society to which Mrs. Pleyden had introduced her. What did it all amount to? They went on like this Winter after Winter and not one of them looked blasé, not even Marian Starr Darsett, who was reputed to be entering upon her hundred and ninth love-affair. But they all had some gift, or used their brains otherwise to a definite purpose. Hers was like a whirlpool, careering round and round in circles and to no purpose whatever.

NEXT Winter? And next? And next? The prospect was appalling. She had arranged for several house-parties and felt disposed to withdraw the invitations. But that would leave her alone with Eustace. He bored her less than any one, but if he kept up that ridiculous game she'd explode before they'd been isolated in the manor a week. His wooing, tentative so far, as became the first stage, had shown him to be possessed of more charm than she had suspected, but she preferred him without it. How could they ever get back to their old relationship when the game was given up as a bad job? She hated make-believe, anyway. She was made for realities. Realities? What were they in this sort of life, anyhow?

Altho she had had spasms of restlessness and dissatisfaction of late, she had felt nothing of the sort when she had stood before her mirror a few hours earlier and put the finishing touches to her toilet. Her gown was white and silver and vastly becoming. She wore all her pearls, and had applied a light touch of powder. But as she sat there behind the door, almost concealed from her guests, she lost all interest in her beauty. Polly was far prettier than she and always looked her most dazzling in red. To-night she wore a quaint flaming head-dress, and little gold curls escaped everywhere. She hadn't left Pelham's side for a moment since they entered at nine o'clock and it was now a quarter to twelve. And he looked anything but bored.

"Why are you hiding, Miss Carteret?" De Witt Turner was looming over her, his great bulk incased in loose tweeds. If he possessed evening clothes he never wore them. "Your party is a stunning success as usual. I hope we haven't tired you out."

"Not a bit of it. Do sit down."

The only unoccupied chair was one of the small upright contributions from Brittany, and Turner disposed himself carefully; then, finding it more secure than most ancient furniture, hunched down and lit a cigaret. "Do you know what I've been wondering?" he continued. "If by any chance you brought over those ancestral costumes of yours we might all dress up again and improvise a sort of Colonial farce. I rather yearn for my flounces."

Gita smiled up at him without effort; he was one of her favorites. "Too bad. They're down at the manor." And then she surprized herself by announcing, "I've locked them up in their chests for good and all. They'll never be worn again in my time. It would be a pity to cheapen the first impression. Don't you think so?"

"Artistically you're right, no doubt. But it seems rather a pity. We all enjoyed looking like bloods for once, to say nothing of imagining ourselves handsome. The men, I mean. I think I prefer women in their modern frocks and short hair. But Dr. Pelham, for instance, will never look like that again unless you relent."

To Gita's annoyance she felt herself blushing, a new and ridiculous habit of hers. "I'm sure he doesn't want to," she replied tartly. "Surgeons are scientists, you know, and scientists have no use for anything so frivolous as fancy dress. About the most matter-of-fact men in the world, I should think."

"Humph! Science requires imagination of a certain sort, and surgery is nervous work. The most temperamental man I know is a surgeon." His glance traveled to the corner behind the piano. "Scientists have even been known to fall in love. I should say Pelham had some use for Miss Pleyden. What do you think?"

"Isn't Polly lovely!"

"She is, indeed. No wonder he's bowled over." Gita was a puzzle to him, and he sometimes suspected she was still a puzzle to his friend, known as her husband. As a novelist he would have liked to solve it and he never saw her with her lofty "springing" little head, her black flashing eyes that seemed to carry back no further than her mind, her curious aura of virginity, her contradictory magnetic personality and undeviating aloofness, and a certain checked sweetness with it all, without the sensation that some musical instrument within him were vibrating to new harmonies but he longed to grasp and immortalize them. In other words, he would have liked to make her the heroine of a novel.

But the music was too elusive. He only faintly guessed what she suggested. She looked one thing and was so indisputably something else. Once he had tried to pump Elizabeth Pelham, but that loyal friend had laughed at his assumption of mystery. Gita was just Gita. One answer to the riddle, no doubt, was that the girl didn't know herself. Something had arrested her development, and the man she had married that night had as yet taught her nothing. Turner had met her several times before the wedding and many times since, and altho she no longer treated every man as a possible enemy, she had changed not at all in essentials.

BUT was she on the verge of a change of some sort? He noted that she looked tired and rather melancholy for the first time since he had known her—less assured. An ardent feminist, he believed in women taking precisely the same liberties with orthodoxies as men had done since the beginning of time; and if this entrancing creature had found she was mistaken and was contemplating throwing over poor old Eustace, why not? Men were pretty philosophical these days; and altho it would come hard on Bylant, no doubt, if he found she preferred another man, he'd renounce her without whimpering. But would she? Or why not?

"What are you thinking of?" asked Gita, smiling. "You haven't said a word for five minutes."

"You. I was wondering how long we'd have you with us."

"What an idea! You'll probably sit with me in this room at precisely the same hour next year."

"The slight bitterness of your accent confirms my misgivings. I doubt if you'll be in this house."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Well, that you've been fumbling so far—not even experimenting, like most women."

"I don't like either word."

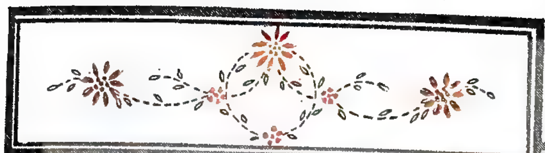
"Neither, really, should apply to you. You're extremely clear-sighted about most things, but there's a catch somewhere. I can't get it. Still, I've a hazy idea that you'll come out of the fog before long."

"Come out of the fog?" Gita stared at him. "Out of the fog?" Her voice sounded dazed. "Do you mean I don't know where I am?"

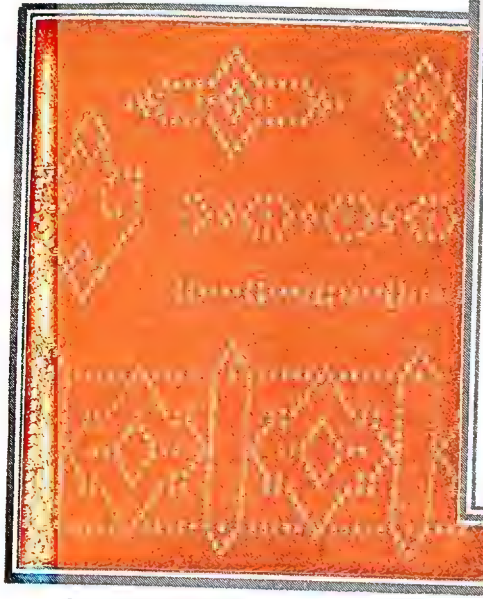
"Something like that. You're a riddle to yourself, as you are to other people."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

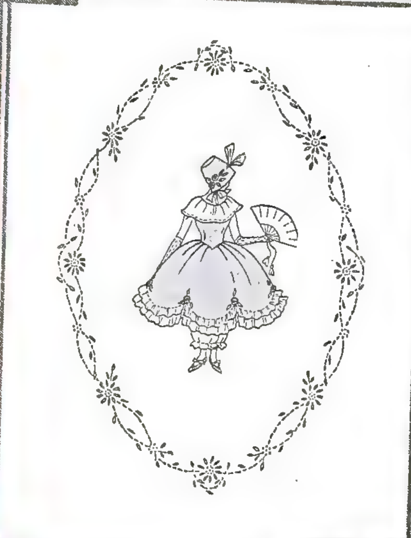
New Bedspread, Curtains, and Dress Motifs



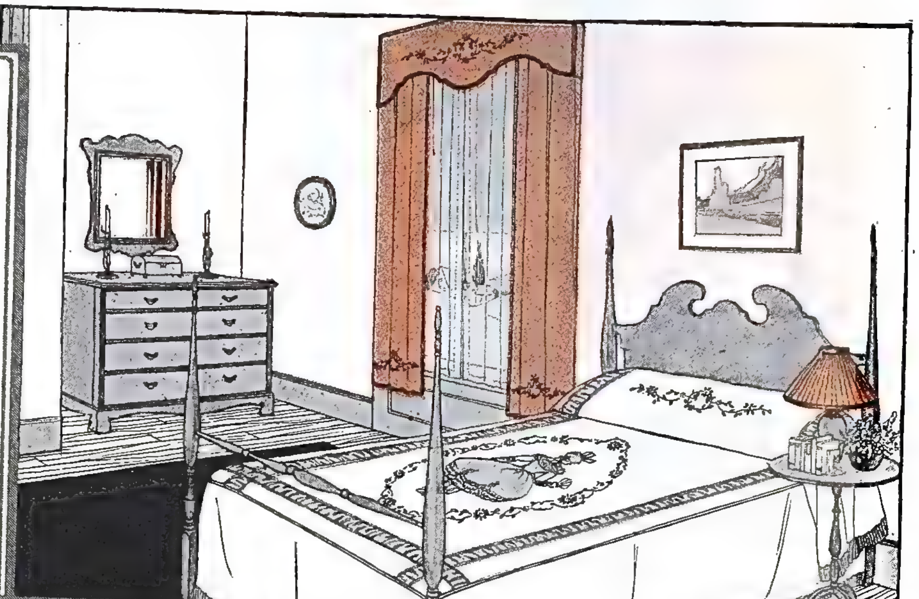
No. 13025—Detail Curtain Motif



No. 13022—Single-Stitch Borders and Motifs

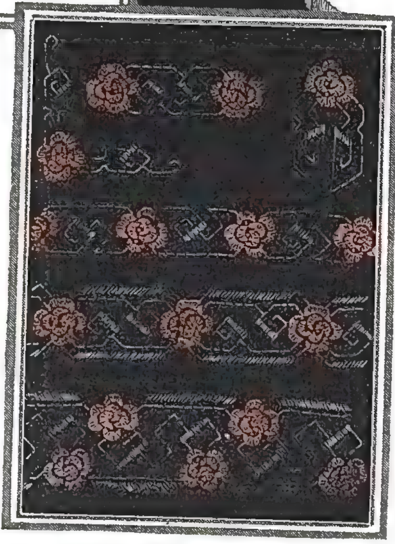


No. 13024—Detail Appliqué Bedspread Motif

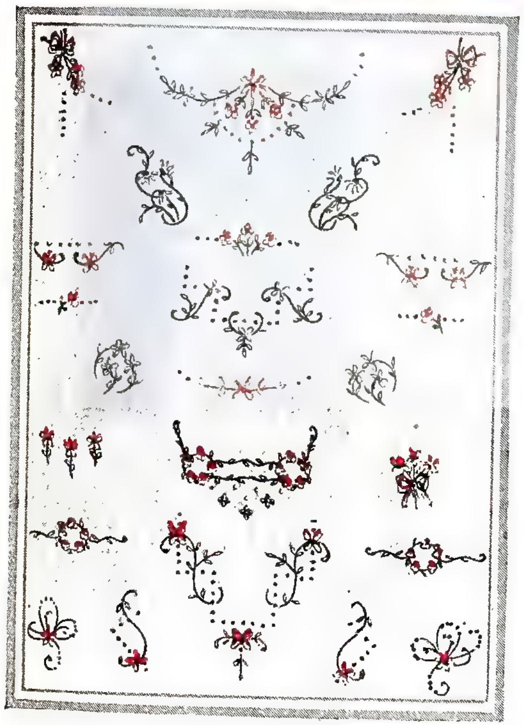


No. 13024—Shown on Home Decorator Bedspread No. 110
No. 13025—Shown on Home Decorator Curtains No. 113

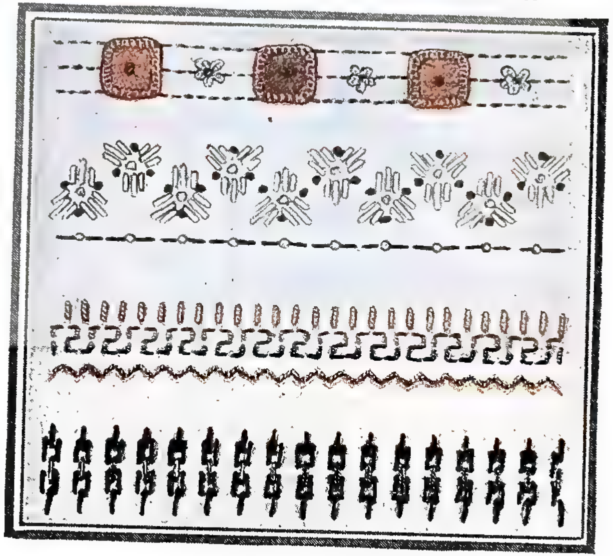
The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13024, blue, furnishes design and appliqué guides for a bedspread. It is developed on Home Decorator Bedspread No. 110, in French knots, lazy-daisy, and running-stitches for the floral border and design on hat and dress. Pink sateen is suggested for the dress and lace for the ruffles.



No. 13023
Designed for One-Stitch



No. 12999—Sprays for Undersilks

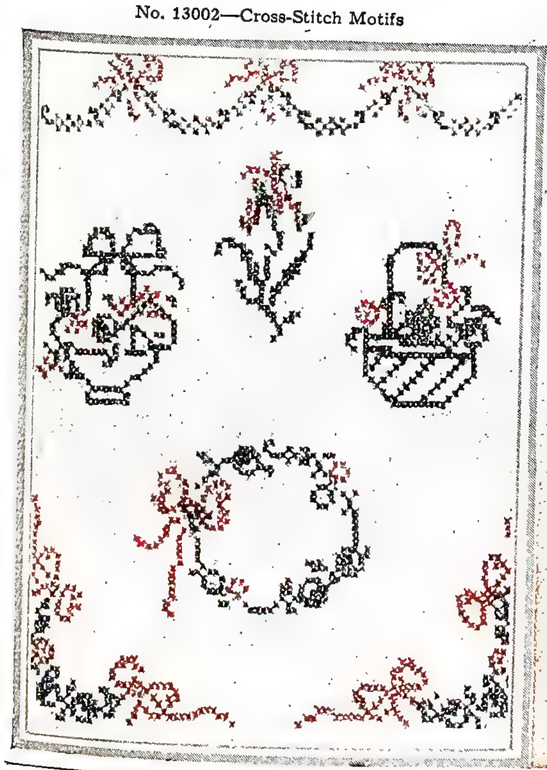


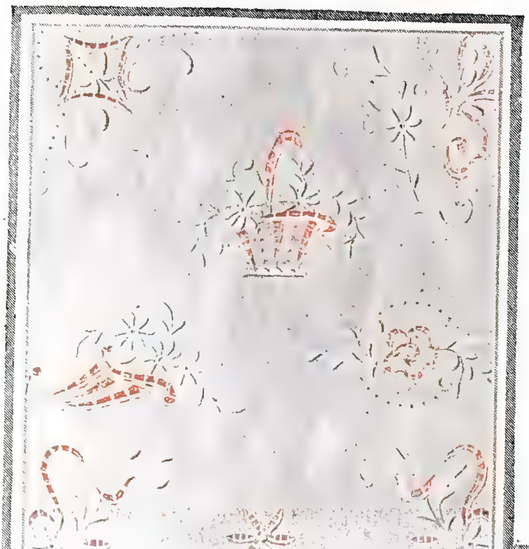
No. 13021—Simple Borders

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13025, blue, furnishes eight sprays consisting of four for a bedspread, one for a bolster, and three for curtains, all 6½ inches by 22½ inches. As shown on Home Decorator Curtains No. 113, the design is effectively developed in lazy-daisy, running stitches and French knots, all three stitches being simple enough for even the beginner to undertake. On a background of unbleached muslin the embroidery can be worked in several colors.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13021, blue or yellow, furnishes 2 1-3 yards each of four borders and a guide for one appliqué border, 1 inch in width; the other three borders are 1½, 1¾, and 2 inches wide. The appliqué can be worked in blue and yellow and blue patches; the borders in combinations of gay colors in single and running stitches and French knots. The narrow border of embroidery is frequently used on collar, cuffs, and hemline of the smart coat.

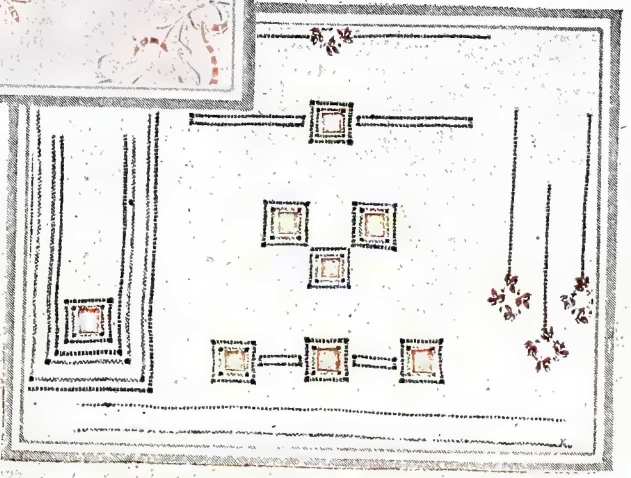
No. 13002—Cross-Stitch Motifs





No. 12968
Cut-Work Designs

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12996, blue or yellow, supplies beautiful new borders for hemstitching, together with appliqué guides. Linen, voile and silk frocks and underthings are frequently finished with these simple hemstitching designs.

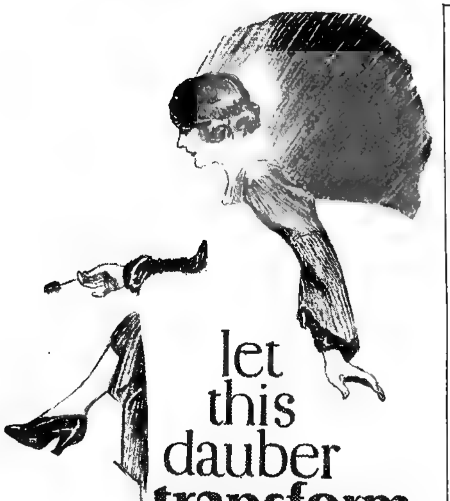


No. 12996—Borders and Motifs for Hemstitching

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12968, blue, furnishes duplicates and reverses of six cut-work motifs ranging from 4¼ to 7¾ inches in height. Exquisite linens for the bedroom and dining-room may be trimmed with these unusually lovely designs which should be embroidered on very fine white linen. Solid satin, eyelet and buttonhole stitches are used in the development of these designs. Cut-work is considered one of the most attractive embroideries and it is popular because it is simple to do and enormously effective.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.



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NAME__________
STREET__________
CITY__________
STATE__________

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The Crystal Cup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

"That is not true! I know myself perfectly."

"Then you dwell in another dimension from the rest of us."

Gita colored angrily. "By that, I suppose, you mean I am even more conceited than the rest of you. Quite a feat!"

He laughed good-naturedly. "Quite, indeed. And you're not. But you're very honest. Do you really believe you've explored yourself thoroughly? Now, do you?"

Gita moved uneasily. "Yes, I do. I've had a very wide and varied experience of life that you know nothing about. No one has ever had an opportunity to gage herself more exhaustively than I."

"Ah! I'm not surprized to hear you say that. You suggest a play in four acts with a prolog and epilog. But I can't make even a guess. Have you ever been in love?" he asked bluntly.

Gita drew herself up haughtily.

"For if you haven't, you will, you know. You're not in the least in love with Eustace and you've got it coming—when the fog lifts."

HE WAS angling, and had hoped for a minnow, but was by no means prepared for a whale. Gita turned white, then almost purple; her eyes shot red sparks and her mouth drew back until it made an ugly grimace. For a moment he thought she was going to strike him. The expression lasted but an instant and her face settled into a mask of fear. "If I thought that," she said, "I'd go out and kill myself. It is the most hideous fate that can befall a woman, the most loathsome and degrading. But—thank God!—I'm not capable of it."

There was another lightning change, and he was staring, almost open-mouthed, at the Miss Carteret to whom he was so agreeably accustomed. "You psychological novelists," she said complainingly, "with your everlasting probing, get on my nerves. And your assumption that you can make a fashion of bad taste even more." She rose and smiled as he rose also. "Odd, you never forget your own manners. What a lot of self-posers we are! I see that supper is being brought in and I'm sure you want yours."

"Whew!" Turner almost whistled as he stood where she had left him. "Whew!" And he wondered if he had had a glimmer.

"I'M GOING down to the manor to-morrow," announced Gita as she and Eustace lingered for a moment in the drawing-room after the last guest had departed.

"To-morrow? But we were not to go for nearly a week."

"You needn't go. In fact I'd like to be alone for a while. Tired out. Don't want to open my mouth for a week."

"Oh! As you please, of course. I'll be detained until Tuesday. You do look tired," he added solicitously. "But I shall miss you abominably. Couldn't you shut yourself up here and rest?"

"I want my old manor more than anything in the world!" she said passionately. "And I must be alone."

He stifled both astonishment and curiosity. "Then you shall have it or anything else you want. Sit down for a moment and have a cigaret." And then he slipped on the harness of his new rôle. "I saw you hidden in a corner with De Witt Turner for at least a quarter of an hour," he said with a nice assumption of jealousy. "Women fall for him very hard, you know."

"Do they? They must be fools. I hate him."

Bylant raised his brows in genuine surprize. "Hate old Witt? He's about the least hatable man in New York, I should think."

"Well, I can't endure him and I'm not going to ask him to one of the house-parties."

"Did he make love to you?"

"I should think not. He wouldn't dare. He merely says anything that comes into his head and he's a boor."

"Oh, no, not that. He's a gentleman, but the new man is having as hard a time of it as the new woman had a quarter of a century ago—trying to be something he isn't. At least men of Witt's breeding. They've got to shake down, that's all. Perhaps," hopefully, "he merely bored you."

"That's it, probably." But she knew it was not. She hated Turner because he had for some inexplicable reason infuriated her with the mere use of a word of four letters. She had behaved exactly as she would have done a year ago, but she knew she had betrayed something, she hardly knew what, to the enterprising eye of that novelist, and she wished never to see him again.

"Let us forget him," said Eustace softly. "May I tell you that I never saw you look as lovely as you do to-night?"

"Your compliments sound exactly the same as they did before you set about trying to be something you're not!" Gita, glad of the diversion, laughed merrily.

"And you promised to play up! Let us imagine we are guests who have lingered down here for a few last words while our hosts have gone decorously to bed, and that I have persuaded you to stay on for a little talk."

"Well, here I am." Gita stifled a yawn. "Rather sleepy, but I'll do my best. Anyhow, I never like you so much as when I've been with a lot of tiresome people." And she hoped her smile was bewitching.

HIS own was spontaneous. "Don't you think you could like me a little?" he murmured.

"Like you a lot—oh, no, I mean—well, what do girls say? I suppose I ought to know as I've read that question five hundred times in novels. Wish I could remember the answers."

"Say what you think you would say if you really were rather interested and I were trying to make you more so."

Gita raked her mind. This little comedy with Eustace often amused her. "I—think—I'm rather beginning to," she faltered, and batted her eyelashes as she had seen a popular actress do on the stage a few nights since.

Eustace drew up his chair and bent over her. He had begun to turn off the lights before they fell into conversation, and in the soft dimness he looked rather handsome to Gita's critical eye. Distinguished he always looked. She smiled indulgently and repressed a desire to say, "Go ahead." She would play up.

Bylant himself was a little at a loss. He had never set out deliberately to "woo" a woman, and altho he had more than once fallen into step without visible effort, he had, on the whole, accepted casually and briefly what was offered him.

"Beginning?" He laid his hand on hers.

Gita patted it indulgently. "Nice hands. Strong but well-shaped. Not too artistic to be manly. And always warm and not too soft or white. That's your golf and tennis."

"Oh, Gita!" he said despairingly. "You should either draw your hand away shyly or turn it over and give mine a slight pressure."

"All right. Let's begin over. I think I'll do the last. You often make me feel you're here to hang on to——"

"You're not worried about anything?"

"What have I to worry me? But that's the kind of question a husband or accepted lover would ask. You've whirled too far ahead on your merry-go-round. Get back to the starting-point."

"I never seem to get beyond it. Will you give me a kiss?"

"I've often kissed you."

"I don't mean a peck. And you're out of your rôle. It's what any man would ask a girl, you know, who had let herself be persuaded to stay on with him down-stairs at two in the morning. She'd think him a chump if he didn't."

"But that's going rather fast—for some girls. Others kiss any man any old time. I'm the great exception, or you wouldn't think I'm the one and only. And I don't think I care for that part of the program."

"It's bound to come sooner or later."

"Not at all. You talked a lot about wooing, but there was no understanding you were to win—not by a long sight!"

"Please stay in your rôle. I am begging for a kiss."

GITA looked at him reflectively. She didn't altogether like his mouth, but she was used to it. And if it was the thing to do— She moved her head forward, and then she encountered a disturbing gleam in his half-closed eyes, and drew back, restraining an impulse to kiss and flee. She had seen that gleam in men's eyes before.

At the same moment she became conscious of a resource that was offering its timely aid. "Not yet," she murmured with soft coquetry. "It's too soon. Talk to me for a little while first. Tell me when you first began to find me attractive!"

She leaned her elbow on the arm of the chair and covered her eyes with her hand. Eustace, drawing a long breath, leaned back in his chair and began to talk on a low and vibrating note. At the end of ten minutes he asked her a question. There was no answer. He bent over her. She was fast asleep. He refrained from shaking her roughly, but shake her he did.

She sprang to her feet and yawned in his face. "Oh, Eustace, how rude of me! But your voice was so soothing and I was nearly dead with sleep. Hated to be so impolite as to tell you. We'll have to continue on page 181 from page 2. Good night, dear Eustace, and forgive me." And she slipped by him like a trout under water and went up-stairs.

GITA arrived at the manor in time for dinner and spent the greater part of the night wandering about the house, which she had ordered to be lit up from drawing-room to attic. She was so glad to be there—and alone. Always ruthlessly honest with herself, she had begun to suspect that something had been happening to her emotions which it was time for her to bring to the light and examine. She had turned from him in terror, almost in horror, and had permitted herself a respite until she was alone at her manor.

But on this night of her return she felt only happiness and content. This was hers, her own domain, memoried, beautiful, and intensely personal; so personal that she had at times the impression she had lived in this house consecutively for two hundred and sixty-three years. It seemed to return her passionate devotion, to infold her, to promise her peace, possibly happiness. She exulted in every stone of it, and drew her hand lovingly across the old pieces of furniture.

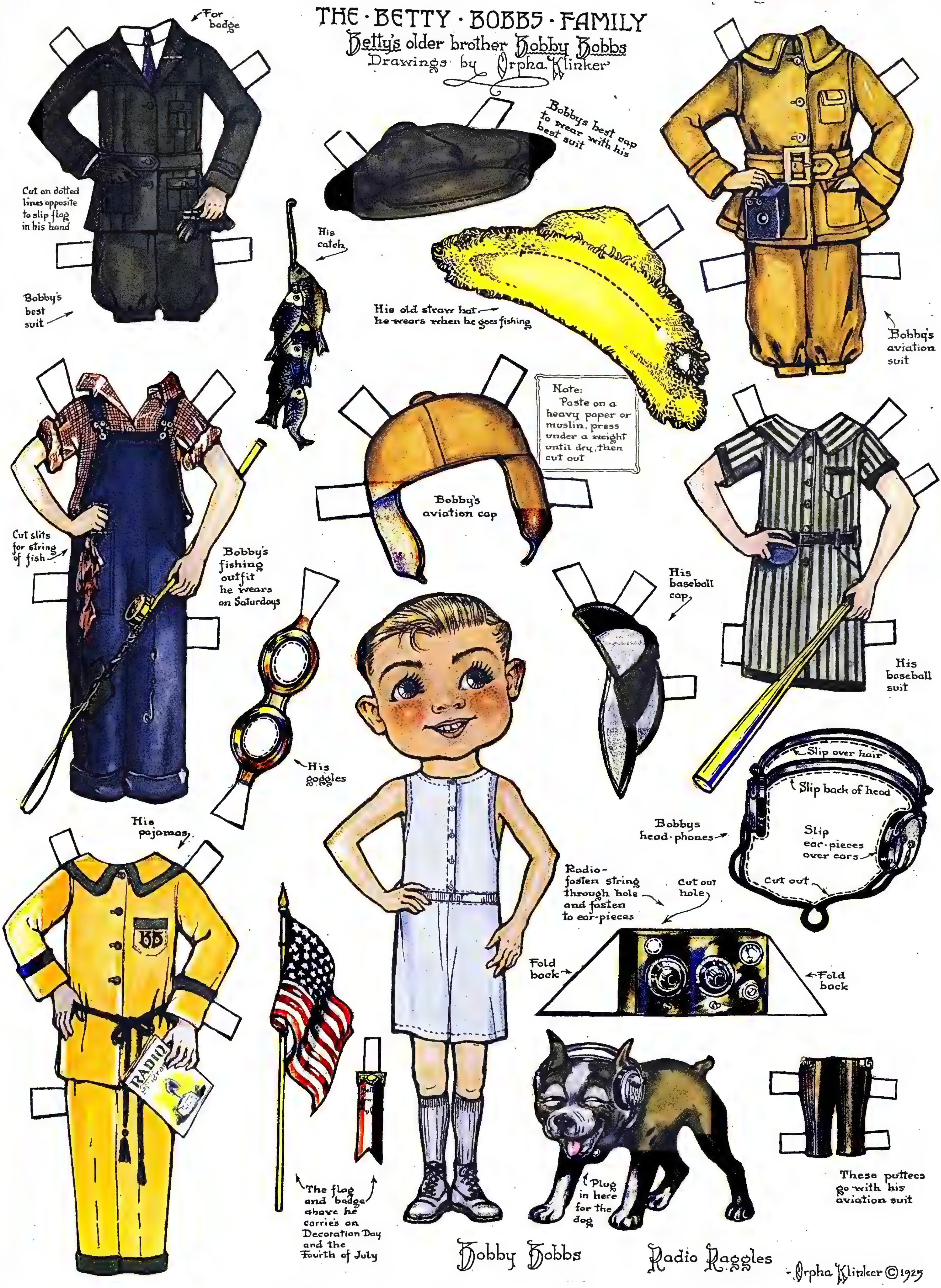
She could live here alone for the rest of her life if she chose, forbidding even Eustace hospitality, and she had a sense of freedom, of buoyancy, vastly different rom the superficial enjoyment of the past Winter in New York. That had been novel and entrancing, and no woman is complete until she has had her experience of the lighter pleasures of life. She had long suspected that she knew a good deal more than she admitted to herself, and it was now time to find out what it was.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 63

THE · BETTY · BOBBS · FAMILY

Betty's older brother Bobby Bobbs

Drawings by Orpha Klinker


For badge
Cut on dotted lines opposite to slip flag in his hand
Bobby's best suit
Bobbys best cap to wear with his best suit
His catch
His old straw hat he wears when he goes fishing
Bobby's aviation suit
Bobby's aviation cap
Cut slits for string of fish
Bobby's fishing outfit he wears on Saturdays
His baseball cap
His baseball suit
His goggles
Slip over hair
Slip back of head
Slip ear-pieces over ears
Cut out
Bobbys head-phones
Radio-fasten string through hole and fasten to ear-pieces
Cut out hole
Fold back
Fold back
His pajamas
BB
RADIO
The flag and badge above he carries on Decoration Day and the Fourth of July
Plug in here for the dog
These puttees go with his aviation suit
Bobby Bobbs
Radio Raggles

Note:
Paste on a heavy paper or muslin, press under a weight until dry, then cut out

- Orpha Klinker ©1925

Stars of Summer Nights

Photographed by Lucas Kanarian

VERREE TEASDALE gives an excellent performance as the haughty elder sister in "The Youngest," an amusing comedy of youth.

Photographed by C. Heighton Monroe

JUNE MARLOWE, Minneapolis high-school girl selected as one of the Wampas Baby Stars of 1925, is already fulfilling the prophecy that she will be a movie star by her splendid work in Warner Brothers' "Tracked in the Snow Country."

Photographed by Maurice Goldberg

JOYCE BARBOUR is one of the principals in the excellent cast of "Sky High," a musical comedy triumph starring Willie Howard.

Photographed by Maurice Goldberg

ELISABETH RISDON, whose striking blond beauty and effective acting make the title of "Thrills" seem more than usually appropriate.

Photographed by Campbell Studios

TESSA KOSTA, prima donna of "Princess Ida," the successful Gilbert and Sullivan revival, is supported by an all-star cast.

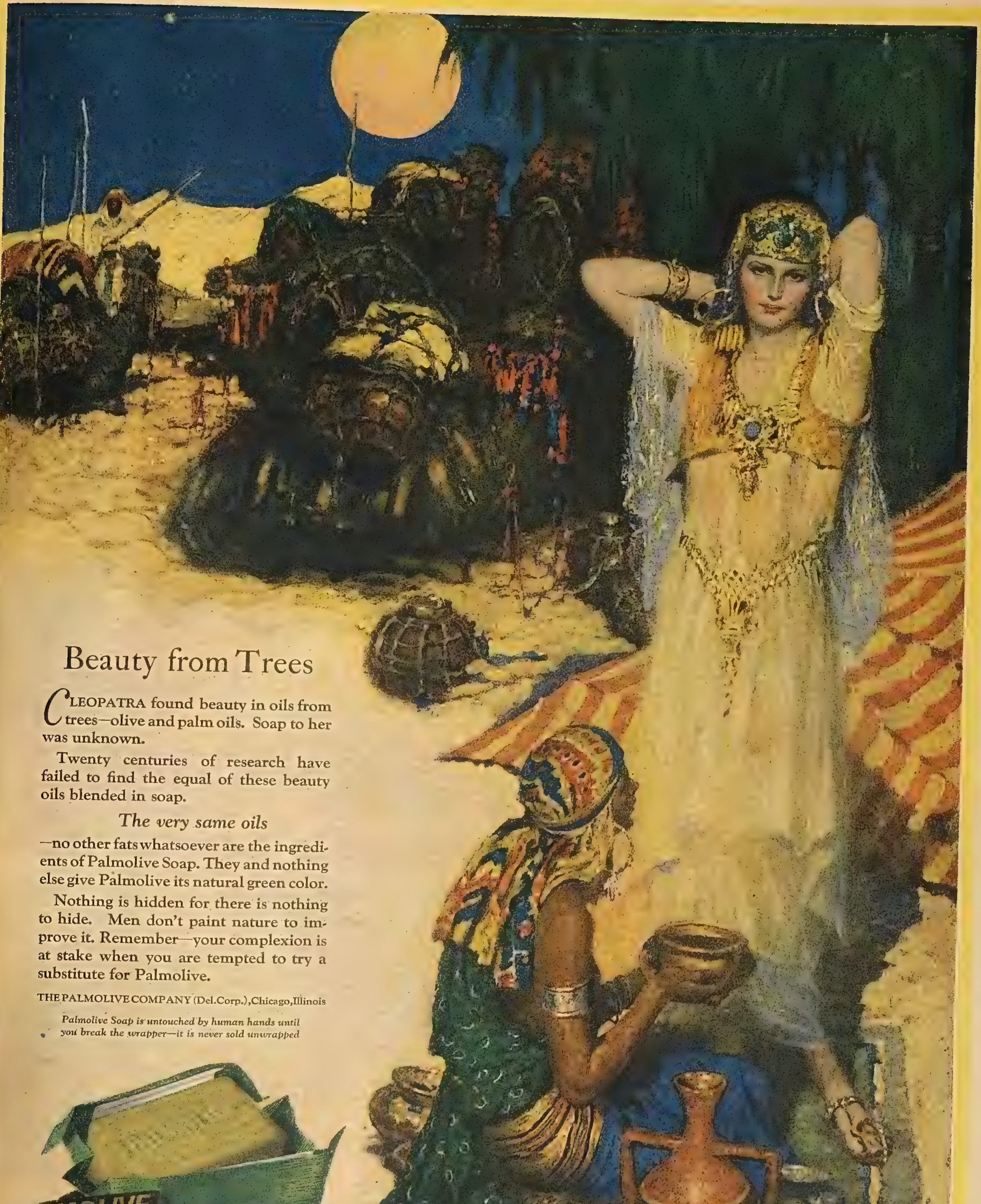
LOUISE FAZENDA, Paramount screen comédienne, has advanced so far that her future pictures will be watched with interest.

Photographed by Alfred Cheney Johnston

DOROTHY HALL, versatile young actress with classic features, is scoring a decided hit in "The Complex," an interesting play dealing with the problems of psychoanalysis.

Photographed by Russell Ball

FAY MARBE, popular young musical comedy star, whose sparkling beauty is further enhanced by a vivacious personality.



Beauty from Trees

CLEOPATRA found beauty in oils from trees—olive and palm oils. Soap to her was unknown.

Twenty centuries of research have failed to find the equal of these beauty oils blended in soap.

The very same oils

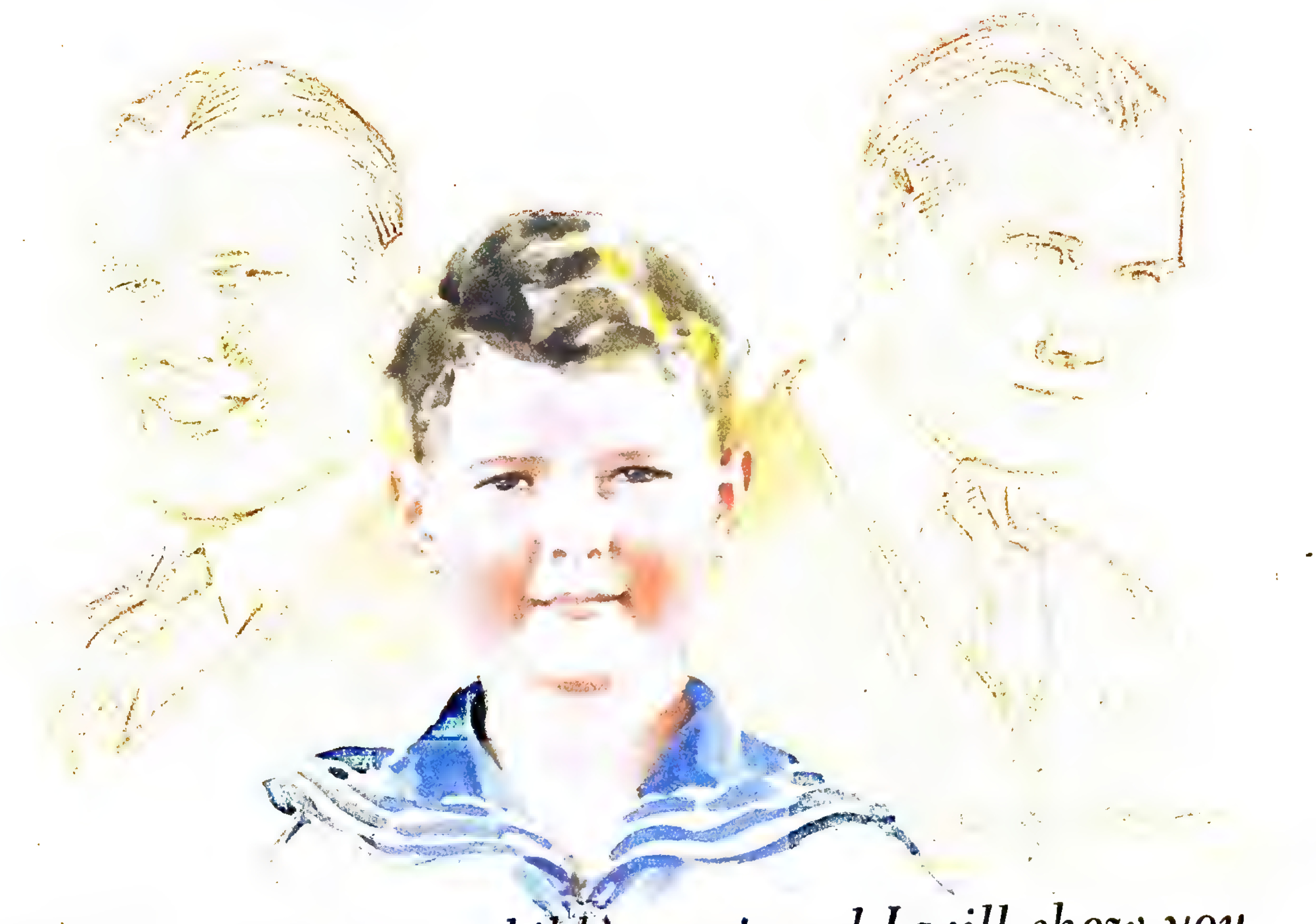
—no other fats whatsoever are the ingredients of Palmolive Soap. They and nothing else give Palmolive its natural green color.

Nothing is hidden for there is nothing to hide. Men don't paint nature to improve it. Remember—your complexion is at stake when you are tempted to try a substitute for Palmolive.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del.Corp.), Chicago, Illinois

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

2771



"Tell me what your children eat and I will show you the kind of men and women they will be!"

THIS is the statement of a famous scientist. Of course, he referred to their *physical* future—their health, their size, their appearance.

Think how our food—the poor or proper balance of food elements—influences our welfare as adults! Then consider how much greater is this influence over children, whose bodies are just being formed—whose development is being determined, day by day!

For instance, it is startling to know that even the contours of the face and head—the very outlines which make up the appearance in later life—depend, to a surprising degree, on the exercise of the jaws and facial muscles. For normal development of these bones and muscles, children must eat foods that require chewing.

Essential food elements, plus crispness to encourage chewing

—no other food can bring these all-important benefits!

Much of our modern diet is deficient in one or more of the basic food elements. A lack of any one of these elements is serious—critically serious to children. But we can't all be food dietitians, and arrange each meal from the standpoint of basic food elements.

It was to help overcome this fault that Grape-Nuts was originated—a food designed, deliberately, to supply elements essential to the diet: dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for the teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B—a builder of the appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an exceptionally well-balanced ration.

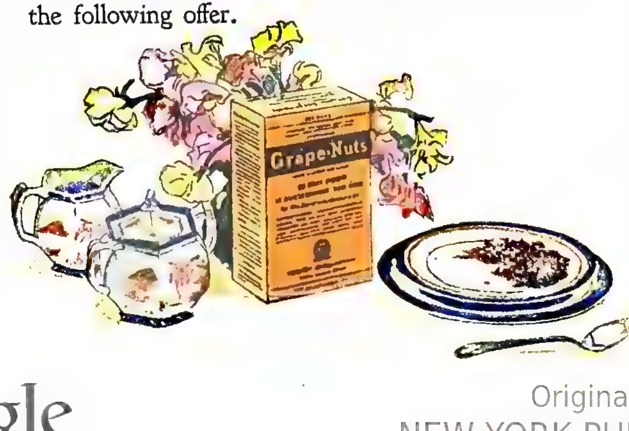
And Grape-Nuts is a crisp food! A food children like to chew. A food which exercises the bones and muscles that give the face its outlines.

Dentists agree, moreover, that the appalling prevalence of poor teeth is due largely to the soft food we habitually eat today. The teeth and gums are not properly exercised. Grape-Nuts corrects this.

A special baking process prepares Grape-Nuts for digestion—gives children the fuel and body-building elements they need, with the least digestive effort.

Give your youngsters Grape-Nuts for breakfast. Serve with whole milk or cream. Two tablespoonfuls are enough—for this food is rich in nourishment. They will love the nut-like flavor stored up in the crisp, golden grains—a flavor which is the favorite of millions.

Get a package from your grocer today or accept the following offer.



An authoritative booklet on the feeding of children—and two servings of Grape-Nuts free!

We have arranged with an authority on child-health to send you a valuable discussion on the feeding of infants and children. We will also send you (for yourself) "A Book of Better Breakfasts," written by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College. And we will include two individual packages of Grape-Nuts—enough for two servings. This is a free service to you as a mother. Mail the coupon now.

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Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes.

The Crystal Cup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

Well, in a day or two she would take the lid off, but to-night she would play with the idea that she had lived her life at the manor and that no serious problems had ever knocked at her consciousness for solution.

A storm raged during the night and showed no sign of abatement next morning. She put on a rain-coat and stout boots and went over to the deserted board walk. She took a fierce pleasure in battling with the wind, clinging only occasionally to the rail. She felt as if she were charging an elemental enemy and chose to take it as a portent.

That night she slept twelve hours, and when the broad sunlight awakened her her brain was as clear as the sky and she knew that her respite was over. She had decided that the night was the time to "have it out."

Topper had received instructions to admit no one and bring her no telephone-messages. Eustace had promised not to return to the manor before Friday, nor attempt to communicate with her. Her isolation was complete.

AFTER breakfast she took a long walk on the hard roads, and spent the afternoon answering an accumulation of letters from her California friends.

But the hands of the clock, made for the first American Carteret, in Connecticut, moved relentlessly on, and at nine o'clock the house was as silent as the vault in the churchyard.

Early in the day she had brought down from the attic the gown of gold tissue she had worn the night of the party, and she went up to her bedroom and put it on. The wigs had been returned, but she powdered her hair and even put a patch on her cheek. She had a whimsical idea that in capturing the outward semblance of the old Gita Carterets she would banish the last of those inhibitions which had made her so different from them and, with her saner knowledge of life, help her to a more exact understanding of herself.

She locked the doors of the drawing-room, lit several candles, and established herself in a comfortable chair.

"Now!" she said aloud, "off with the lid!"

Nature had endowed her superlatively, and a neurosis, inevitable in a sensitive girl, had given her a rabid hatred of a sex designed, among other purposes, to complete her own. Her conscious abhorrence of sex in all its manifestations had been, in a measure, a subtle protest against thwarted romance.

Life, literature, and history would be insufferable without the glamour of romance. The invention and constant use of the word "love" was proof of that. Mere decency ordained that a certain enchantment be shed over a function as native as hunger, where personal selection, imposed by civilization, was concerned.

Well, she had accepted the fact, and the result was that she had been isolated high and dry. A rock in mid-ocean. A capacity for agreeable friendships, but about as emotional as an unhatched egg. Well, that was that. She'd never think of it again if she could avoid it.

She felt as if the muscles of her brain were straining and creaking as she swung them ruthlessly to that strange moment when De Witt Turner's words—uttered more or less at random—had turned her brain into a caldron. But that frenzied moment was not only a revelation but a deliverance. She had experienced a sensation of exhaustion when it was over, during which she felt that something had exploded, then taken wing. She had been delivered—and for what?

Not for Eustace Bylant. Her recoil from that gleam in his eyes when he bent forward to kiss her was conclusive. No need to be asexual to be revolted at the thought of kissing a man she did not love and never could love. Even his light and frequent touch, of which she had barely been conscious as long as the lid was down, would be unendurable hereafter.

He loved her, of course—always had. She had kept the lid down with a vengeance! She must have known from the first that he was in love with her in the orthodox male fashion—known it automatically. Too bad! It would have been the ideal solution to love Eustace, who had so much to offer. But she did not love him. She almost hated him. He must never return here. She'd write and tell him so at once. If he hadn't loved her she'd be willing to go on. But she had had one of her illuminating flashes. She knew he had reached the limit of his endurance.

But she had no intention of making him ridiculous. She had liked him too well for that, owed him too much. They would give out they were starting for Europe or South America and he could travel while she lived in secrecy at the manor. The manor was her best friend. A part of her. Even the blood that had come down to her had stained its boards. There had been a duel out there in the hall.

Poor Eustace. What irony! Years of seeking for the one woman who exteriorized his secret fixation, to find her only to learn that the shell had deluded him, that there was nothing within it for him. Worse. To train her, to wear down her defenses, to deliver her from her accumulated obliquities, for another man. What was the matter with life? Controlled, it would seem, not by a Beneficent Power, but by what Poe had called the Imp of the Perverse. She told herself harshly that she was twisting and turning from that final probing, and after a moment of sheer terror, she set her teeth and went to the brink and peered down once more.

She was in love with Geoffrey Pelham. She said the words aloud to steady her nerves with their finality. Then shrugged her shoulders and settled back in her chair. Well, what did it mean? What was she to do about it? He had been obsessing her conscious mind since the night at the Pleydens', possibly her unconscious since they had sat together in this room.

SHE felt that no caged eagle could be more resentful than she at this moment. Her pride had been as abnormal as her existence. That old dream of herself, solitary on a solitary peak, had been more than an escape fulfilment; it had been a reveling of the ego in its complete independence. And there was no independence in the surrender of one's ego to another, even in this latter-day pretense of fifty-fifty. Women were exactly the same fundamentally as they had always been. Their instinct was surrender—blind instinct of the race to survive.

Still she hadn't got as far as that yet! Her blood still traveled its accustomed gait through her veins, but she knew that Geoffrey Pelham's image was sunken deep in her heart, probably forever. She was not the woman to be able to love twice. She recalled the definition of love he had given to Polly, and concluded it was more likely to be correct than anything heretofore advanced. Science was explaining one mystery after another, psychical as well as physical, and she for one liked to know what was the matter with her.

She analyzed her sensations toward this man who had torn her old theories about herself up by the roots. Eustace had once told her that analysis was fatal to love, but that was an old delusion that surprized her in a man uncommonly clear and precise of vision. She felt exactly the same whether she analyzed or not.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 65

Facts about the Lorain Oven Canning Method

WITH the Lorain Oven Method, the material to be canned is packed cold in ordinary glass jars, which are then filled with boiling water or syrup, and placed in the oven for a given period of time at an exact temperature. (Chart giving exact time and temperature for various fruits, etc., sent free, see coupon.)

The Lorain Oven Canning Method is Easy Because It Does Not Require

—Standing, stirring, watching over a hot stove
—Lifting of hot, filled jars from boiling water
—Lifting of large, heavy utensils
—Watching of gas flame to maintain correct steam pressure, or correct boiling-point of water-bath. (The Lorain Oven Heat Regulator watches the fire for you.)

Is Economical, Requires No

—Investment for expensive canning-equipment
—Wasting of gas
—Wasting of fruit in kettles—it's all kept in the jars.

Is Efficient, Because

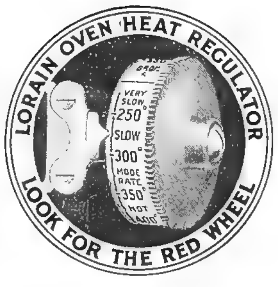
—No steam in house
—No crowding stove-top at meal-time
—And—Fruits and Tomatoes canned by the Lorain Oven Method *keep* their color, form and flavor.

Other Advantages of Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges

With a Lorain-equipped Gas Range you need never again experience discouraging failures due to over- or under-cooking. And you can have Whole Meals cooking in the oven while spending the afternoon away from home.

Where to Buy Gas Ranges

Gas Companies, Department Stores, Hardware, Furniture and Stove Dealers all over the United States sell gas ranges equipped with the Red Wheel Regulator, the *original* Oven Heat Regulator. These agents will gladly demonstrate and explain the Lorain Oven Method of Canning, Whole Meal Cooking and Baking without Failure.



One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of any measured and controlled oven heat for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

Unless the Regulator has a Red Wheel it is NOT a LORAIN

Send the Coupon Below for Free Copy of Lorain Oven Canning Chart

Whether or not you own a Red Wheel Gas Range with self-regulating oven, you'll be interested in our 1925 Chart which gives full instructions for canning by the Lorain Oven Method. Mail the coupon Today.

LORAIN OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these.

Look for the RED WHEEL

WHEN Gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel provided you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, which apply a clean, odorless, intense heat directly against the cooking-utensil.

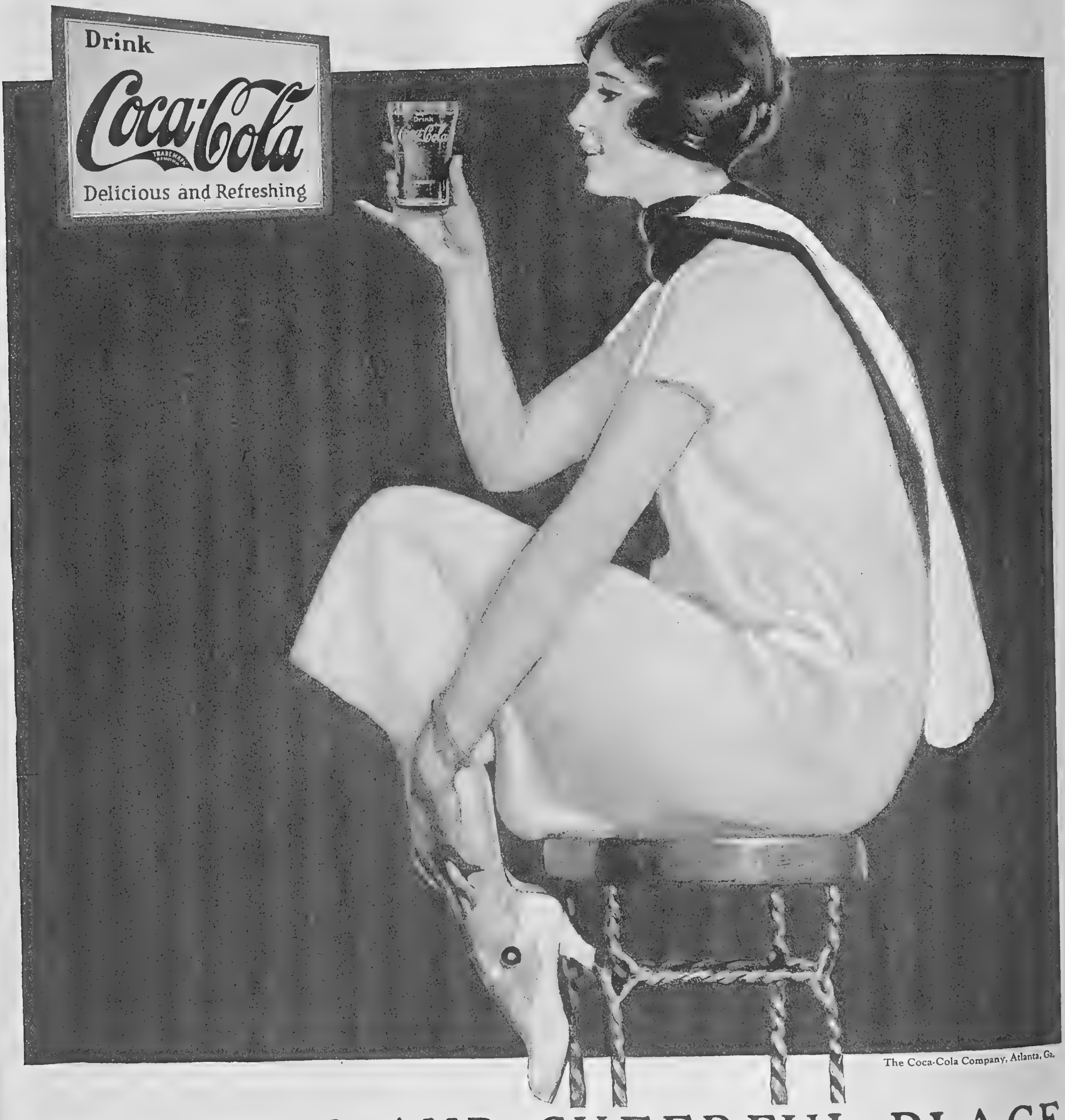
LORAIN
HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
☐ Please send me free copy of Lorain Oven Canning Chart.
☐ Enclosed find 50c in.................. for copy of 128 page, Illustrated Cook Book containing Lorain Time and Temperature Recipes.
Note: Check which you wish and *Print* name and address plainly.
Name.. Street..
City.. State..

These famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator:

CLARK JEWEL	George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Illinois
DANGLER	Dangler Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio
DIRECT ACTION	National Stove Company Div., Lorain, Ohio
NEW PROCESS	New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
QUICK MEAL	Quick Meal Stove Company Div., St. Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE	Reliable Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio

PR-7-25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Delicious and Refreshing
Drink
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The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

AT A COOL AND CHEERFUL PLACE

You'll find a wonderful girl in a real American pose – at the soda fountain – When thirsty remember her.

RE-FRESH YOURSELF! FIVE CENTS IS THE PRICE

The Crystal Cup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

Polly had said she felt thrills, turned hot and cold, lost her breath. Well, so far she had felt none of that. But there was a piercing sweetness, moments of intolerable aspiration, of a desire to wing upward with him to unimaginable heights, dwelling in spiritual contact with him forever.

This piercing sweetness was all right, this divine consciousness that uplifted and exalted her—but did she want anything more? She doubted it. She knew she could marry Geoffrey if she chose. Eustace would never stand in her way. He would be bitterly disappointed, wretched, mortified, angry, but he was not a man to hold a woman to a hollow alliance. When he realized that she was inexorable he would wrap himself up in a mantle of philosophy and retire from the field.

And, if she did not marry Geoffrey Pelham, Polly would. She'd make herself as intimate and necessary as his coat, and button herself round him in some moment of hopeless depression. After that, of course, he would love her. No man could help it.

She beat her hands on the arms of her chair. What did it matter? Why deprive the poor man of what consolation he could get? He had given her something Polly could never take from her, and she could continue to love him and fulfil her soul more completely than if she entered into prosaic matrimony with him. No pleasures, when all was said and done, could equal those of the imagination. She had always despised stories with happy endings. Happy marriages? Oh, yes, plenty of them. She had even seen several in advanced sophisticate circles, and outside of that limited circle no doubt there were thousands of happy marriages.

But life had not educated her for happiness of that sort. She could love, but not in duality. She had found something very wonderful and precious and inspiring, but there was only one way to keep it. To be jealous of Polly was monstrous, unworthy of her. She was, of course, but she'd dig it out by the roots.

And what was she to do with her life? She must make something of it. She wanted no more of society of any sort. She took no interest in politics, and she certainly would associate herself with nothing that led to being constantly surrounded by masses of women. She had no artistic gift, and active work in the cause of charity would merely bore her. Well, that decision could wait. She had enough on her hands for the present——

HER excogitations came to an abrupt end. The bright color left her cheeks and she stood up, rigid, her head bent forward. The heavy doors were closed, but her ears were very keen. She had heard a light footfall on the stairs. Stealthy?

She had a high courage and had seldom felt fear—physical fear, at least. But the servants never returned to this part of the house at night and were in bed and asleep shortly after nine o'clock. And the manor was in a lonely spot. And it must be nearly midnight. For a moment she lost her breath and shivered. Then she jerked her head angrily, shook her nerves into order. Her jewels had been sent to the bank and her pearls were in the safe in her grandmother's room. The secret of that panel was known only to herself, Topper, and Elsie.

She blew out the candles, removed her slippers, and stole to the door leading into the hall. She opened it softly and hid behind it and peered through the crack. The hall was dimly lighted. She saw no one, but once more she heard that light footfall. It stopped, as if in doubt, and again she held her breath. Then she heard it move toward the library. A door opened, closed.

She tiptoed across the hall and up the stairs and down the corridor to her bedroom. The door was open. She had closed it to shut in the warmth of the fire. She lit the gas and glanced about swiftly. Nothing, apparently, had been disturbed.

Elsie, who was timid, had made her buy a pistol and keep it in the drawer of the table by her bed. She took it out, examined it to make sure it was still loaded, then crept down the stairs and listened at the door of the library. Soft, light steps were pacing up and down. What on earth could the man want? There was no safe in the library. She stole over to the dining-room. The silver was locked every night in safes concealed behind false doors in the lower part of two immense sideboards. She closed the door and lit the gas. There was no evidence that the room had been visited since Topper had put it in order for the night.

SHE returned to the library door. The man was still pacing. He must be after the furniture and was awaiting the signal of a confederate.

She flung open the door and raised the pistol. "Stick up your hands!" she commanded, recalling the formula.

The room was in complete darkness, but she saw a detached shadow move suddenly forward.

"Don't advance another step!" she cried, and hoped he would be too startled to perceive that her arm wabbled; she must be outlined against the faint light of the hall. "One step more and I'll fire."

The man made a sudden bolt to the right and then a rush at her. She fired, and thought the house was crashing about her ears. But the man came on, and she darted to the other side of the room, realizing her mistake at once; she should have retreated to the hall.

The man's ears were as keen as hers and it was evident he had been neither hit nor deafened. He came straight for her, and she could only hope that he would trip over some piece of furniture.

She dodged behind the center-table and fired again, hoping that even if she could not hit that agile shadow, the servants would be roused by the noise. But they slept in a wing and were cut off from the main house by massive doors. This time she hardly noticed the sound; she heard nothing but the man's heavy breathing.

The shadow was on the opposite side of the table. She was about to fire, confident that this time he could not escape her, when he disappeared. A second later a hand caught her ankle and she was tripped and thrown flat. She had the presence of mind to give a violent lurch and roll behind a chair. But she had no time to rise, for the man had emerged from under the table and was feeling about the floor. She still clutched her pistol. She heard him rise to his feet and move about uncertainly.

If he would only come round the corner of her chair! She felt a cold desire to kill, and would not fire again until he was so close it would be impossible to miss him. But he was standing still, his breath coming in short gasps. Then his breathing stopped altogether, while her own released breath sounded like a wind in her ears. An instant later he had flung the chair aside and was upon her.

She managed to struggle to her feet, but he had his arm about her and was groping for the pistol. She kicked him, and regretted her slippers. But the pistol was her only hope, and even in that iron embrace she managed to duck and writhe and fling herself back. She was as strong as he was! Not for nothing was she an out-of-door girl.

She held her right arm rigidly behind her, twisting him about as well as herself

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

"My Secret of Loveliness?—
*a touch of henna
in the shampoo*
to set off *every* woman's charm
with the richness of *lustrous* hair."

An interview with a Fifth Avenue beauty specialist

ALL New York society finds its way to her, for she is an artist in making women beautiful.

"Tell me," I begged, "*your one rule of beauty that will give every woman charm.*"

"*Make the hair lustrous,*" she said deliberately, "*that is the birth of charm.*"

"But," I protested, "few women can have such wonderfully lustrous hair!"

"You are mistaken. *All women* can have it and the charm it gives. In every woman's hair is a wealth of lustre she has never dreamed of."

"And the secret of bringing it out—"

"Simply — *a touch of henna in the shampoo.* Ah, you do not know henna. Crudely used, it is not without its drawbacks. Artfully used, it is *magic*—so swiftly does it reveal the brilliance in a woman's hair."

"But, is there no change—?"

"None, save a change to greater beauty. I have treated thousands of blondes and thousands of brunettes. Everyone has retained her own natural type. But the *touch of henna in the shampoo* has given their hair a new and luxurious radiance—and their beauty a new appeal."

* * *

THE TOUCH OF HENNA in the clear, delicate, fragrant liquid of Hennafoam Shampoo *is treated to bring out all the lustre of every woman's hair, whether it is blonde, brown or brunette.*

Hennafoam Shampoo blends the *touch of henna* with the pure vegetable oils which stimulate the hair and scalp and make the hair soft and full. The *touch of henna* reveals the gleaming brilliance of each separate hair.

If you would discover all the lustrous loveliness of your hair, begin using Hennafoam Shampoo today.

Hennafoam Shampoo

If you cannot get Hennafoam Shampoo from your dealer, send 50c to the Hennafoam Corp., 511 West 42nd St., New York

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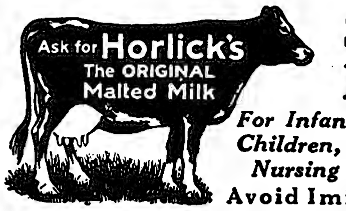

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Almost Over Night

No more blackheads, pimples, freckles or muddiness! Now you can clear your skin of redness, sallowness, liver splotches, moth patches or any blemish.

Make This 3 Minute Test

Three minutes before bedtime smooth some of this cool, fragrant creme upon your skin. The next morning you will be astonished at the way your skin has begun to clear. Send for a jar now—only $1.00. If not delighted and amazed your money will be instantly refunded. Just enclose a $1 bill and address

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THE PICTORIAL REVIEW CO.
7th Avenue and 39th Street
New York City

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Blue=jay is the efficient way to rout a corn. It leaves nothing to your guess-work. You do not have to decide how much or how little to put on. Each plaster is a complete standardized treatment, with just the right amount of the magic medication to end the corn. Simply put on the plaster—it does the rest.

Could you confess a Corn —without embarrassment?

There isn't anything unnatural in one's desire to hide a corn. A corn is undainty. One feels instinctively that it is not a possession a well-bred woman should have. . . . A dainty woman will not tolerate a corn. She is as careful of her feet as of her face. She feels that it is unpardonable to neglect those parts of her body which are usually unseen. . . . Anyone may acquire a corn. . . . But it is bad form to keep one. Especially when Science has provided the way to get rid of it so swiftly, surely and pleasantly. 45,000 druggists have Blue=jay.

Blue=jay

THE QUICK AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

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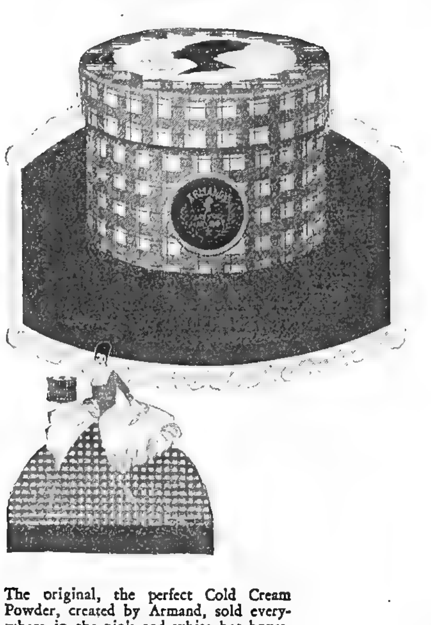
Softer . . . finer . . . much more clinging ARMAND Cold Cream Powder . . . try it



UNTIL you have studied your own reflection and looked carefully at your face both before and after using Armand Cold Cream Powder —you won't wholly appreciate the wonderful difference it makes in your complexion. Rub it carefully into your skin. Notice how it brings out the fresh natural coloring and emphasizes the delicate texture. This powder has in it a magic bit of cold cream that makes it softer, finer, much more clinging than other powders.

The original, the perfect Cold Cream Powder, created by Armand, sold everywhere in the pink and white hat boxes, $1.00 a box. May be mixed with water for evening wear. . . . If you prefer a light-weight powder, Armand Peridore, also $1.00 a box, is ideal. . . . Generous sized guest-room packages of both these powders will be sent you for ten cents (stamps or coin) if you fill out the coupon below, mentioning the tint you wish. Address Armand—Des Moines. Address in Canada, Armand, Ltd., St. Thomas, Ontario.

GUARANTEE: *No matter where purchased, if any Armand product does not entirely please you, you may take it back and your money will be returned.*

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In The · PINK · & · WHITE · BOXES

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I enclose ten cents ☐ stamps ☐ coin. Please send me the guest-room boxes of Armand Cold Cream Powder and Armand Peridore in the tint checked below.
White Pink Creme Brunette Tint Natural
Armand Flame (double brunette)
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Street..
City..................................State.....................

The Crystal Cup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

as he tried to reach her hand. They revolved in absurd gyrations, breathless, speechless. Suddenly his hand grasped her right shoulder and tried to wrench it. She bent down her head and bit him. He gave a hard gasp, then jerked her still more firmly to him, put his hand over her face, forcing back her head, and rained kisses on her neck and throat.

For a moment she had a sensation of paralysis. Not for an instant had she imagined the man was after anything but loot. He had come for her! Or was this revenge? Or a desperate attempt to shock her into submission? She was possessed by such a fury of rage as she had never believed even she could experience.

The man was panting. He took his hand from her face and she felt his lips approaching her own. She butted him in the chest with her head, gave a violent wrench that half freed her, swung round her pistol, and fired. The man dropped without a groan.

For a moment she could not stir; her legs were sinking under her. Then she staggered to the table, felt for matches, and lit the lamp. She stood gasping and panting, not daring to turn her head.

Courage ebbed back. Something must be done. Police. Ambulance. Topper. She started to leave the room. The man groaned, very faintly. Perhaps she'd better put a pillow under his head. She tiptoed back to her fallen assailant, intending to approach him from behind. The word "malingering" occurred to her. And no doubt he had a pistol of his own. And then she stopped and screamed twice. The man lying in his blood was Eustace Bylant.

Some time later she was wondering if she had fainted. She was sitting on a chair, shaking from head to foot, her teeth chattering. Hours seemed to pass. Slowly her blood resumed its even flow, her limbs obeyed her will, and suddenly she laughed.

"So! Caveman stuff! Eustace! And he would have committed hara-kiri before he would have introduced such a scene into one of his novels. What a rotten psychologist, after all!" She felt not the slightest remorse nor stab of pity. But something must be done and at once.

She slipped a pillow under his head and went out to the room under the stairs where the telephone was concealed. She took down the receiver, but stood in doubt. He must have a doctor —but whom? Her grandmother's old physician had retired. She literally did not know the name of a doctor in New Jersey. What on earth should she do? She must consult Topper.

She was starting for the wing, when she turned suddenly and ran back to the cupboard.

Elsie! Of course!

It was five minutes before she could rouse central. Three more before any one in the house on States Avenue could be awakened. But finally a man's voice demanded drowsily:

"Well, what is it, this time of night?"

Gita nearly dropped the receiver. "Dr. Pelham? It can't be you! Is it you?"

The voice sprang to life. "Is that you, Gita?"

"Yes. Come quickly. Don't ask any questions. Bring Elsie. Bring other things."

The voice became cool and alert. "We'll be there in about fifteen minutes."

Gita replaced the receiver on its hook. "What luck! What luck!" But she was trembling once more.

She knew nothing of first aid and she felt she never wanted to look at Eustace again. She hoped she hadn't killed him as she had no desire to be a murderess, even in self-defense. But the violence of that embrace and those kisses had turned her heart into granite. She could feel its weight.

In the August instalment of "The Crystal Cup" (out July 15) events move swiftly and suddenly toward an extraordinary and most unexpected climax. Gita comes perilously close to a double tragedy, and in so doing at last comes face to face with her own long-hidden inner self.

Native Stock

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

"No, we haven't, but that's the crappies, too."

"He means," cried 'Gustus suddenly, "he means the cat's et 'em."

"Why, of course the cat has eaten them," said Pelker in disgust.

Mary Rue's ground was cut away from under her feet. Her transgression grew enormous.

"Well, Mary Rue," gasped Newt, "look what you done—all the Gover'munt fish catfish bait."

Suddenly Mr. Labby bent over in a spasm of silent laughter. He took off his cap to shake his head more freely at the ground. "Mary Rue! Mary Rue! Had Jim Pelker work a year an' a half with the Gover'munt to feed a mess of blooded minners to a Hardin's Creek catfish!" He smote the ground with his cap.

"Oh, hush! Hush, Pa," pleaded Mary Rue, with tears brightening her muscadine eyes. "Maybe they's some more left in there," she offered weakly; "they's bound to be some left." She turned and went back to the pond in a dubious effort to locate some of these many fish.

The men stood and watched her with the sardonic forbearance with which all men treat the notions of all women. Mary Rue knelt down and peered into the murky pond as if looking for a dime she had dropped in accidentally.

The lawyer waited in silence for Mary Rue to convict and hang herself. He felt that he had gone through ordeals to obtain those crappies, and now to have them flung away like that!

"Here! Here, 'Gustus!" cried Mary Rue suddenly. "Run here quick! Here they are, just as good as ever!"

The boy went flying down to the pond, and even the men caught hope and came walking down.

Gus went creeping up to Mary Rue and peered in over her shoulder to where she pointed. He nodded silently and took off his cap. He knelt by inches, inserted his cap into the brown water, moved it gently, then suddenly jerked it up. He brought up a capful of water, which Mary Rue eagerly inspected.

"There's two of 'em!" she rejoiced. "An' a lot of 'em got away, didn't they, 'Gustus? You saw 'em, 'Gustus!"

"Yeh, lots of 'em!" cried 'Gustus, getting one of the minnows in his fingers and turning on his sister in disgust.

"Well, Mary Rue, you've gone an' done it!" His tone told her he was no longer an ally.

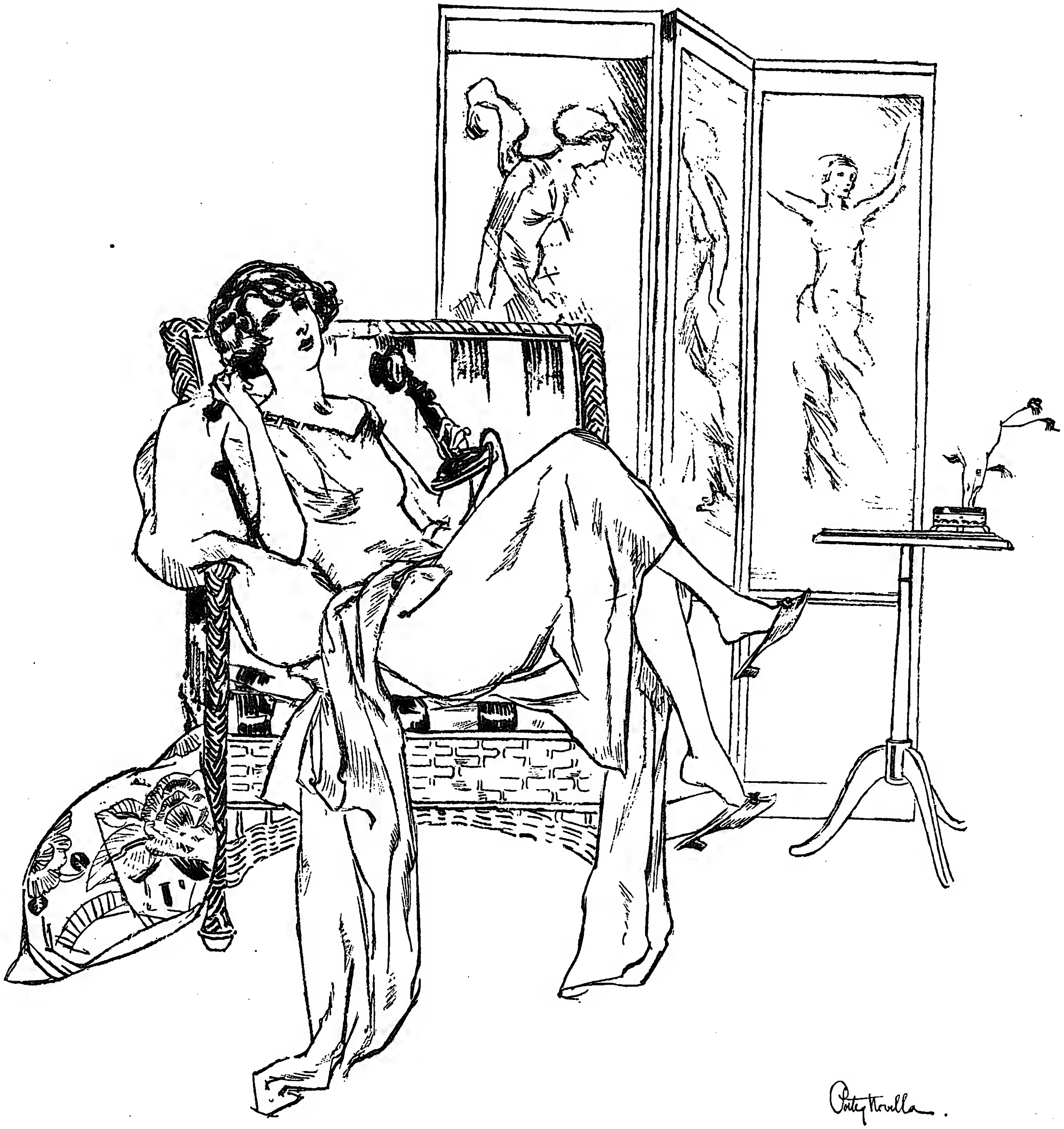
"Done what?" demanded the girl.

"Why, you got hold of an ol' sow fish, I guess, an' you've jest ruint ever'thing. Why, you couldn't strain these little cats out of this pond with a meal-sifter!"

The men stared. Suddenly Mr. Labby gave a croak, and began beating the ground with his cap.

The incident of the catfish depressed the whole party with the exception of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68



HARRIET: *"No, my mind is made up—I never want to see him again."*

{ Listerine used as a mouth-wash quickly overcomes halitosis (unpleasant breath). }

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Freckles Removed
Secretly and Quickly

NO matter how freckled, muddy or blotchy your complexion may be, it is naturally clear and white.

One jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream will prove it to you. Freckles, tan, sallowness, vanish away under the magic of this cool, fragrant cream. It has a double action. Freckles are gently bleached out and at the same time your skin is whitened, softened and refined. Safe, harmless and can be applied secretly at night. The fact that it has been used the world over for 35 years is its best recommendation.

Fair skins constantly grow worse unless something is done. Freckles are caused by strong summer light which tends to age and wrinkle the complexion as well as discolor it. Stillman's Freckle Cream will make you look younger, more radiant, and restore that peachbloom look.

Costs Nothing If You Are Not Pleased

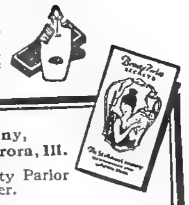
You were not born with freckles—why put off regaining the milky white skin that nature gave you? Stillman's Freckle Cream is guaranteed to remove freckles or money refunded. Two sizes, $1 and 50c at druggists and department stores.

Send for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and let us tell you what your type needs to look best. We are giving $1.50 bottle of perfume free to each girl who buys $3 worth of Stillman's toilet articles in 1925, other than freckle cream. Mail coupon now.

Stillman's Freckle Cream *Double Action*
REMOVES FRECKLES
WHITENS THE SKIN

First thing people notice are your freckles.
Socially, freckles hurt a girl's popularity.
Pretty clothes can't conceal your freckles.

This $1.50 bottle of perfume given free to each girl who uses $3 worth of Stillman toilet articles in 1925, other than freckle cream.



The Stillman Company,
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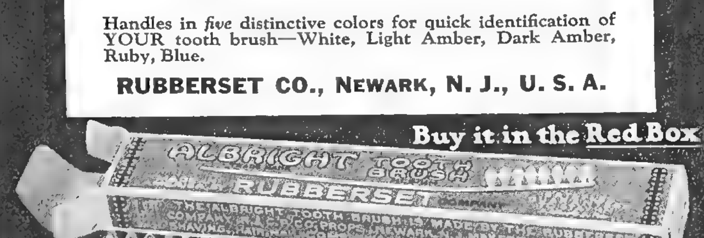

Native Stock

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

Mr. Labby, who followed the others up to the cabin, making an occasional gesture of mirth.

The group pursued their way up a long hillside completely covered with mighty boulders. In the midst of this stony Hinnom stood Newt's cabin, weathered to the same wasp-nest's gray as the rocks. It had two rooms, a living-room and a kitchen. Mary Rue and 'Gustus took the fish around to the kitchen, and the men climbed a long flight of openwork steps that led to the house.

They crossed the narrow and rattling porch, and entered the living-room. This contained three things: an ancient square piano with the works taken out and the case changed into a kind of inordinate table; a bed, dropsical from an enormous tick of feathers; and a huge fireplace and hearth. On the wall hung a dim lithograph of "Custer's Last Stand."

Newt resurrected some embers on the hearth and set about building a fire in the chill room. As he came and went with logs, Mr. Labby regaled his companion with an extraordinary anecdote about a "hawg dawg" which held the rather aimless absurdity which marked all of his tales. The story gradually became a drone in Pelker's ears as he drifted into the pensive, intimate mood which this hill cabin always held for him.

It seemed to him that a certain profound inability to complete anything hung about the hands of these hill-folk from whom he had sprung. Well, he would leave it all. He would go North, away from this indecision and supineness. He had determined on that.

'Gustus poked his head in the door and announced that Mary Rue said, "Come on," which meant that supper was ready. The three men went out on the little porch, used a small tin pan to wash their faces and wet down their hair, dried ineffectively on a sourish-smelling towel, and filed into the kitchen with a certain moist dignity. Even Mr. Labby was serious, for no matter how jocular a hillman may be normally, a meal is a solemn and a rather difficult rite. Certain ill-defined formalities haunt the occasion.

A fat hillwoman called Dutch cooked for Newt. Mary Rue was a casual helper who came over from her father's tenant-house when the spirit moved her, and helped Dutch with a meal. Mary Rue always helped when Pelker came on a visit because, after all, a country lawyer is somebody.

THE four men ate by themselves. Neither the woman nor the girl sat at the table, but hovered near, ready to serve them.

The gauntness of a meal eaten by men alone reimpressed Pelker. He thought that even the woman called Dutch with her blurry features would have humanized the board, and to sup with Mary Rue would be dining with a bowl of flowers on the table.

The men were eating silently when 'Gustus interrupted the rite to say:

"Well, Mary Rue, your catfish is good anyway."

A certain defense must have been accumulating in Mary Rue under considerable moral pressure, for 'Gustus's remark touched her off at once.

"Well, I kaint see what I done noway. You men-folks keep takin' on so. They ain't no fish no better'n cat. It's crisp an' tender an' ain't got a sign of a bone. Your old pond is plum stocked up with little cat, and I don't see you have no cause to grumble. You shore ain't eatin' 'em like you hated 'em."

This was a very feminine attack, concrete and practical. The men stirred in their chairs and essayed to get back on abstract grounds where the masculine intellect functions best. Newt said:

"Mary Rue, it's the trouble we took."

"What you take it for? Besides, if you've got what you want, what's the use of traipsing off after something you don't know whether you want or not?"

There was no hypothetical aura about Mary Rue's mind. When Newt launched an argument with her, he struck the hard soil of facts. The owner of the cabin looked around at Pelker to represent his sex.

Pelker, at the moment, was dispatching a most savory bite of catfish, but, lawyer-like, was prepared to argue against it. When he had cleared his vocal apparatus he wisely addressed himself to Newt.

"Newt," he said, "it's simply trying to introduce new and better varieties of everything into our county. I've never tasted crappie, but the Government man said that was what we ought to grow, and it isn't likely that an expert wouldn't know something about it."

This appeal to precedent left Mary Rue without a rejoinder. The verdict decidedly had gone against her. But every one understood intuitively that the woman called Dutch had taken sides with Mary Rue, and now lay prostrate with her leader, altho she had not said a word during the whole discussion.

PRESENTLY the lawyer shifted the subject. "How's your Poland-Chinas getting on, Newt?"

"Why, fine, fine," mumbled Newt.

"They go trailin' off with them razorbacks half the time," exposed 'Gustus.

Newt looked at 'Gustus uncomfortably. "Well, that don't hurt 'em none, does it, 'Gustus?"

Pelker stared at Newt. "Why, they'll mix!" he exclaimed.

"We-ell, I wanted 'em to have the mast," defended Newt feebly.

"Turn them on the mast," expostulated Pelker, "and sell off your razorbacks."

Newt batted his eyes, then glanced around at Mary Rue. The girl answered respectfully but with spirit.

"Pol'n'-Chinys don't eat as good as razorbacks, Mr. Pelker."

The lawyer looked into Mary Rue's very earnest muscadine eyes. "Don't eat as well. Certainly they don't eat as much. But they get big and fat on a very little food, and a razorback stays poor in a corn-field. That's the very reason the razorback should be exterminated. Poland-Chinas are machines to accumulate fat."

"I mean," restated Mary Rue, "that they don't taste as good as razorbacks."

"Don't taste as well!"

"No, they don't!" asserted the girl warmly. "Why, in all the finest Chicago hotels they won't eat nothin' but hams from razorbacks caught in the Tennessee hills. They say they taste better'n any other ham in the world."

Mary Rue's pronouncement was a well-known article of faith in the hill country, which for the moment had slipped Mr. Pelker's mind. Now that it was recalled it must be accepted as final. The lawyer might doubt it personally, but for him to have lifted his voice against this wide-spread tradition of the exquisiteness of razorback ham once it reached a Chicago hotel would have been folly.

"And, besides that, Jim, the Pol'n'-Chiny don't take to the mast like the razorbacks do, and I thought if I could kinder mix the two—" Newt left his sentence in suspense, for he knew he was broaching heresy from Mr. Pelker's pure-stock standpoint.

But the lawyer said nothing. He sat silently considering this kitchen full of these, his own people, who would begin anything and finish nothing. He hardly knew how to phrase the concern which lay at his heart. He hardly knew where to begin.

"Newt," he said finally, "this matter

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

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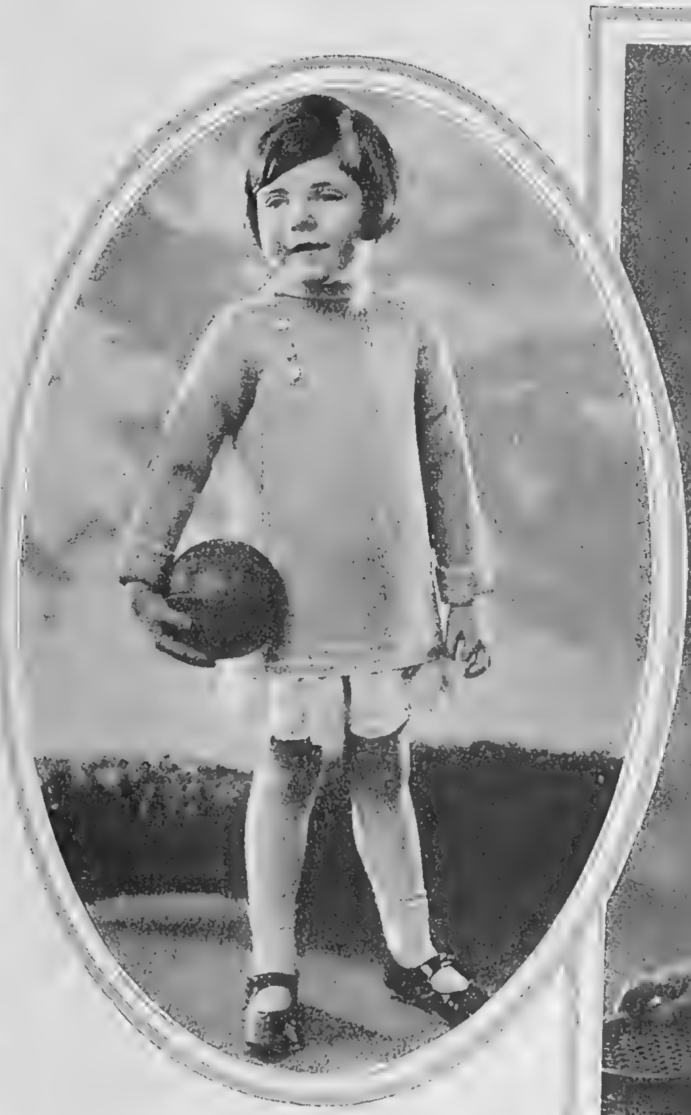
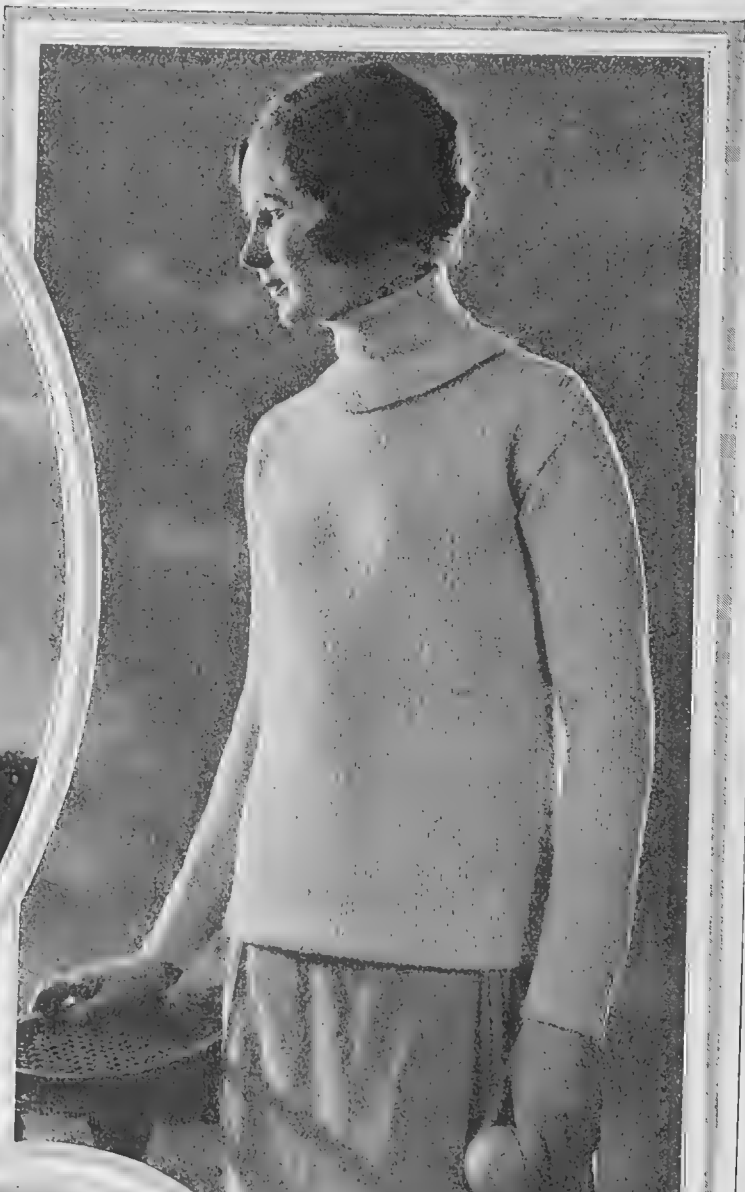
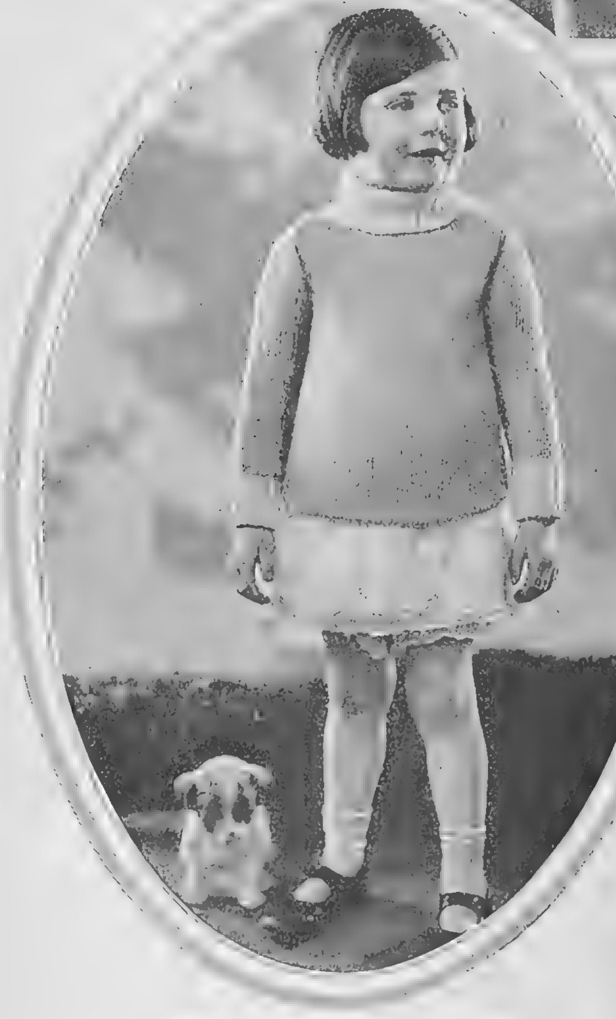
The New Turtle-Neck Sweater Is Smartest for Sports



Turtle-Neck Sweater for a Young Miss—No. 370



The Popular Turtle-Neck Sweater No. 369



Turtle-Neck in Contrasting Color—No. 371

THE high turtle-neck collared sweater has arrived in sports fashions. It is enormously popular on the golf links, the tennis court, at the beaches and mountain resorts for motoring, boating, and hiking worn with a short-length sports skirt or with knickers. In keeping with the snug-fitting collar are the long and close-fitting sleeves to the wrist. The colors selected for the turtle-neck sweater are vivid and gay. Their severe simplicity reflects the general tendency for mannish effects in sports wear, which is so pronounced this season. For the younger members of the family this style of sweater is also strongly in evidence. It will prove to be a very comfortable addition to the small girl's wardrobe for cool mornings in the country, for motor trips and to slip over a wet bathing suit at the beach.

The Pictorial Review Company's Ladies' Knitted Sweater No. 369, designed in sizes 36 and 38 bust, requires 12 balls Spanish yarn—one pair No. 4 bone knitting needles—1 pair No. 2 steel needles. Knitting directions will be forwarded on receipt of 15 cents.

The Pictorial Review Company's Child's Knitted Sweater No. 371, designed for 4 to 6 years, requires 5 balls blue Shetland floss—2 balls white Shetland floss—1 pair No. 4 bone needles. Knitting directions will be forwarded on receipt of 15 cents.

The Pictorial Review Company's Child's Knitted Sweater No. 370, designed for 4 to 6 years, requires 6 balls yellow Saxony yarn—1 ball white Saxony yarn—1 pair No. 4 bone needles. Knitting directions will be forwarded on receipt of 15 cents.

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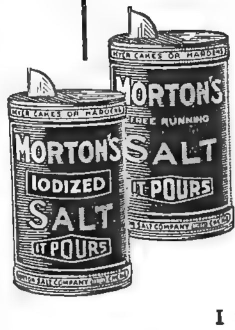

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WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS

MORTON'S SALT

Native Stock

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

of stock really goes a lot deeper than we have been talking. All of you know you must introduce fresh blood into a strain to keep it up. Well, that goes for folks as well as stock, and it's my opinion, Newt, that the same thing that's wrong with our stock is wrong with our people."

Every one in the kitchen was listening intently to this new tangent in the lawyer's talk.

"In our *people?*" echoed Newt incredulously.

"Yes, our own people; that's the trouble. Do you know what makes the North stay ahead of the South, Newt—it's got a lot of new strains of folks in it; that's why."

"D' reckon that's so, Jim?" cried 'Gustus, round-eyed.

"Certainly, folks have got to be crossed to do well. Take Spain when she was conquering the new—" A feeling for the limitation of his audience stopped this illustration. "Look at the million immigrants a year pouring into our Northern States. New blood, new ideas from every land cross and recross. And what about us folks down here in the hills? We've been intermarrying among ourselves ever since our daddies fought the British at Kings Mountain. That's why we don't progress at all; that's why you don't keep up your Poland-Chinas and your Herefords and your fish. You're played out, Newt. Labby's played out. I'm played out. We're all played out."

MEN and women were listening to the lawyer with concentrated eyes now that he had touched on this vital topic of human breeding.

Newt gave a blank little laugh. "Well, what is there to do about that? Do you want me to give up my farm to a Yankee an' git out o' here?"

Mr. Pelker laid down his knife and fork and reached deliberately into an inner pocket. "Newt," he began again, "you're a bachelor. You own about fifteen hundred acres of good timber, which you're wasting, besides your clearings, live stock, and houses. A Yankee could take your start and make something, but you just drag along, let your fences fall down, your pure-blood stock run to scrub, lose your Government fish, because, as I say, you've run out yourself."

"Yeh," agreed Newt mechanically, wondering what was coming next.

Mr. Pelker drew from an inner pocket a small newspaper.

"Here's the only way out that I see," he said, pushing his plate aside and spreading the paper on the table.

Every one tried to see the paper. "What is it, Jim?" "What you got?"

The lawyer explained what he had. There was a sensation. "Do you mean," cried Mary Rue in a high voice, "that any woman actually puts down her name in a newspaper an' says she wants to git married to *anybody?*"

"They might as well say it as think it all the time," retorted 'Gustus from some inner wisdom. "Say, lemme see that, Jim," he added, reaching for the sheet.

"Well, I wouldn't *say* it!" stressed Mary Rue with flashing eyes. She looked fixedly at the lawyer. "What are you going to do with that paper, Mr. Pelker?"

From somewhere back in the kitchen came Dutch's husky whisper, "Air they any men-folks in it?" But no one heard her.

"Newt ought to marry," proceeded Mr. Pelker grimly. "He ought to marry some woman away from here. Now, here's a list of women from Maine to Florida—" The attorney bent down over the paper, running a thick finger down the columns. "For instance, here's a widow, thirty-eight, two lovely children, blue eyes, brown hair, amiable disposition——"

"Uh, well, I don't see nothing in that!" grunted 'Gustus, stretching at full length for the paper across the table. "Lemme see it, Jim."

Newt was staring at the journal from where he sat.

"It's shameful! Shameful!" cried Mary Rue with a flushed face.

The heavy, blurred-featury Dutch was peering over Mr. Pelker's shoulder with a strained look on her face.

The lawyer brought the matter to an issue after the use of his profession. "How old a woman do you want anyway, Newt?" he asked matter-of-factly.

"Why—about—twenty-three," hazarded Newt, rather bewildered.

"Blonde or brunette?"

"Why, godfrey's cordial, Jim! Who ever heard of a man callin' his card like that? You got to take the run of the deck."

"A man does have to take the run of the deck, and it's a mighty slim deck he's got to run from in a settlement like this with only six or eight girls to choose from. Plagued little choice. But look at this paper. Here are columns and columns of 'em. They're from all over the United States and some even from Canada. You really got a market to select from. Now, what do you want—a blonde or a brunette?"

"We-ell," dragged out Newt, unable to evade a choice any longer, "I reckon you can make it a bru—no, let it be a blonde; they look cleaner."

"Blonde." Mr. Pelker took his order, running his finger along a column.

Apparently there was a brisk offering of twenty-three-year-old blondes, for Mr. Pelker moved his finger only a little way when he read:

> I am a blonde, twenty-three years old, five feet four inches tall, weigh one hundred and thirty-five; not beautiful but good-looking; domestic, and of a sunshiny disposition. I would like to correspond with a man not over thirty-one. Object matrimony.

"Of all things!" gasped Mary Rue, biting her lips.

The heavy woman called Dutch was visibly spelling out some words over the lawyer's shoulder. Her face wore a strained look.

"It won't hurt anything to write her, Newt," suggested Pelker; "won't have to marry her just from writing."

"Why, no-o-o," admitted Newt dubiously.

Mary Rue sniffed angrily. "I'll bet she's as fat as Dutch!"

"She kain't be," defended Newt at once. "She's only a hundred an' thirty-five. How much do you weigh, Dutch?"

Dutch said nothing, but closed her moving lips and backed slowly away to the other side of the stove.

There was a pause, then Newt said, "Well, what's her name anyway, Jim?"

"Eva Lindstrom, R. F. D. 3, Landers Mills, Wisconsin."

No matter what may be said, the moment held its dramatic implications. Even Mr. Labby became sober.

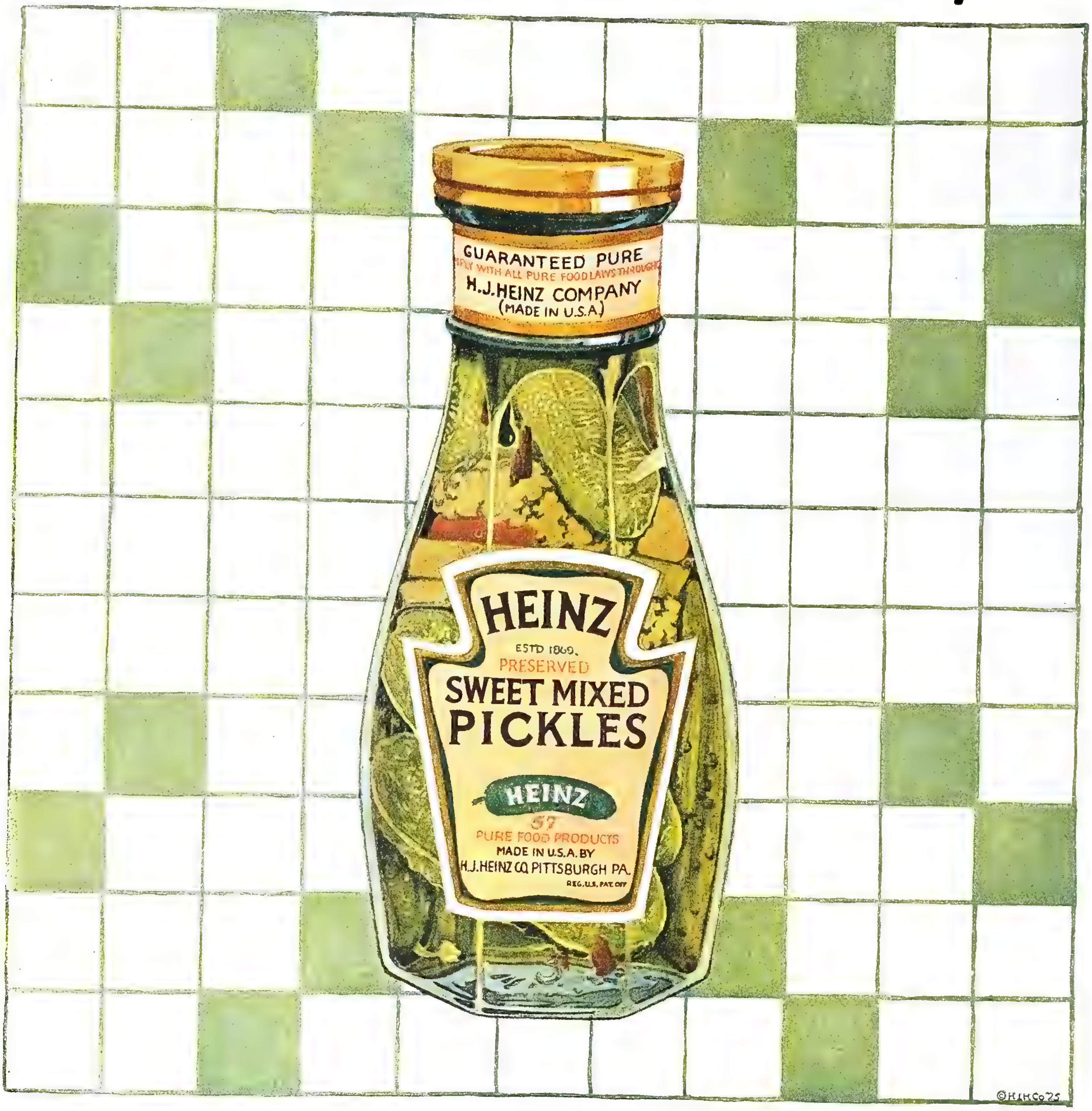
"Let's go in the other room and get her off a letter," suggested Mr. Pelker, rising from the table.

A COMPOSITE letter to Miss Eva Lindstrom, object matrimony, was written by the four men in the living-room while the women washed the dishes in the kitchen. It took them about an hour to do it. When it was finished it resembled a lost, strayed, or stolen bill of a runaway steer skilfully blended with the tax-collector's list of Newt Barnett's real and personal property. No such epithet as "sunshiny disposition" or "pleasing personal appearance" softened its austerity. The lawyer made it a catalog of facts and figures—take it or leave it.

When it was all written out in the positive hand of a country lawyer, stamped,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

A word of five letters that means fifty-seven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TODAY women are using Lux all over the house!

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Lux left their hands so smooth and soft—they tried its big brimming suds for washing dishes. Gone were the rough, red, dishpan hands!

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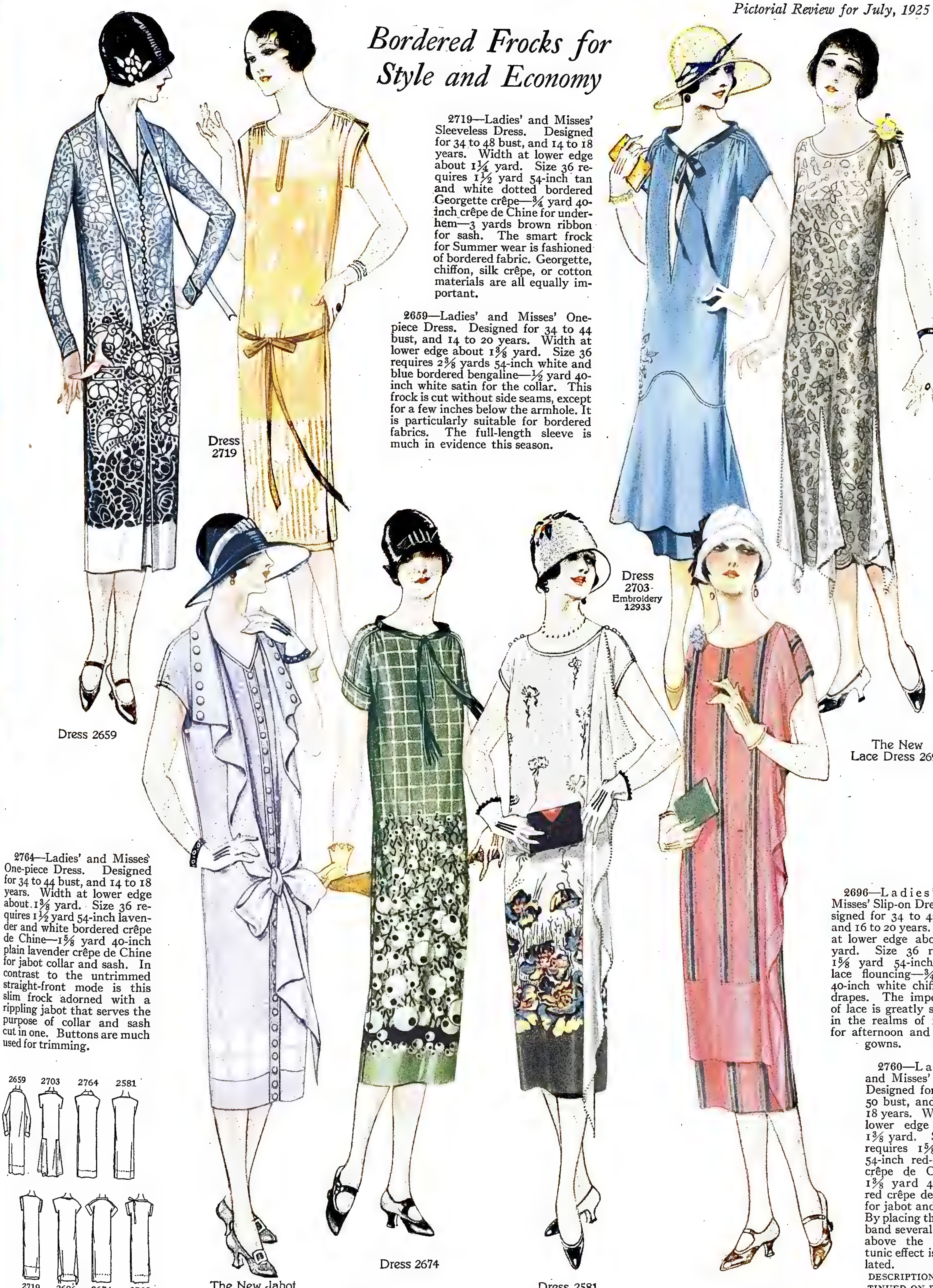
Bordered Frocks for Style and Economy



2719—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 54-inch tan and white dotted bordered Georgette crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for underhem—3 yards brown ribbon for sash. The smart frock for Summer wear is fashioned of bordered fabric. Georgette, chiffon, silk crêpe, or cotton materials are all equally important.

2659—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch white and blue bordered bengaline—½ yard 40-inch white satin for the collar. This frock is cut without side seams, except for a few inches below the armhole. It is particularly suitable for bordered fabrics. The full-length sleeve is much in evidence this season.

2764—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 54-inch lavender and white bordered crêpe de Chine—1⅝ yard 40-inch plain lavender crêpe de Chine for jabot collar and sash. In contrast to the untrimmed straight-front mode is this slim frock adorned with a rippling jabot that serves the purpose of collar and sash cut in one. Buttons are much used for trimming.

2696—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch black lace flouncing—¾ yard 40-inch white chiffon for drapes. The importance of lace is greatly stressed in the realms of fashion for afternoon and dinner gowns.

2760—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch red-striped crêpe de Chine—1⅜ yard 40-inch red crêpe de Chine for jabot and band. By placing this wide band several inches above the hem a tunic effect is simulated.

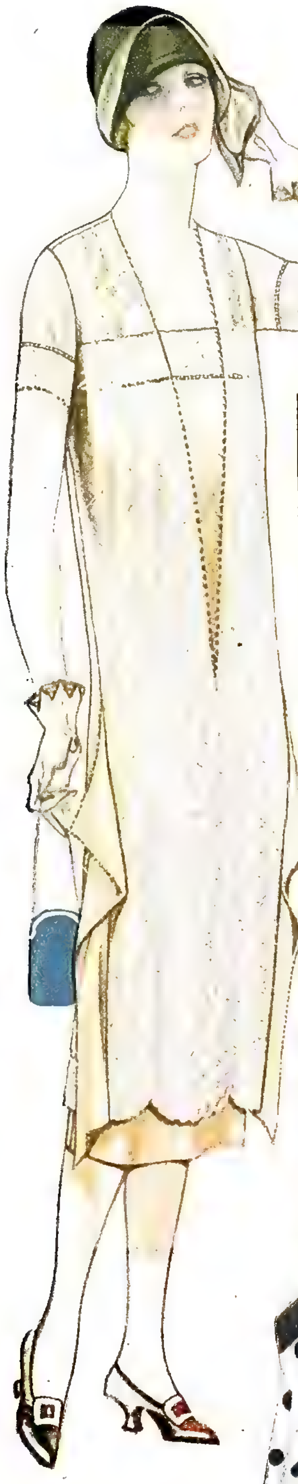
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

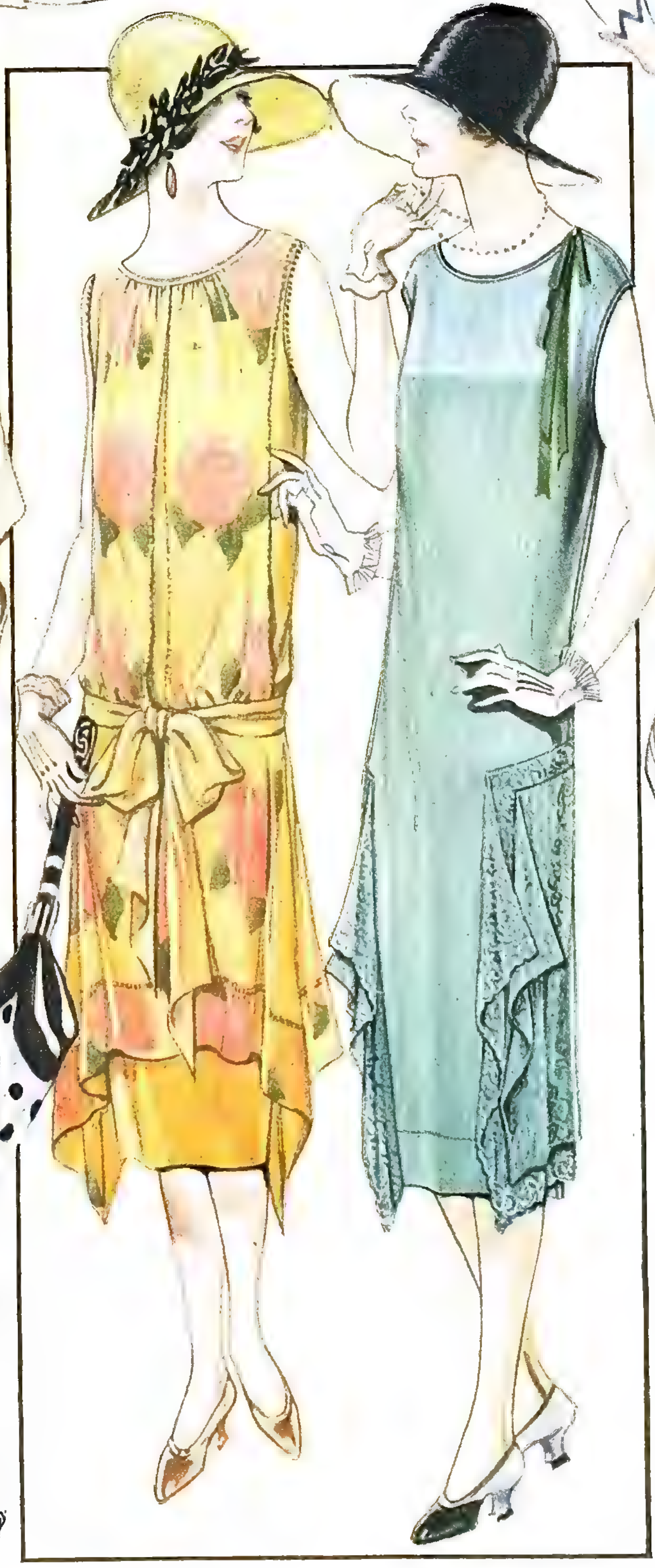
Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Lace Captures Mid-Summer Fancy

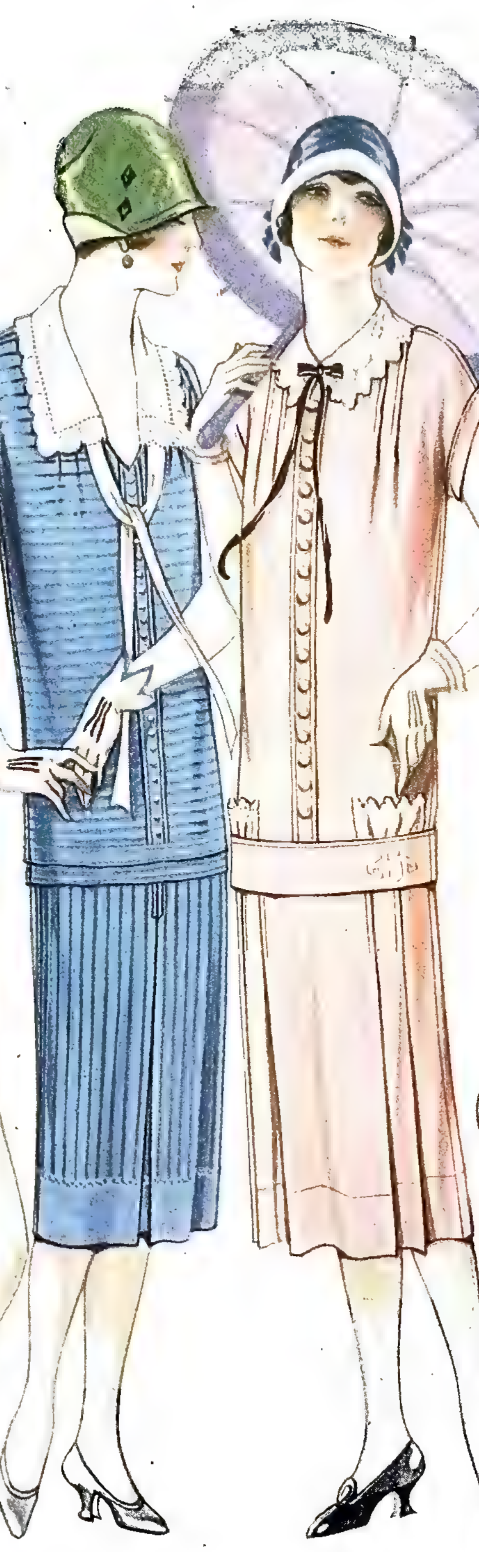
2757—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch white lace flouncing—2¾ yards 40-inch tan Georgette crêpe for slip and side drapes—1 yard tan ribbon for shoulder straps—⅜ yard 36-inch white all-over lace for sleeves—2 yards white lace banding for cuffs and to edge slip. Lace has achieved a pronounced place in the Summer mode. Sometimes it is dyed to match the underslip, but in this case the soft tan of the Georgette underslip makes a pleasing contrast showing through the transparent lace.

2738—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 42 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch green chiffon—1½ yard 23-inch green lace flouncing—1¾ yard green ribbon. The double tunic is stitched across the back of dress and extends past the underarm seams to the front, hanging in cascade effect on either side.

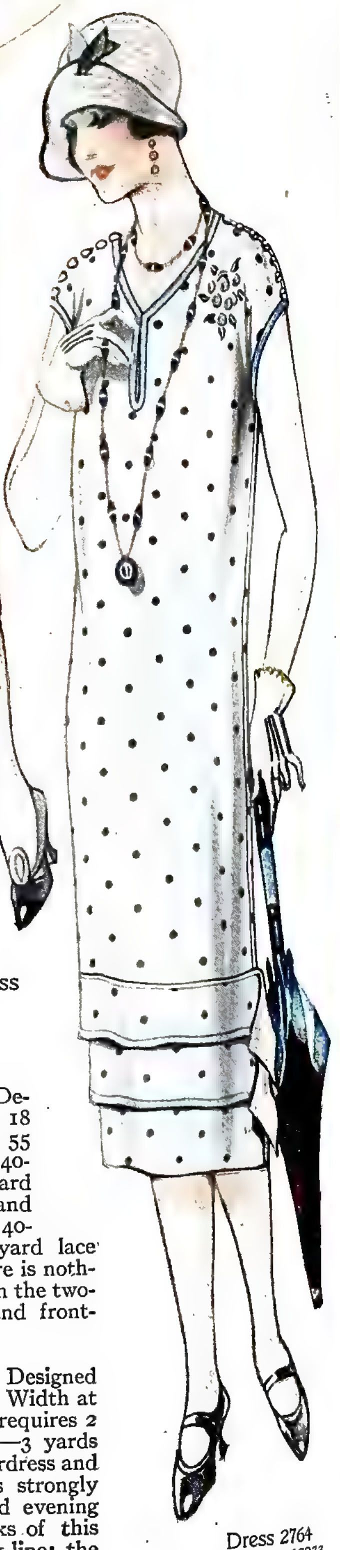

The New
Lace Frock 2757

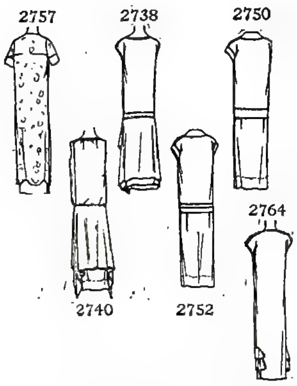

Dress 2740

Dress 2738


The New
Two-Piece Dress
2752

The New
Two-Piece Dress
2750
Monogram 540


Dress 2764
Embroidery 12933



2752—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 55 inches. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch self-striped blue Georgette—⅞ yard 40-inch plain blue Georgette to band skirt, cuffs, and blouse front—¼ yard 40-inch white Georgette for collar—1 yard lace edging—1¼ yard 36-inch lining. There is nothing more popular in Summer styles than the two-piece dress, consisting of a blouse and front-plaited skirt attached to a bodice.

2740—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 44 inches. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch yellow flowered chiffon—3 yards 40-inch yellow crêpe de Chine for underdress and sash. The trend of Summer fabrics strongly stresses chiffon for the afternoon and evening frocks. The applied fronts and backs of this frock are gathered at the oval neck-line; the two-piece tunics are attached to the applied fronts, falling in graceful points at the sides.

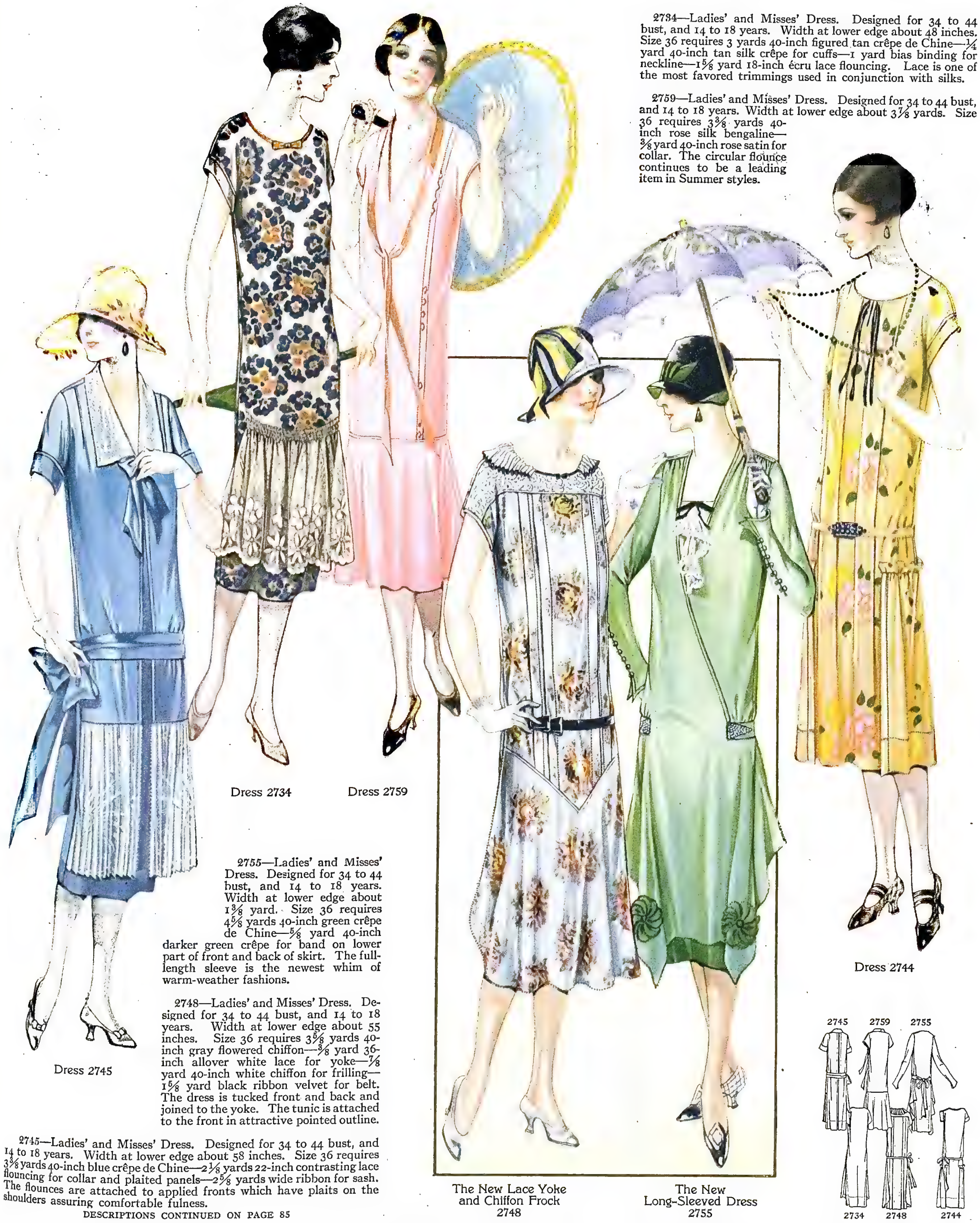
2764—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch dotted white crêpe de Chine—¾ yard 40-inch blue silk cut bias to face bands on skirt and bind neckline and sleeves. Embroidery design No. 12933 decorates the shoulder in floral effect.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

Portraying Frocks of Lace and Chiffon and the New Long Sleeve

2734—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 48 inches. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch figured tan crêpe de Chine—¼ yard 40-inch tan silk crêpe for cuffs—1 yard bias binding for neckline—1⅝ yard 18-inch écru lace flouncing. Lace is one of the most favored trimmings used in conjunction with silks.

2759—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 3⅞ yards. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch rose silk bengaline—⅜ yard 40-inch rose satin for collar. The circular flounce continues to be a leading item in Summer styles.



Dress 2734

Dress 2759

Dress 2744

Dress 2745

The New Lace Yoke
and Chiffon Frock
2748

The New
Long-Sleeved Dress
2755

2755—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch green crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 40-inch darker green crêpe for band on lower part of front and back of skirt. The full-length sleeve is the newest whim of warm-weather fashions.

2748—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 55 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch gray flowered chiffon—⅜ yard 36-inch allover white lace for yoke—⅛ yard 40-inch white chiffon for frilling—1⅝ yard black ribbon velvet for belt. The dress is tucked front and back and joined to the yoke. The tunic is attached to the front in attractive pointed outline.

2745—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 58 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch blue crêpe de Chine—2⅛ yards 22-inch contrasting lace flouncing for collar and plaited panels—2⅝ yards wide ribbon for sash. The flounces are attached to applied fronts which have plaits on the shoulders assuring comfortable fulness.

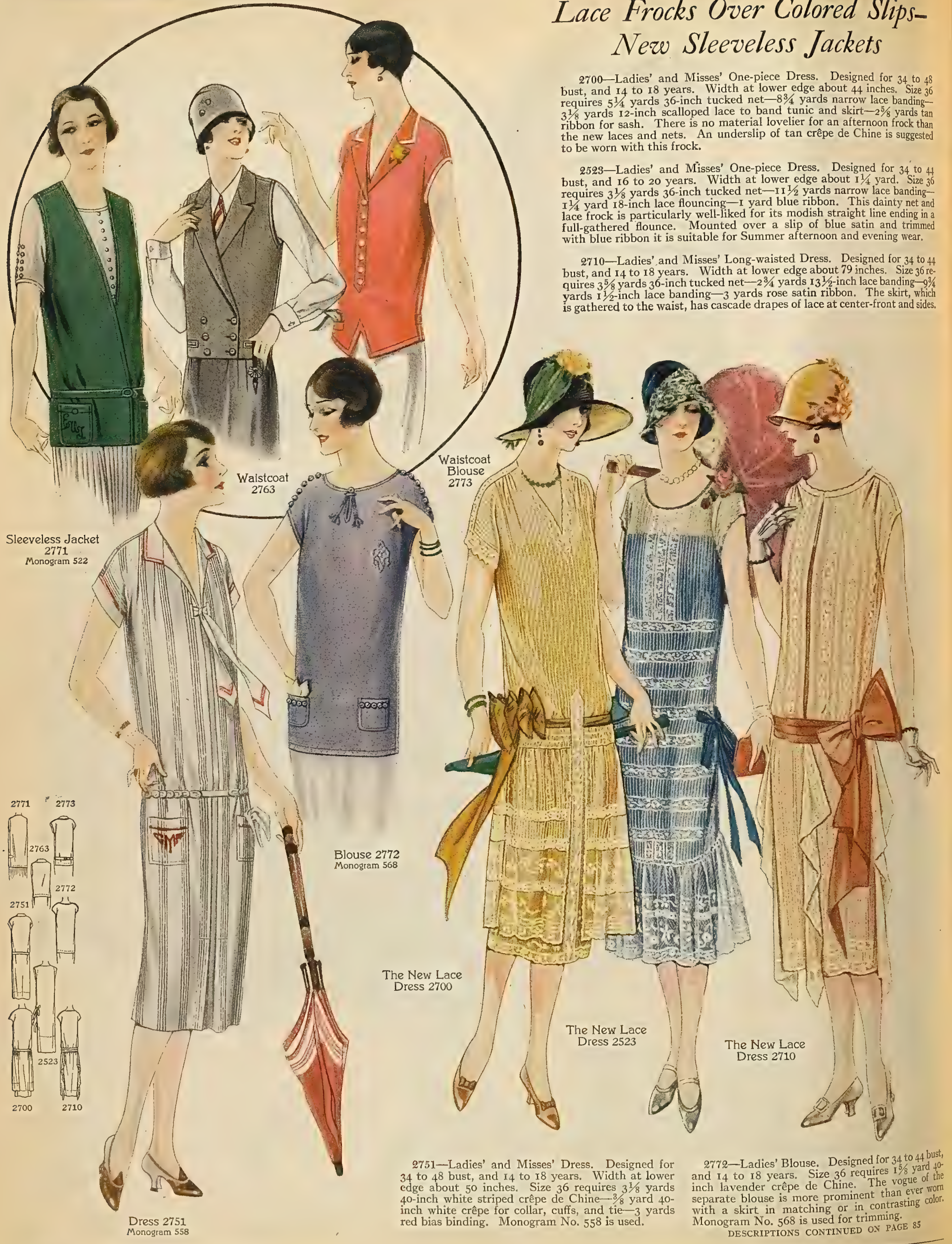
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

Lace Frocks Over Colored Slips— New Sleeveless Jackets

2700—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 44 inches. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch tucked net—8¾ yards narrow lace banding—3⅛ yards 12-inch scalloped lace to band tunic and skirt—2⅝ yards tan ribbon for sash. There is no material lovelier for an afternoon frock than the new laces and nets. An underslip of tan crêpe de Chine is suggested to be worn with this frock.

2523—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch tucked net—11½ yards narrow lace banding—1¼ yard 18-inch lace flouncing—1 yard blue ribbon. This dainty net and lace frock is particularly well-liked for its modish straight line ending in a full-gathered flounce. Mounted over a slip of blue satin and trimmed with blue ribbon it is suitable for Summer afternoon and evening wear.

2710—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 79 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch tucked net—2¾ yards 13½-inch lace banding—9¾ yards 1½-inch lace banding—3 yards rose satin ribbon. The skirt, which is gathered to the waist, has cascade drapes of lace at center-front and sides.



Waistcoat 2763

Sleeveless Jacket 2771
Monogram 522

Waistcoat Blouse 2773

Blouse 2772
Monogram 568

Dress 2751
Monogram 558

The New Lace Dress 2700

The New Lace Dress 2523

The New Lace Dress 2710

2751—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 50 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch white striped crêpe de Chine—⅜ yard 40-inch white crêpe for collar, cuffs, and tie—3 yards red bias binding. Monogram No. 558 is used.

2772—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch lavender crêpe de Chine. The vogue of the separate blouse is more prominent than ever worn with a skirt in matching or in contrasting color. Monogram No. 568 is used for trimming.

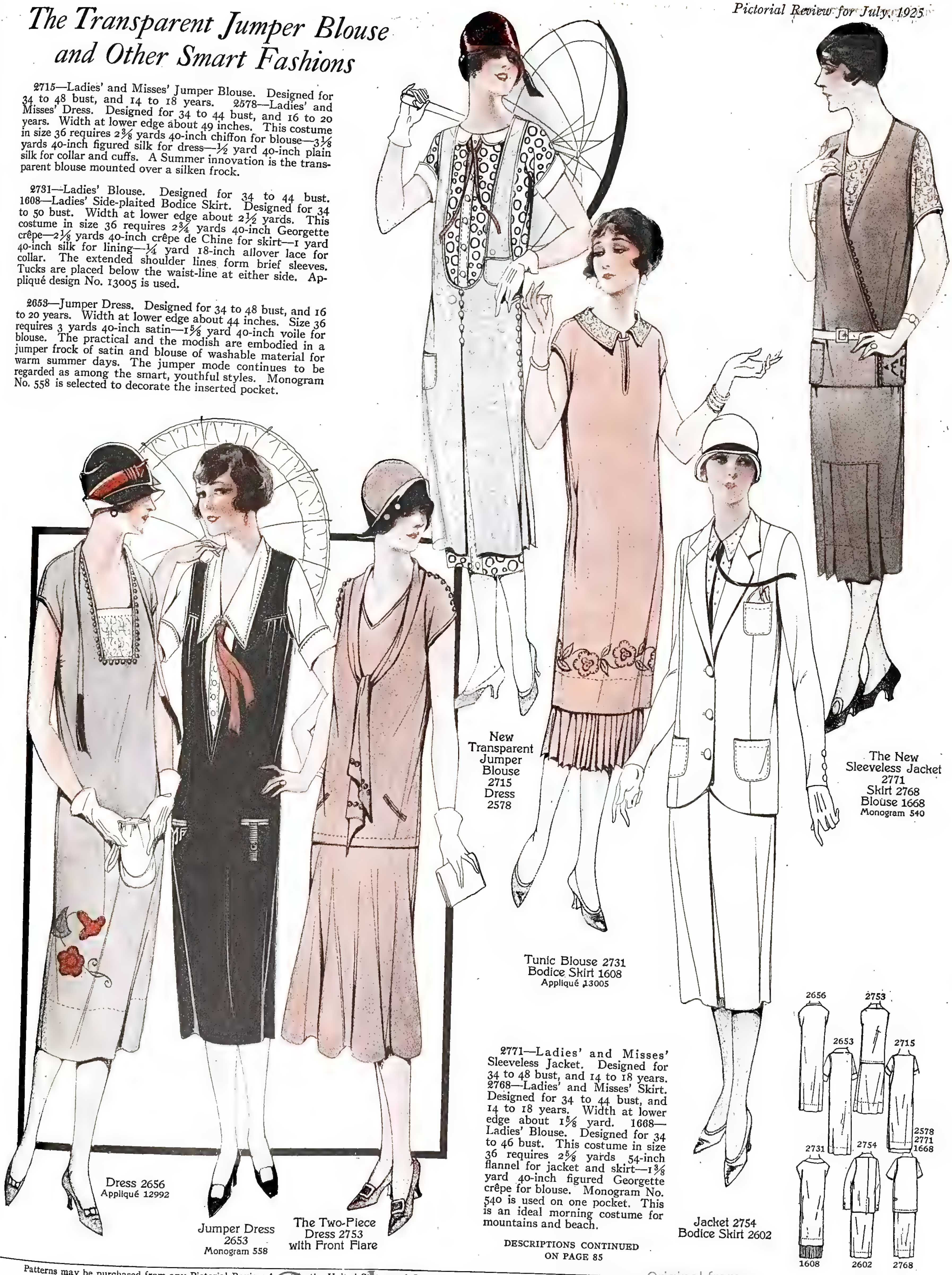
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

The Transparent Jumper Blouse and Other Smart Fashions

2715—Ladies' and Misses' Jumper Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 18 years. 2578—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 49 inches. This costume in size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch chiffon for blouse—3⅛ yards 40-inch figured silk for dress—½ yard 40-inch plain silk for collar and cuffs. A Summer innovation is the transparent blouse mounted over a silken frock.

2731—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 1608—Ladies' Side-plaited Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. This costume in size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for skirt—1 yard 40-inch silk for lining—¼ yard 18-inch allover lace for collar. The extended shoulder lines form brief sleeves. Tucks are placed below the waist-line at either side. Appliqué design No. 13005 is used.

2653—Jumper Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 44 inches. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch satin—1⅝ yard 40-inch voile for blouse. The practical and the modish are embodied in a jumper frock of satin and blouse of washable material for warm summer days. The jumper mode continues to be regarded as among the smart, youthful styles. Monogram No. 558 is selected to decorate the inserted pocket.



New Transparent Jumper Blouse 2715 Dress 2578

The New Sleeveless Jacket 2771 Skirt 2768 Blouse 1668 Monogram 540

Tunic Blouse 2731 Bodice Skirt 1608 Appliqué 13005

Dress 2656 Appliqué 12992

Jumper Dress 2653 Monogram 558

The Two-Piece Dress 2753 with Front Flare

Jacket 2754 Bodice Skirt 2602

2771—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 18 years. 2768—Ladies' and Misses' Skirt. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. 1668—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. This costume in size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch flannel for jacket and skirt—1⅜ yard 40-inch figured Georgette crêpe for blouse. Monogram No. 540 is used on one pocket. This is an ideal morning costume for mountains and beach.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

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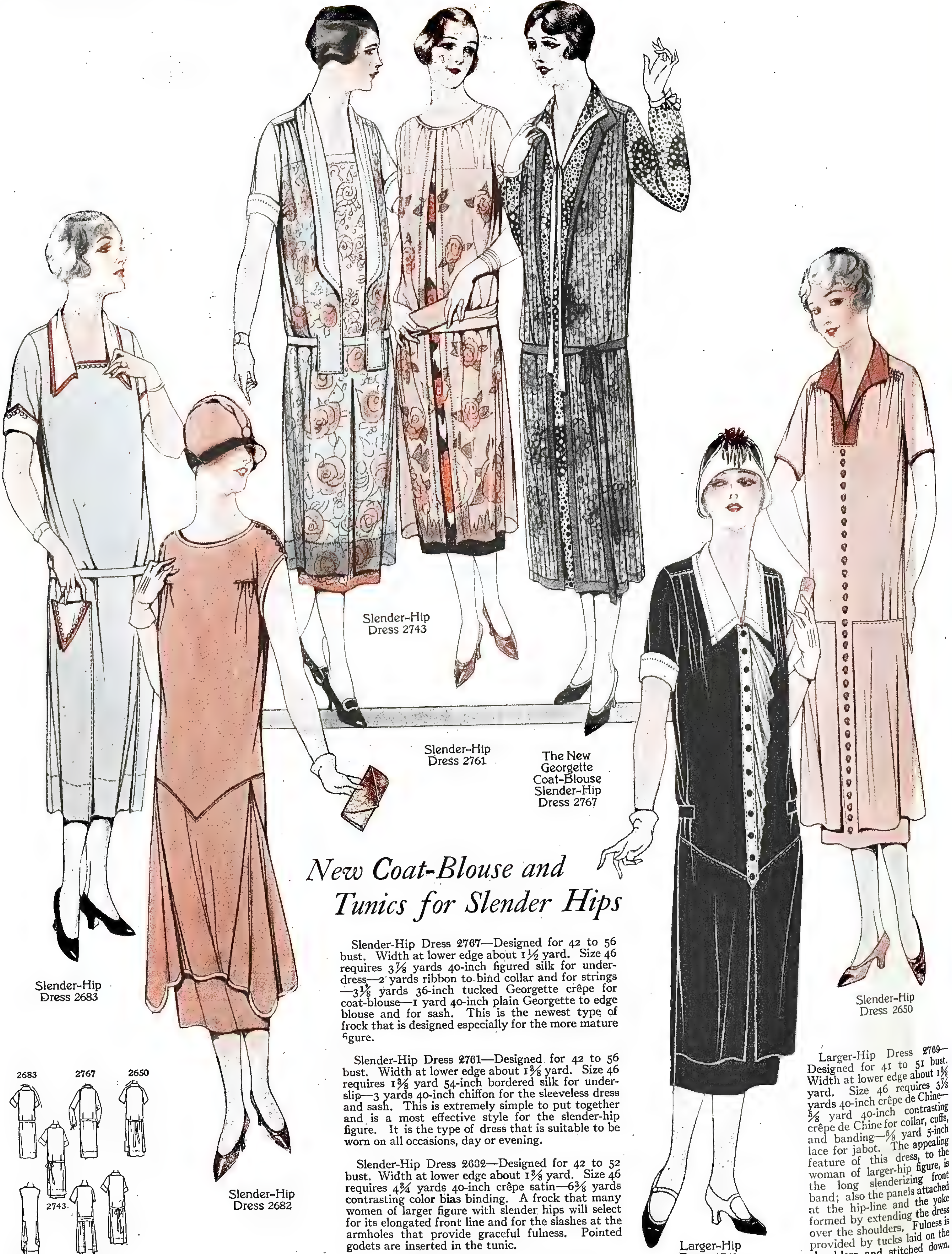

Slender-Hip Dress 2743

Slender-Hip Dress 2761

The New Georgette Coat-Blouse Slender-Hip Dress 2767

Slender-Hip Dress 2683

Slender-Hip Dress 2682

Larger-Hip Dress 2769

Slender-Hip Dress 2650

New Coat-Blouse and Tunics for Slender Hips

Slender-Hip Dress 2767—Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 46 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch figured silk for underdress—2 yards ribbon to bind collar and for strings—3⅛ yards 36-inch tucked Georgette crêpe for coat-blouse—1 yard 40-inch plain Georgette to edge blouse and for sash. This is the newest type of frock that is designed especially for the more mature figure.

Slender-Hip Dress 2761—Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 46 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch bordered silk for underslip—3 yards 40-inch chiffon for the sleeveless dress and sash. This is extremely simple to put together and is a most effective style for the slender-hip figure. It is the type of dress that is suitable to be worn on all occasions, day or evening.

Slender-Hip Dress 2682—Designed for 42 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 46 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch crêpe satin—6⅜ yards contrasting color bias binding. A frock that many women of larger figure with slender hips will select for its elongated front line and for the slashes at the armholes that provide graceful fulness. Pointed godets are inserted in the tunic.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

Larger-Hip Dress 2769—Designed for 41 to 51 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 46 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine for collar, cuffs, and banding—⅝ yard 5-inch lace for jabot. The appealing feature of this dress, to the woman of larger-hip figure, is the long slenderizing front band; also the panels attached at the hip-line and the yoke formed by extending the dress over the shoulders. Fulness is provided by tucks laid on the shoulders and stitched down.

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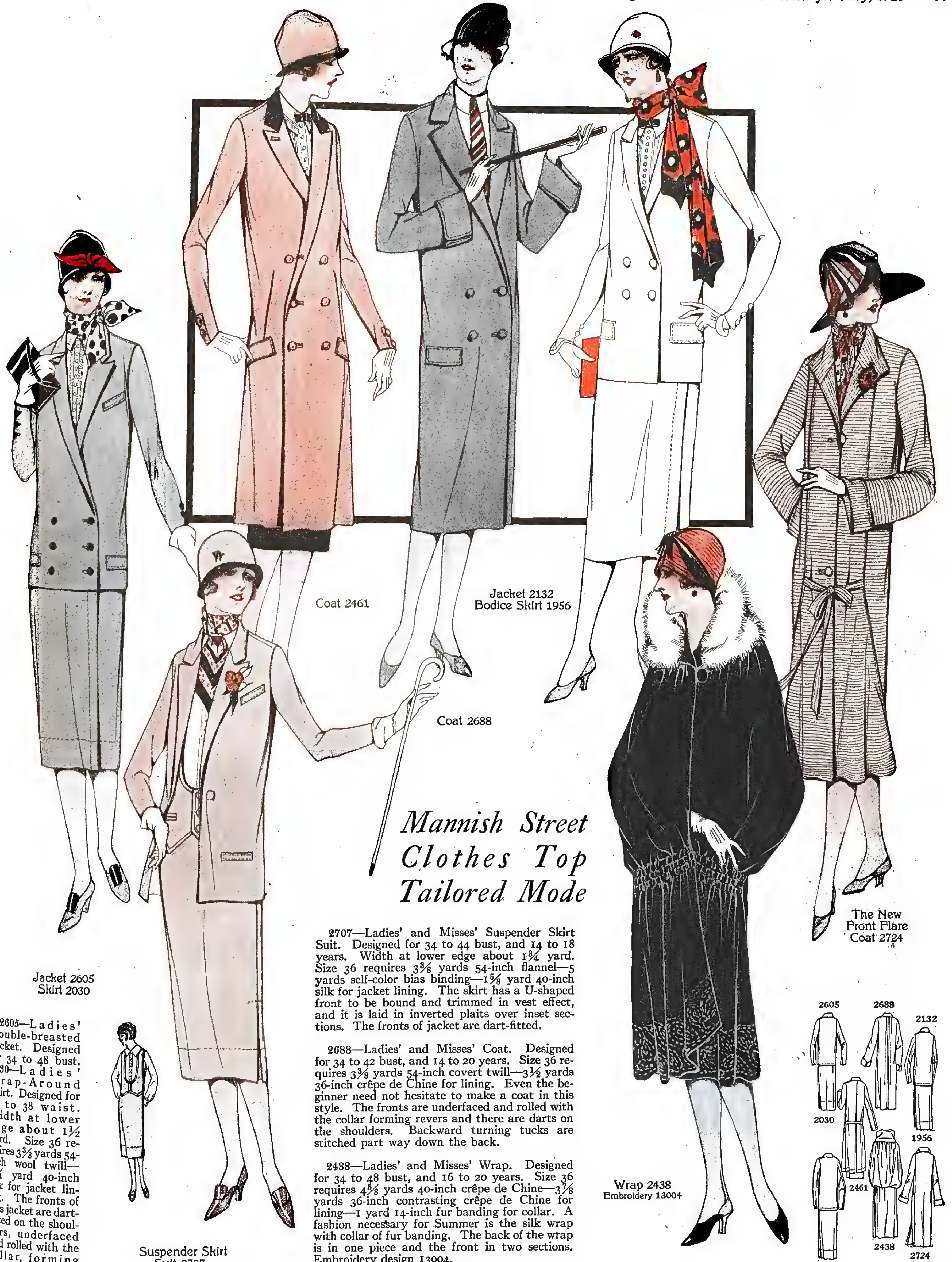
Coat 2461
Jacket 2132
Bodice Skirt 1956
Jacket 2605
Skirt 2030
Coat 2688
Suspender Skirt
Suit 2707
Wrap 2438
Embroidery 13004
The New
Front Flare
Coat 2724
2605
2688
2132
2030
1956
2461
2438
2724
2707

Mannish Street Clothes Top Tailored Mode

2605—Ladies' Double-breasted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 2030—Ladies' Wrap-Around Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch wool twill—1¾ yard 40-inch silk for jacket lining. The fronts of this jacket are dart-fitted on the shoulders, underfaced and rolled with the collar, forming smart revers.

2707—Ladies' and Misses' Suspender Skirt Suit. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch flannel—5 yards self-color bias binding—1⅝ yard 40-inch silk for jacket lining. The skirt has a U-shaped front to be bound and trimmed in vest effect, and it is laid in inverted plaits over inset sections. The fronts of jacket are dart-fitted.

2688—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch covert twill—3½ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining. Even the beginner need not hesitate to make a coat in this style. The fronts are underfaced and rolled with the collar forming revers and there are darts on the shoulders. Backward turning tucks are stitched part way down the back.

2438—Ladies' and Misses' Wrap. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—3⅛ yards 36-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine for lining—1 yard 14-inch fur banding for collar. A fashion necessary for Summer is the silk wrap with collar of fur banding. The back of the wrap is in one piece and the front in two sections. Embroidery design 13004.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

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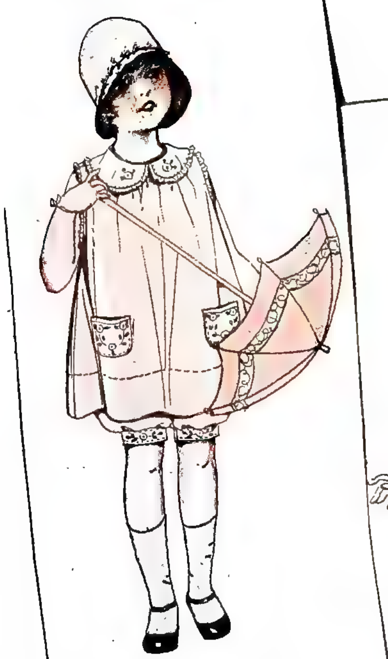
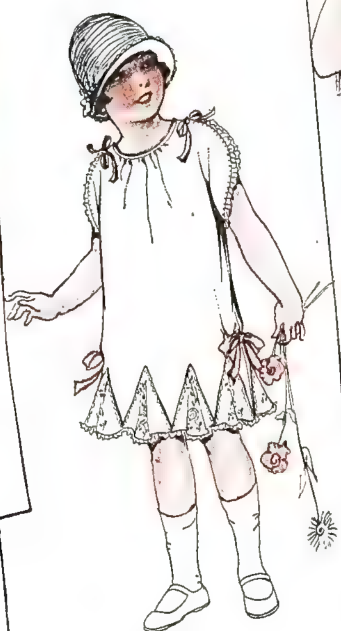
Miniature Copies of the Season's Smartest Styles

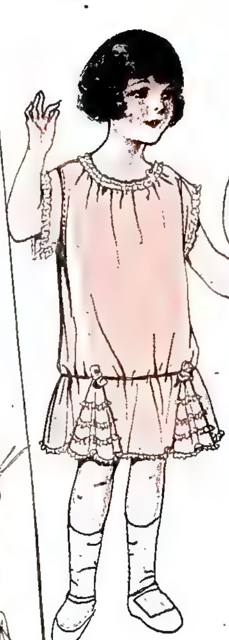
2469—Juniors' Ensemble Costume. Designed for 13 to 19 years. Size 15 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch bordered crêpe de Chine—½ yard 40-inch silk crêpe for collar and cuffs—2¼ yards 54-inch kasha for jacket—2¼ yards 40-inch silk for lining jacket—1⅝ yard 4-inch fur banding. Any young girl will be delighted with this smart ensemble which embodies all the leading features of the ensemble mode. Especially chic is the combination of bordered silk and kasha and the deep banding of fur which weights the coat in accordance with the rule of fashion.



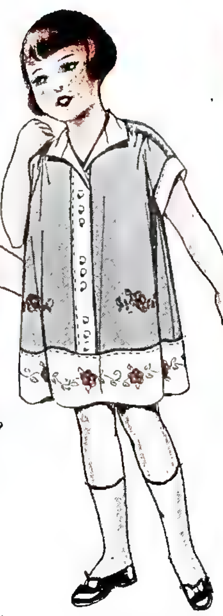
Bloomer Dress 2735
Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size



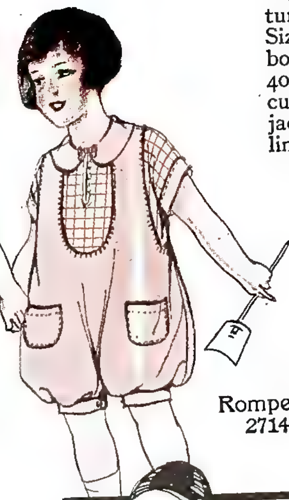
Dress 2758
Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size



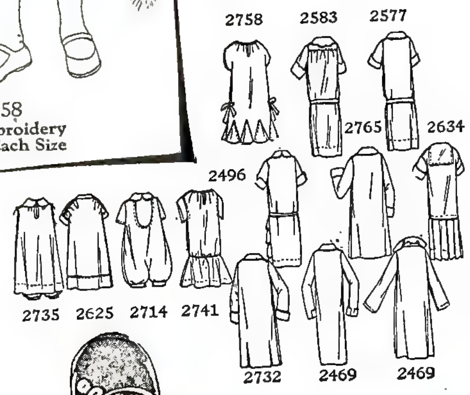
Dress 2741

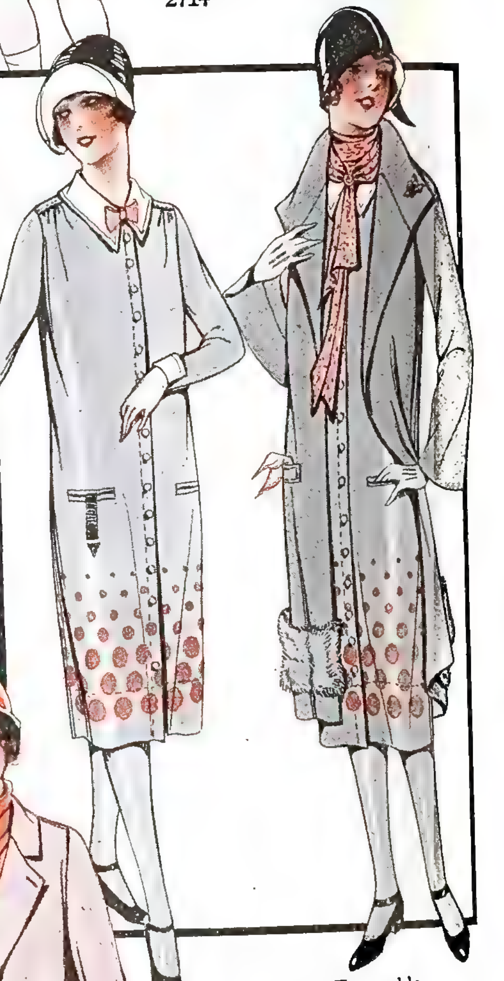


Dress 2625
Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size



Rompers 2714

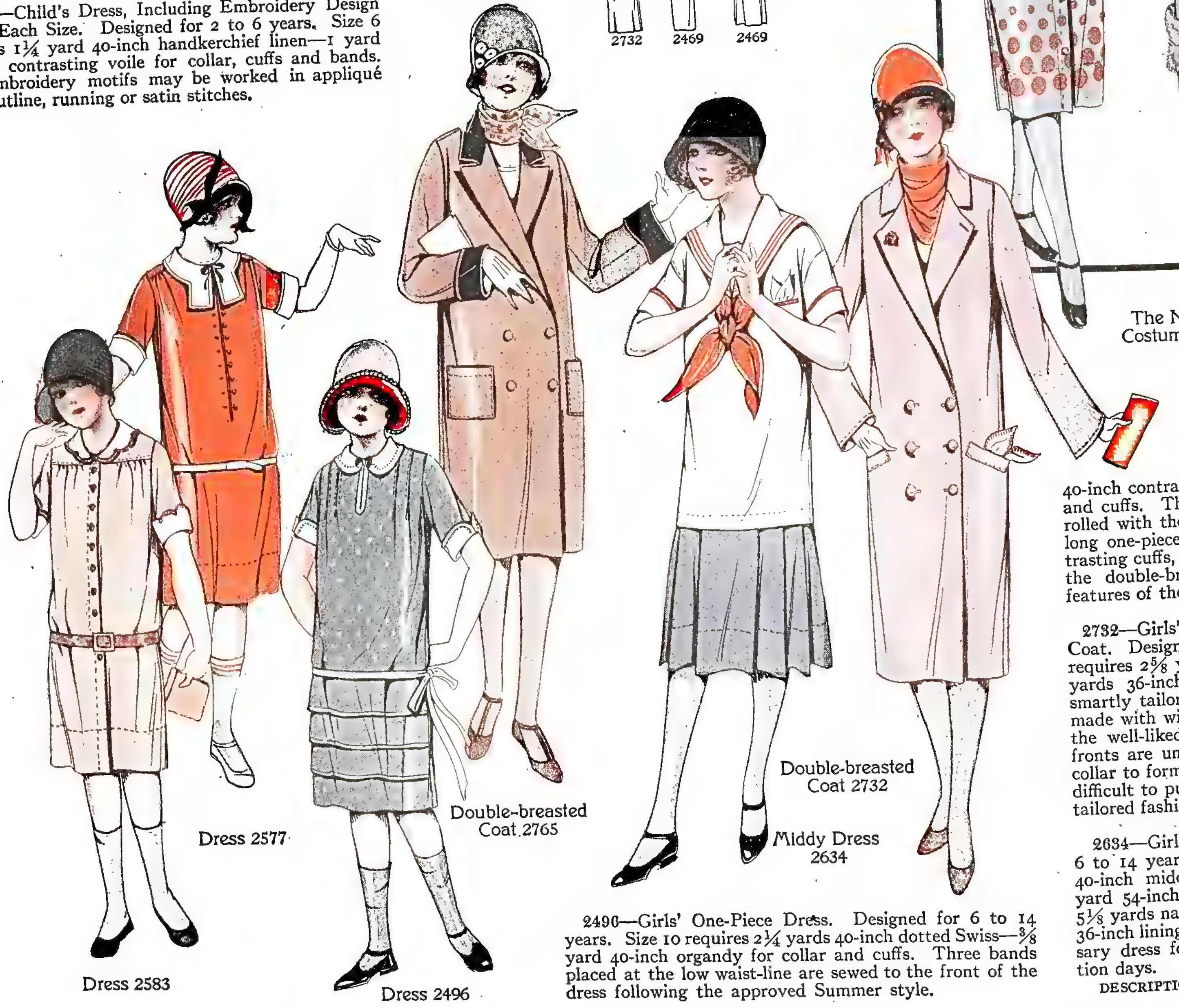




The New Ensemble Costume for Girls 2469

2735—Child's Bloomer Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch voile—2¼ yards ruffling for collar and armholes. This design consists of a sleeveless frock worn over a bloomer dress, which is made with a two-piece collar and the front is cut in one piece.

2625—Child's Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch handkerchief linen—1 yard 40-inch contrasting voile for collar, cuffs and bands. The embroidery motifs may be worked in appliqué or in outline, running or satin stitches.



Dress 2577

Dress 2583

Dress 2496

Double-breasted Coat 2765

Double-breasted Coat 2732

Middy Dress 2634

2765—Girls' Double-breasted Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch flannel—2⅝ yards 40-inch material for lining—⅜ yard 40-inch contrasting bengaline silk for collar and cuffs. The fronts are underfaced and rolled with the collar to form revers. The long one-piece sleeves with turn-back contrasting cuffs, the roomy patch pockets and the double-breasted fronts are desirable features of the smart coat for girls.

2732—Girls' and Juniors' Double-breasted Coat. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool twill—2⅞ yards 36-inch material for lining. This smartly tailored coat for the young girl is made with wide one-piece sleeves and with the well-liked inserted pocket. The coat fronts are underfaced and rolled with the collar to form revers. It will not be found difficult to put together this coat in neatly tailored fashion.

2634—Girls' Middy Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch middy twill for the blouse—1⅓ yard 54-inch serge for the plaited skirt—5⅛ yards narrow braid for collar—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A very necessary dress for Mademoiselle during vacation days.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

2496—Girls' One-Piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch dotted Swiss—⅜ yard 40-inch organdy for collar and cuffs. Three bands placed at the low waist-line are sewed to the front of the dress following the approved Summer style.

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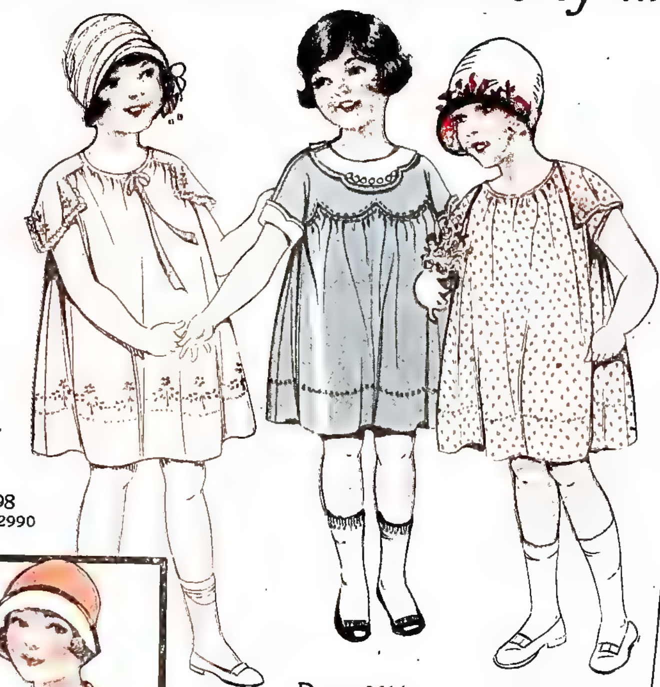
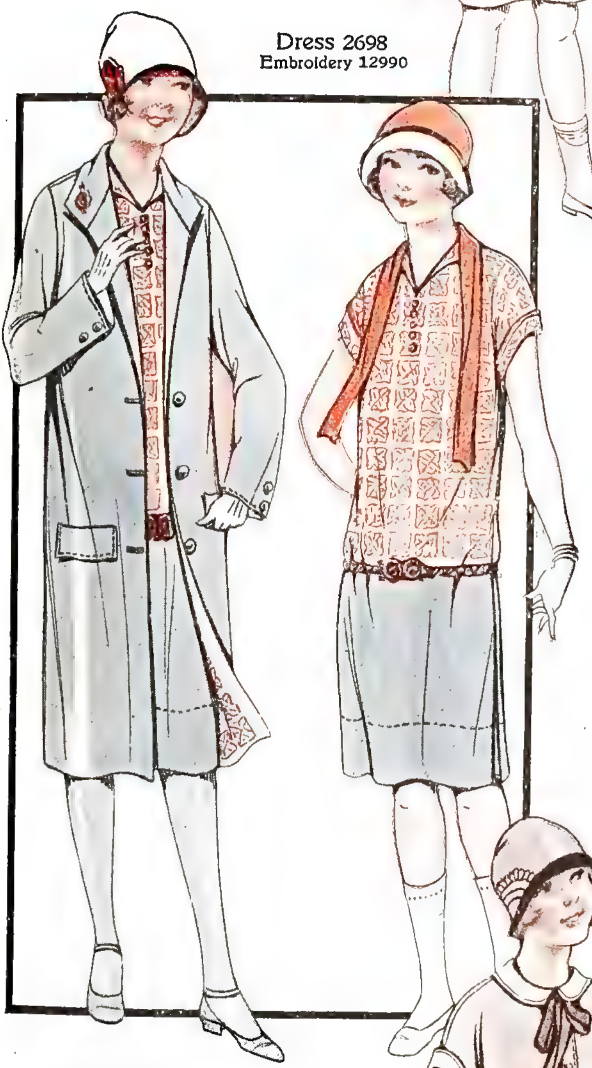
The Younger Set Selects the Modes of the Moment

2711—Girls' Ensemble Costume. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 3½ yards 54-inch flannel for the coat and skirt of dress—1¼ yard 40-inch figured crêpe de Chine for upper part of dress—2⅝ yards 40-inch silk for lining coat—⅜ yard 40-inch contrasting silk for collar and tie strings and to edge cuffs. The dress is slashed in front, underfaced, and rolled with the collar, which is cut in one with the tie strings. The skirt is laid in plaits at the sides and pressed flat. The coat lining, to be modish, should match the silk used for the dress.



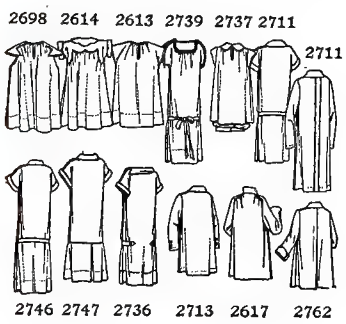
Dress 2614

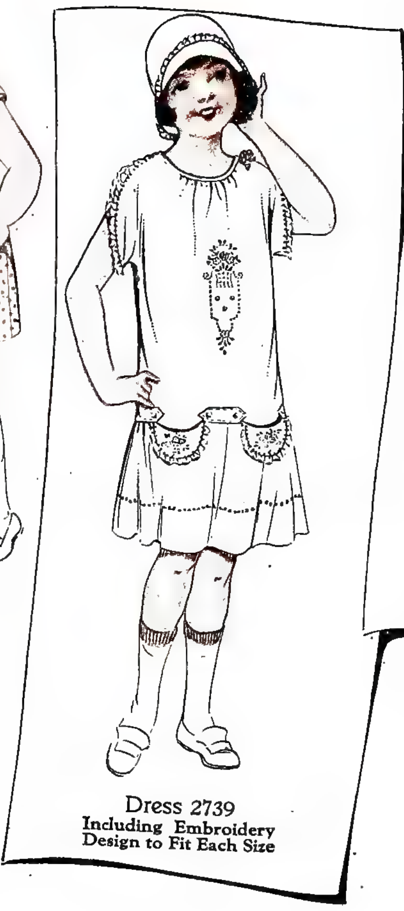
Dress 2613



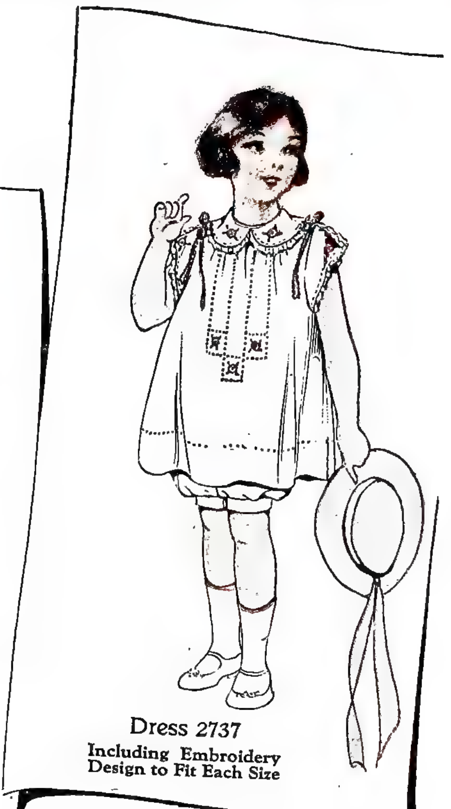
Dress 2698
Embroidery 12990

Ensemble Costume 2711





Dress 2739
Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size



Dress 2737
Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size

2737—Child's Dress with Dress Bloomers, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for the dress and the dress bloomers—2½ yards ruffling. The bloomers are cut in one in front and buttoned to the waist in back.

2713—Child's Ensemble Costume. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch flannel—¾ yard 40-inch dotted crêpe de Chine—1⅝ yard 36-inch silk lining for coat. This ensemble for a small girl is a charming copy of the same style for grown-ups.

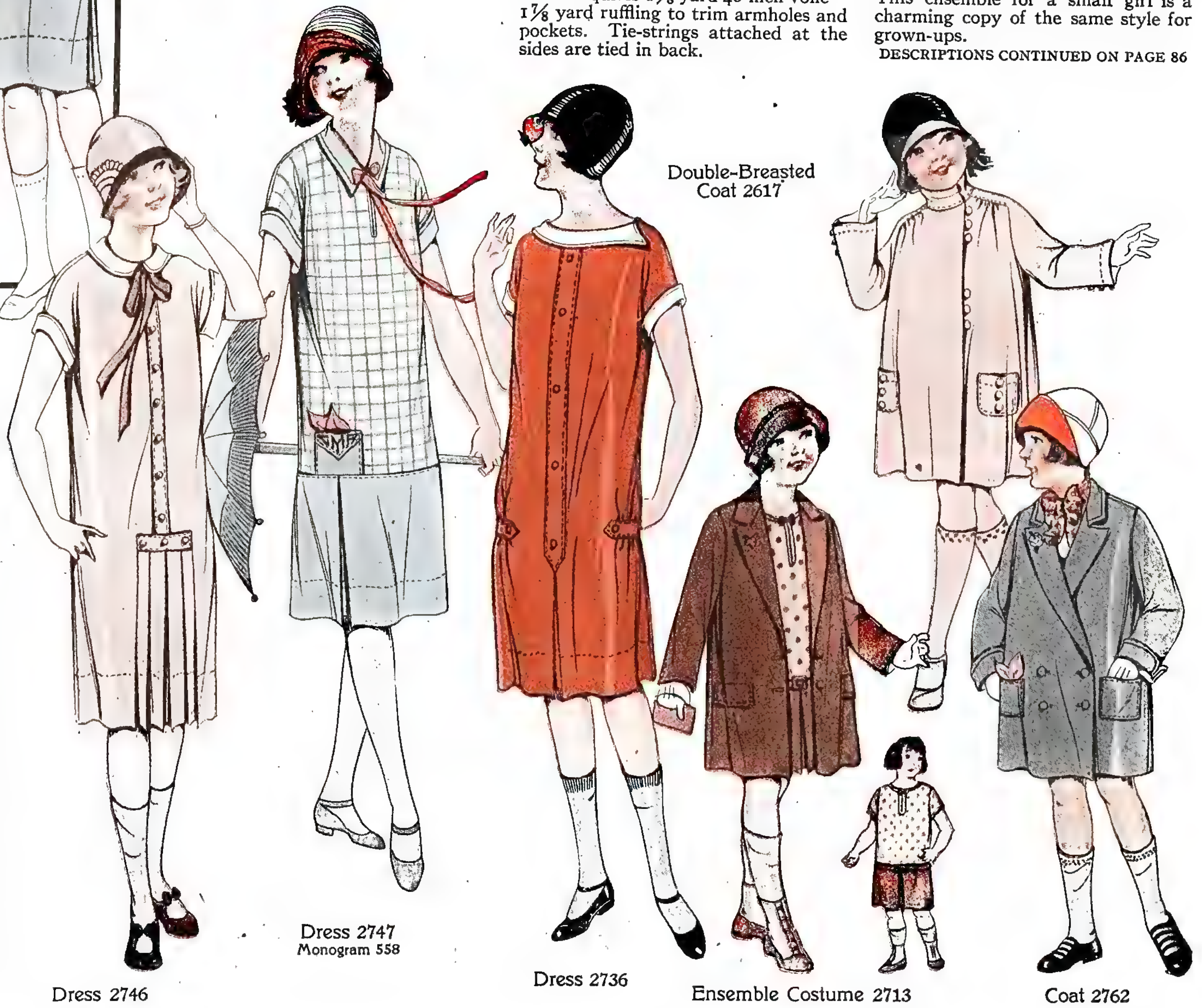
2739—Girls' One-piece Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch voile—1⅞ yard ruffling to trim armholes and pockets. Tie-strings attached at the sides are tied in back.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

2746—Girls' Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2 yards 54-inch flannel—⅜ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for collar and cuffs. The plaited set-in section in the front of this smart flannel frock reflects the newest idea in fashions for young girls. There are but few seams to sew and even an amateur need not hesitate to make this dress.

2747—Girls' Long-Waisted Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch check linen—½ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for the skirt, pocket, collar and cuffs. The popularity of the elongated blouse for young girls is one of the unquestioned style features of the season. The attached one-piece skirt has inverted plaits at the center-back and side-front. Monogram No. 558 is used on the patch pocket.

2736—Girls' Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch voile—½ yard 40-inch contrasting voile for collar and cuffs. The oval-shaped neckline is finished with a bias collar. The smart inverted-plait, so much in evidence in frocks for young girls, is achieved in this instance by laying the fronts in a plait over an inserted section.



Double-Breasted Coat 2617

Dress 2746

Dress 2747
Monogram 558

Dress 2736

Ensemble Costume 2713

Coat 2762

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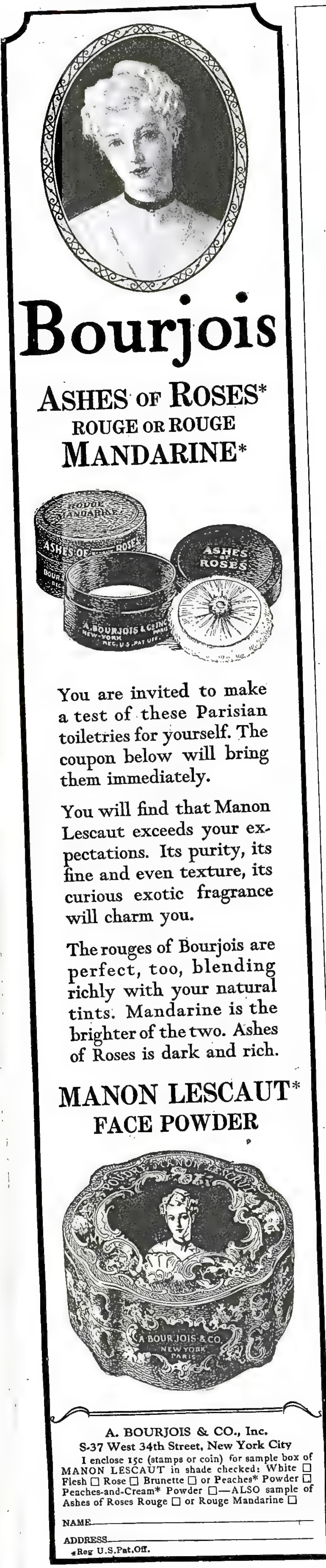
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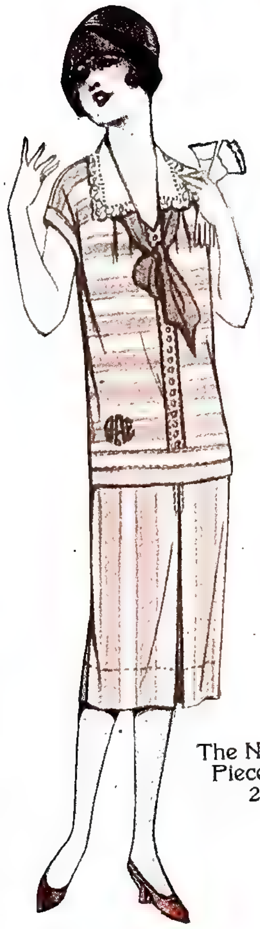
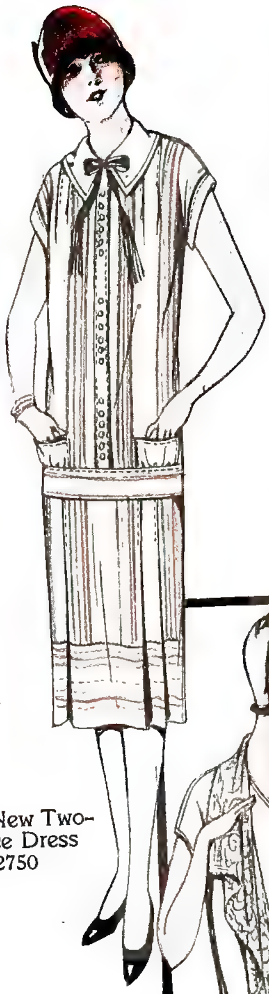
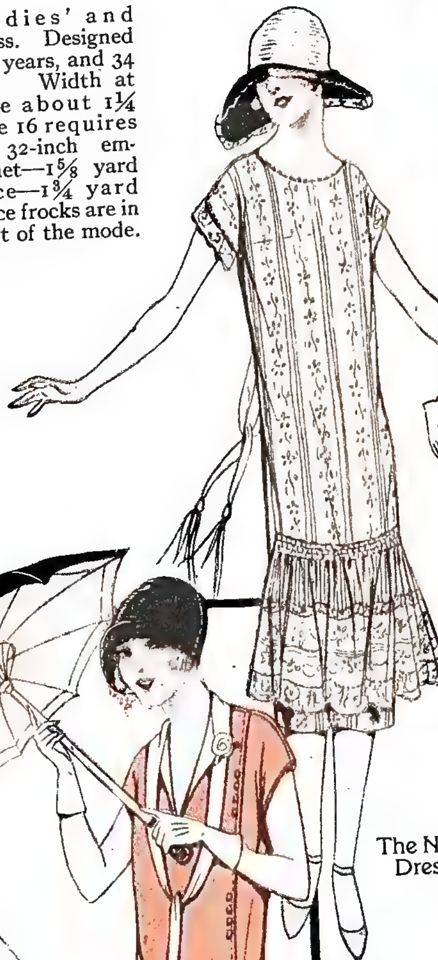
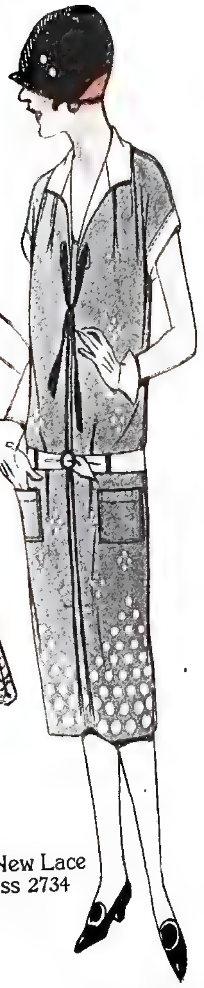
Two-Piece Frocks and Flounces for the Chic Miss

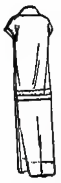
2734—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 32-inch embroidered net—1⅝ yard 18-inch lace—1¾ yard ribbon. Lace frocks are in the forefront of the mode.


The New Two-Piece Dress 2752
Monogram 697


The New Two-Piece Dress 2750


The New Lace Dress 2734


Bordered Dress 2751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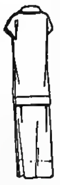
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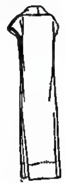
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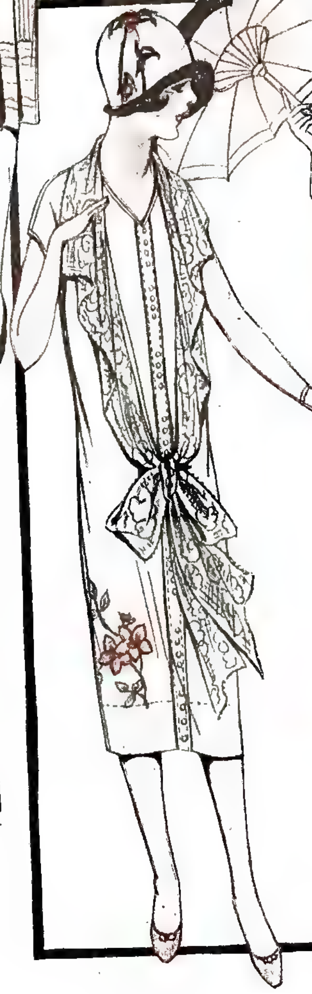
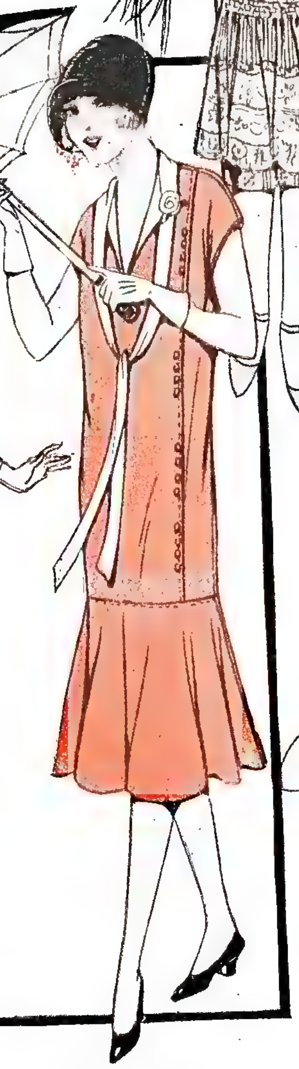
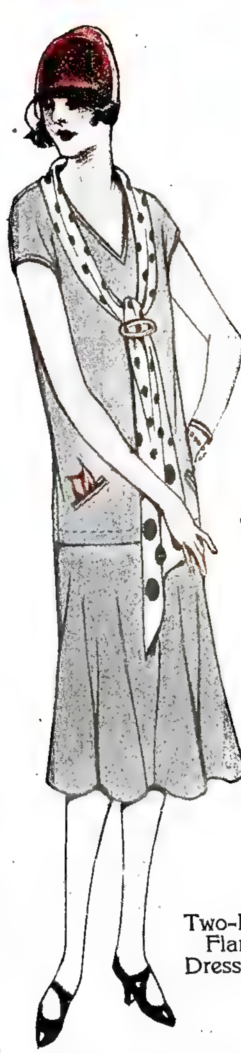
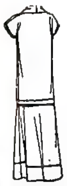

Dress 2764
Embroidery 12837


Dress 2759
Embroidery 13004


Two-Piece Flared Dress 2753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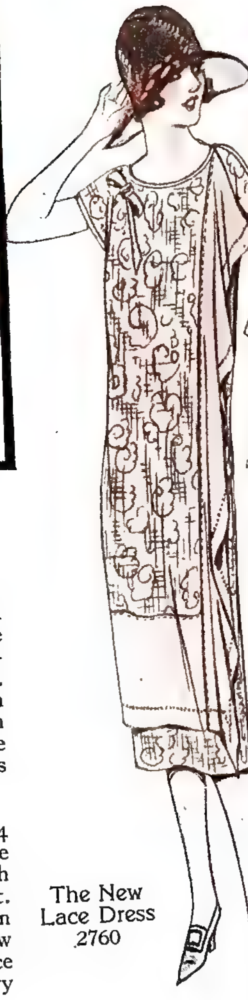
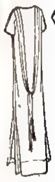

The New Lace Dress 2760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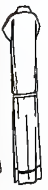
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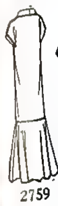
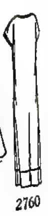

2759


2760

2760—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch allover lace—1⅜ yard 40-inch chiffon for jabot and band. The wardrobe that does not boast a lace and chiffon frock is considered incomplete this season. This design is quite simple to put together and for the effective result achieved it is an inexpensive frock. It is as suitable for the slender as for the larger figure.

2764—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1½ yard 18-inch allover lace for jabot. A different type of jabot is this one of lace, falling in collar shape about the neck, then rippling into bow and ends at the low waist-line. It is cut in one piece and the jabot is stitched to the dress. Embroidery design No. 12837 consists of Japanese flower sprays.

2752—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch striped sports silk—⅜ yard 40-inch voile for collar—1 yard lace edging—1¼ yard 36-inch lining. Monogram No. 697.

2750—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch tub silk—⅝ yard 40-inch silk crêpe—1¼ yard 36-inch material for lining. Two-piece frocks are ideal for sports.

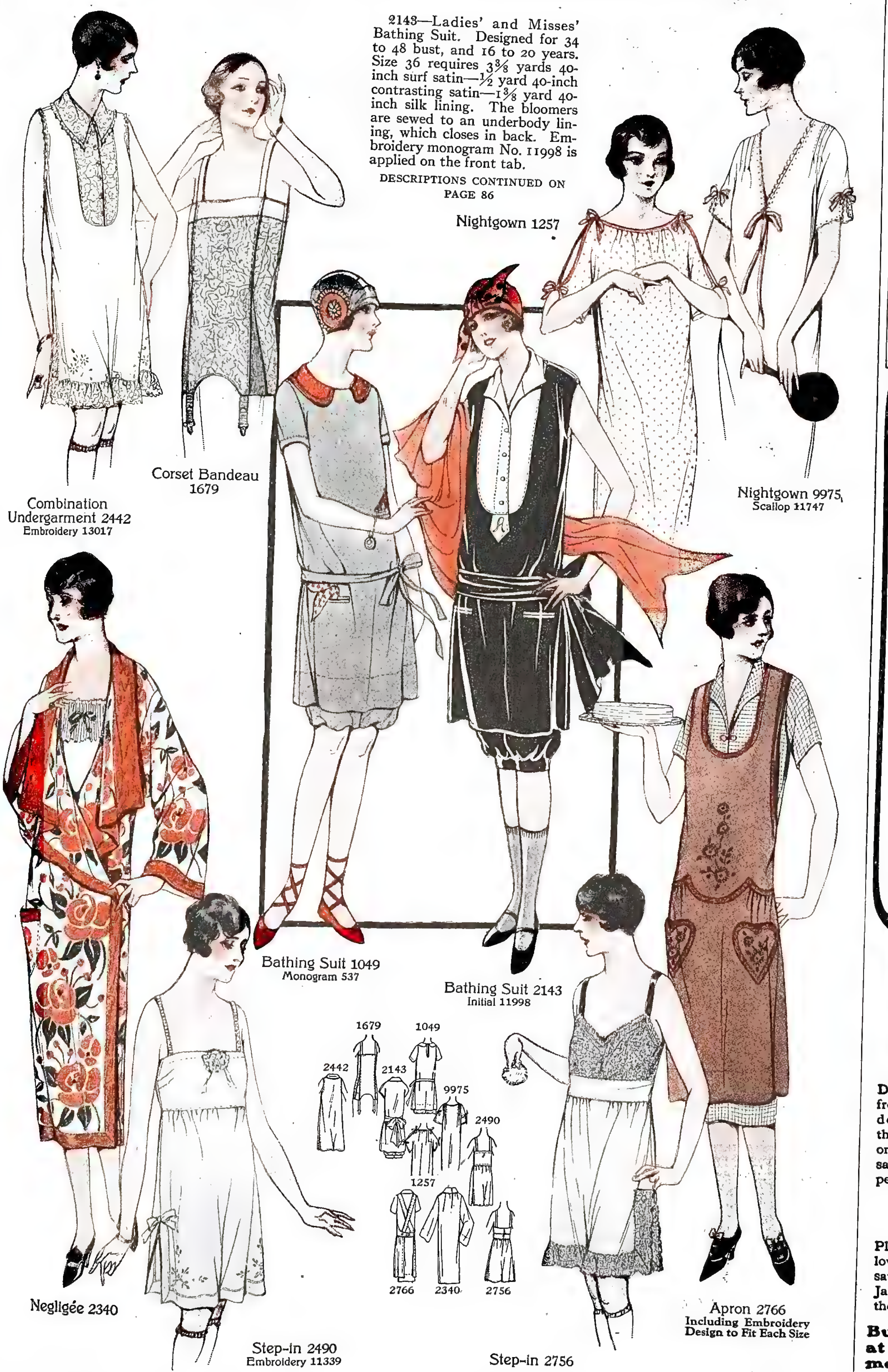
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the U. S. and Can. or by mail, postage prepaid. Address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, N. Y. C.

A Page of July Essentials for Beach and Boudoir

2143—Ladies' and Misses' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch surf satin—½ yard 40-inch contrasting satin—1⅜ yard 40-inch silk lining. The bloomers are sewed to an underbody lining, which closes in back. Embroidery monogram No. 11998 is applied on the front tab.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 86


Nightgown 1257

Corset Bandeau 1679

Combination Undergarment 2442
Embroidery 13017

Nightgown 9975
Scallop 11747

Bathing Suit 1049
Monogram 537

Bathing Suit 2143
Initial 11998

Negligée 2340

Step-in 2490
Embroidery 11339

Step-in 2756

Apron 2766
Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size

2340—Ladies' Negligée. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 40-inch printed silk—1 yard 40-inch contrasting silk for collar and to bind edges. Collar and front form graceful revers.

2490—Ladies' Step-in. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2¼ yards ribbon for shoulder straps and bows. Embroidery design No. 11339 is used.

2766—Ladies' Apron, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch sateen—7¾ yards contrasting bias binding to trim.

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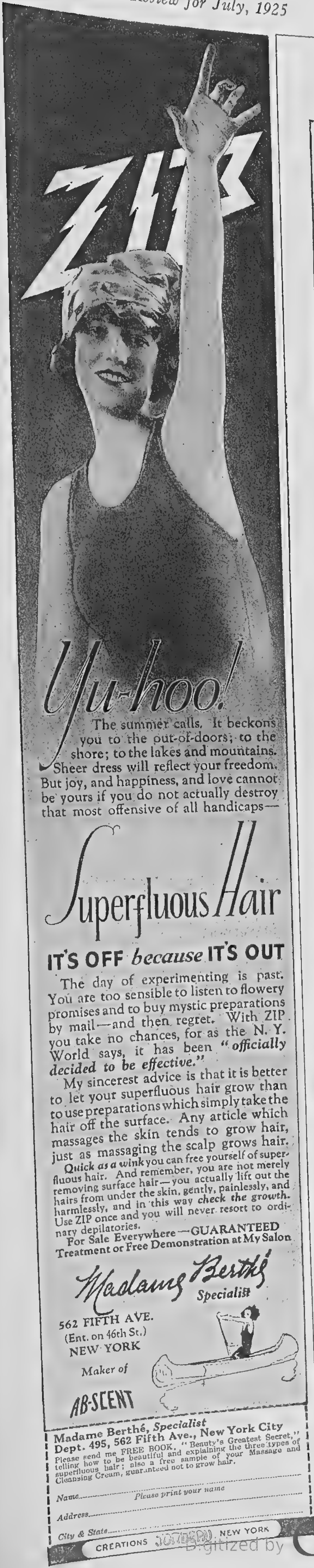

The summer calls. It beckons you to the out-of-doors; to the shore; to the lakes and mountains. Sheer dress will reflect your freedom. But joy, and happiness, and love cannot be yours if you do not actually destroy that most offensive of all handicaps—

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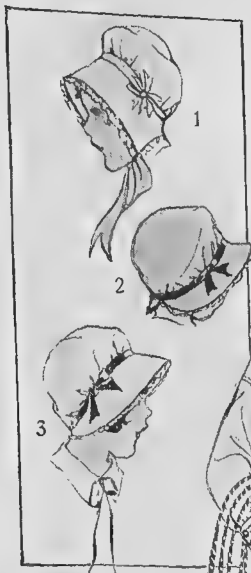
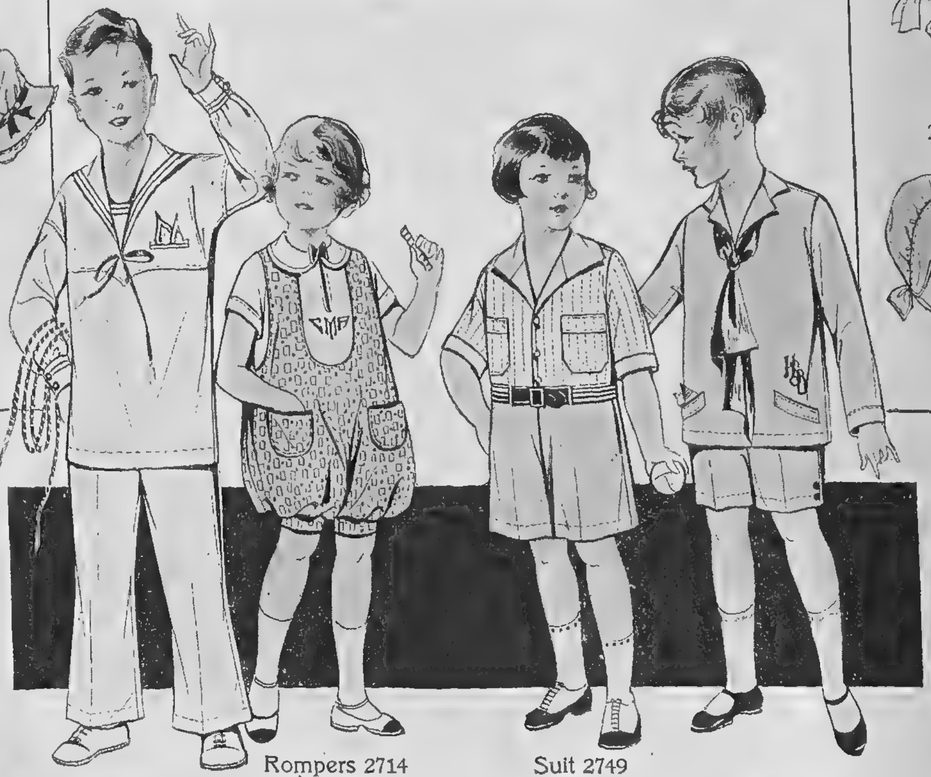
New Clothes Suggestions for the Boys and Girls

2551—Boys' Sailor Suit. Designed for 3 to 10 years. Size 10 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch middy twill—3⅞ yards narrow braid for collar, cuffs, and shield. This is an easily made suit. The blouse has a two-piece yoke and is slashed at the center front, underfaced and rolled with the collar. A shield with straight upper edge fills the deep opening of the collar in true sailor fashion.



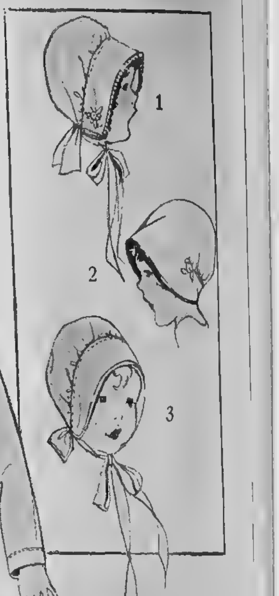
Bonnets 7254



Sailor Suit
2551

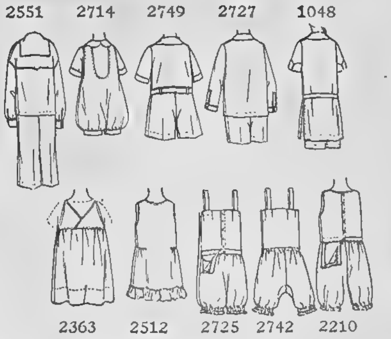
Rompers 2714
Monogram 558

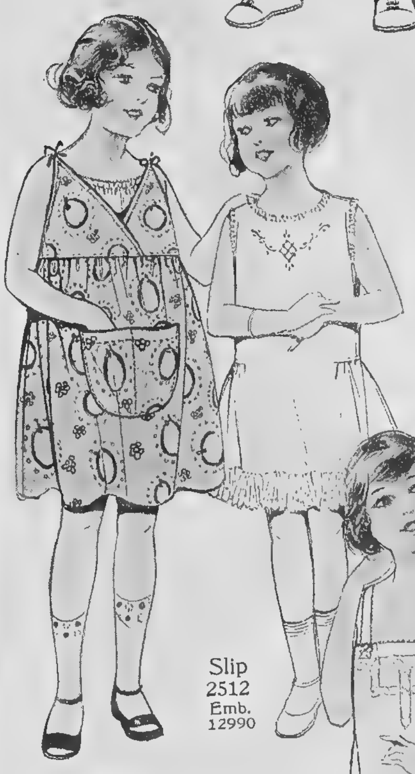
Suit 2749



Bonnets 1644
Appliqué 12672

Middy Suit
2727
Monogram 552



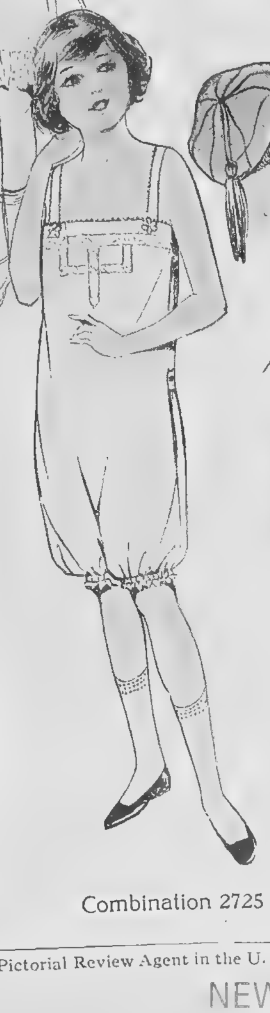


Slip
2512
Emb.
12990

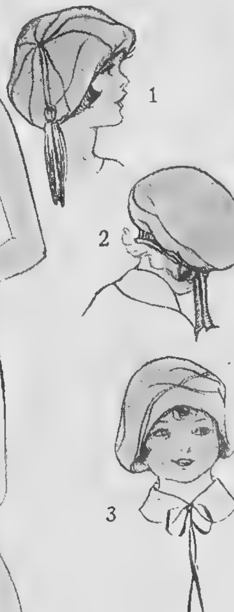
Apron 2363

2512—Child's Slip. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch batiste—1⅞ yard 4-inch lace ruffling—2⅜ yards ruffling for neck and armholes. Embroidery design No. 12990 lends a dainty touch to this smart and practical slip. It is very simple to put together.

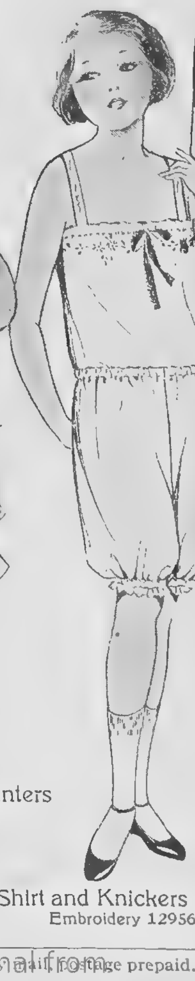
2363—Child's Apron. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch cretonne—1 yard ribbon for shoulder bows. This apron will delight any small girl because of its cool sleevelessness and the roomy pocket attached to the front. It slips over the head and ties on the shoulders.



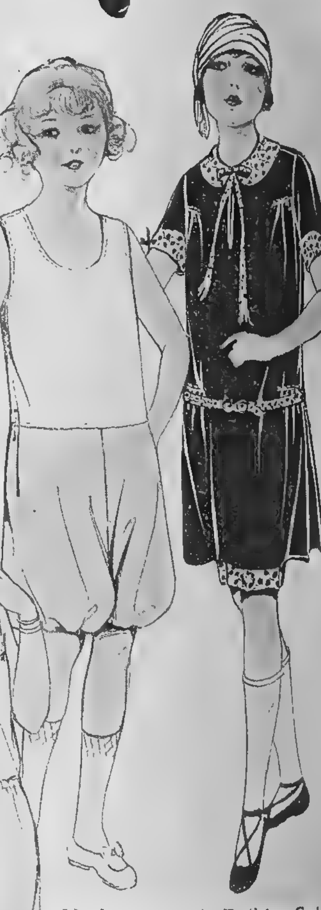
Combination 2725



Tam O'Shanters
2553



Shirt and Knickers 2742
Embroidery 12956



Undergarment 2210

Bathing Suit 1048

1048—Girls' Bathing Suit. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch sateen—⅜ yard 40-inch figured sateen for trimming—1 yard 36-inch material for bodice lining. Now is the time to make ready the children's wardrobe for vacation days at the shore. This suit is very attractive made of sateen and trimmed with figured sateen. The pantalets are cut in one with an underbody. The belt is slipped through slashes at the side seams.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

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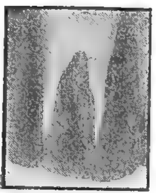
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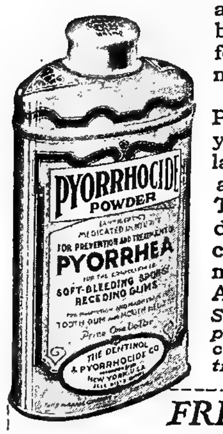

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Embroideries

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13023, blue or yellow, furnishes 2 yards each of three borders, 2½, 4, and 5½ inches wide, and two each of three motifs, 2¾, 7½, and 8¼ inches high.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13022, blue or yellow, furnishes four motifs and 2 yards each of two borders ranging in sizes as follows: Borders, ¾, 1¾, and 9 inches wide; motifs, 4¼, 4¾, and 8¼ inches high. It is worked entirely in single stitches.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13002, blue or yellow, furnishes 2 yards of border 2 inches wide, four and four reverses of four motifs 5 inches high and four corner motifs 6 inches high. All of the motifs and border are to be developed in the popular cross-stitch.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12999, blue or yellow, furnishes one and one reverse of seven motifs and two each of ten motifs to be embroidered in simple stitches as lazy-daisy, stem, outline, solid satin, and French knots.

Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

2703—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch blue crêpe satin—¼ yard 18-inch all-over lace for vest—2⅛ yards blue ribbon for collar. Embroidery design No. 12933.

2674—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 54-inch green and tan bordered silk—1⅝ yard darker green ribbon for collar.

2581—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 54-inch white, black, and blue bordered crêpe de Chine—1½ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for jabot.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

2750—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch peach color crêpe de Chine—⅜ yard 36-inch écru lace for round collar and pockets—1½ yard edging—1¼ yard 36-inch bodice lining. Monogram No. 540.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

2744—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch yellow flowered chiffon.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

2771—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch green flannel. Monogram No. 522.

2763—Ladies' and Misses' Waistcoat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires ⅞ yard 54-inch gray kasha.

2773—Ladies' and Misses' Waistcoat Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch red crêpe de Chine—1½ yard white bias binding.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

2656—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch silk bengaline—⅜ yard 20-inch all-over lace for vestee. Appliqué design No. 12992.

2753—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅜ yards. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe satin—1¼ yard 36-inch lining.

2754—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 18 years.

2602—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool twill—⅞ yard 40-inch silk for bodice lining.

Miss Frances McCann at the shore last Summer, WITHOUT a LANOIL Permanent Wave

Miss McCann at the shore this Summer, WITH her LANOIL Permanent Wave as given below by a friend

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

Slender-Hip Dress 2683—Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 46 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch linen—⅝ yard 40-inch voile for collar, cuffs, and pockets—3⅞ yards contrasting bias binding to trim.

Slender-Hip Dress 2743—Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 46 requires 3 yards 40-inch plain Georgette crêpe—2⅞ yards 40-inch figured crêpe de Chine for under dress.

Slender-Hip Dress 2650—Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 46 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch voile—⅜ yard 40-inch contrasting voile for collar.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

2132—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 1956—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch kasha—1⅞ yard 40-inch silk.

2461—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch cashmere—⅜ yard 27-inch velveteen for collar—3⅛ yards 40-inch silk for lining.

2724—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch silk bengaline—3⅛ yards 40-inch silk for lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

2741—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch organdy—6 yards organdy ruffling for trimming.

2758—Child's Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—3½ yards silk ruffling.

2714—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch chambray—⅝ yard 36-inch checked voile for vestee and sleeves.

2583—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch flannel—½ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for collar and cuffs—2¼ yards bias binding to edge scallops.

2577—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards 40-inch linen—⅜ yard 40-inch voile for collar and cuffs.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

2698—Girls' Slip-on Dress with Dress Bloomers. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch batiste—2 yards ruffling. Embroidery design No. 12990.

2614—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch chambray—¼ yard 40-inch voile for collar and cuffs.

2613—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch dotted Swiss—2⅝ yards bias binding.

2617—Child's Double-breasted Coat. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch Jersey—1¾ yard 36-inch material for lining.

2762—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch wool twill—1⅞ yard 36-inch material for lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

2753—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 2⅜ yards. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 54-inch flannel—1⅛ yard 40-inch figured crêpe de Chine for collar—1 yard 36-inch lining for bodice.

2759—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 3⅞ yards. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch satin—½ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for collar. Embroidery design No. 13004.

2751—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch bordered crêpe de Chine—½ yard 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine for collar, cuffs, and belt.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

2442—Ladies' and Misses' Combination Undergarment. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2 yards

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

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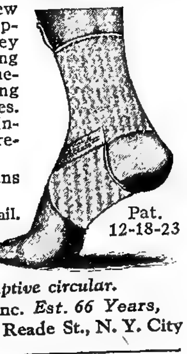

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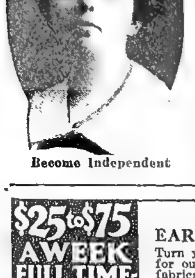

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

40-inch crêpe de Chine—½ yard 36-inch allover lace for bosom and collar—2⅞ yards wide lace edging—3⅜ yards lace. Embroidery design No. 13017.

1679—Ladies' Corset Bandeau. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch brocaded satin—⅜ yard 14-inch elastic—⅜ yard 40-inch plain satin.

1257—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch dotted silk—2 yards contrasting bias binding—2½ yards ribbon.

9975—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for small, medium, and large figures. Medium size requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch batiste—2 yards ribbon. Scallop No. 11747.

1049—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch Jersey—¼ yard 40-inch linen—1⅜ yard 36-inch lining. Monogram No. 537.

2756—Ladies' and Misses' Step-in. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—¼ yard 36-inch allover lace—3⅛ yards 3½-inch lace edging—1⅜ yard lace edging—1 yard ribbon.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

7254—Child's Bonnets. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires in the No. 1 view ⅝ yard 40-inch organdy—1 yard ruffling—1¼ yard ribbon; in the No. 2 view ½ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1 yard ruffling—1¼ yard ribbon; in the No. 3 view ½ yard 40-inch organdy—1 yard ruffling.

2714—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch cretonne—⅝ yard 40-inch voile for vestee. Monogram No. 558.

2749—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 7 years. Size 7 requires 1⅛ yard 40-inch linen—1⅛ yard 36-inch madras for blouse.

2727—Boys' Middy Suit. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch shantung. Monogram No. 552.

1644—Children's Bonnets. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires in the No. 1 view ¾ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1 yard ruffling; No. 2 view ⅝ yard 27-inch piqué; No. 3 view, ¾ yard 40-inch organdy. Appliqué design No. 12672 used on Nos. 1 and 2 views.

2725—Girls' Drawer. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch longcloth—2 yards 1-inch lace insertion—⅞ yard ribbon.

2553—Girls' Tam O'Shanter Hats. Designed for 2 to 12 years. Size 10 requires in No. 1 view ½ yard 54-inch flannel; in No. 2 view ¾ yard 27-inch velveteen; in No. 3 view ¾ yard 40-inch taffeta.

2742—Girls' and Juniors' Shirt and Knickers. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch silk—1 yard ribbon. Embroidery design No. 12956.

2210—Girls' and Juniors' Undergarment. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch cotton crêpe—¾ yard 36-inch material for lining.

Native Stock

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

sealed, and ready to post, Newt took it and sat for a minute or two before the fire, looking at it.

"We-ull," repeated Newt, "me an' the boys was goin' over to a candy-breakin' at Lon Casteel's to-night, Jim. I'll jest take this letter down an' drop it in the mail-box as we go uhlong. Don't you want to come on with us?"

Mr. Pelker didn't care to come on with them. In fact he never came on with them. A night or two out of every month Mr. Pelker walked out to Newt's for the express purpose of being by himself, or with Newt, which amounted to the same thing. Newt realized this and stayed with his friend or walked off and left him as his fancy dictated.

The lawyer watched the men as they went picking their way in the moonlight down the boulder-field in the direction of the mail-box. Then he returned to the living-room. By this time the log heap in the fire-place had developed into a bonfire and filled the room with its whisperings and poppings. After the chill of the outer air the lawyer stretched his long legs in its gush of warmth.

For a few minutes his thoughts played about Newt. Then his thoughts drifted toward the hazards of his own migration. He questioned the shield and buckler of his own soul which must meet the more intense, the more directed, the more pertinent life in the North.

His reverie was interrupted by a small voice outside the door saying, "Mr. Pelker, I suppose you don't want me in there, bein' as all I've went an' done."

Mr. Pelker roused up. "Eh, how's that? Why, surely, Mary Rue, come on in. I'd be a poor sport to complain because the fish you put in the pond ate up the fish I put in the pond. You showed better judgment than I did in backing the right fish."

Mary Rue appeared, but she did not smile at Mr. Pelker's faint jest. She came in somberly and sat down before the fire. "I got tired watchin' Dutch read that paper," she announced by way of explaining why she came at all.

"Is Dutch reading the paper?"

"Yes, sir."

A picture of the heavy Dutch pouring over the matrimonial journal vaguely amused Pelker; yet it was just one more phase of the skimpy hill life.

Mary Rue sat looking into the fire with a wistful face. The lawyer had sat thus with Mary Rue many, many times. In his mind was a succession of pictures of Mary Rue beginning with a little girl with brown legs just able to reach the floor and her black pigtails no higher than the back of her chair. Then came a shoed-and-stockinged Mary Rue with lengthening skirts and her hair plaited and done up into a sort of figure eight. Then developed a question-box of a Mary Rue. And now was this Mary Rue, impossible to classify as girl or woman, silent, mysterious from this new change that had come over her.

"Did you write that letter?" asked Mary Rue finally.

"Certainly."

"You did!" Evidently she had been hoping the letter would be given up.

"Why, yes, it's in the mail-box now."

The girl was quiet a moment, then asked in a faintly different voice, "Was it for—Newt?"

"Certainly. Who did you think it was for—'Gustus?"

"We-ull, you were so pushin' about it for Newt," reasoned the girl. "You might of been doin' one fuh yuhse'f."

"No, that's not necessary. In a few days I'm going North myself."

Mary Rue turned and looked blankly at Pelker. "Leave Hooker's Bend?" She broke off with an intake of breath that lifted her bosom and molded it faintly for a moment against her frock.

"Yes, I'm going up where business is better and everything's brisker, Mary Rue. Don't know whether I can do it or not. The competition up there is intense; then, of course, their State laws are different from ours."

"I know you can do it," whispered Mary Rue, staring fixedly into the fire.

"Yes, I think so, I—" and just here Pelker realized with a faint little tang that at this moment he was printing his last photograph of Mary Rue. He looked at her musingly, thoughtfully, and it came to him what a pity it was to waste Mary Rue in this lean hill country.

As he studied her it suddenly occurred to Pelker that he had been strangely neglectful of Mary Rue. He had devoted, and perhaps wasted, much sincere effort on Newt, and all the while here was Mary

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

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Native Stock

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

Rue growing up, unregarded, as serene as a purple flag in a marsh. If he could do something for her! He leaned forward with a certain earnestness come into his manner, eager to do her a great grace before he should pass completely out of her life.

"Mary Rue," he reasoned, "you seem to be prejudiced against my idea of Newt's marrying in the North, but such mating will lead to development, and somehow happiness is wound up in development. I think there must be some dim happiness even in a rosebud when it unfolds."

Mary Rue was looking at him with her face a trifle pale and blinking her eyes. Now she ventured in a whisper, "Mebbe it's because God unfolds it, Mr. Pelker."

Pelker seldom brought God into his count, but he conceded this possibility. "Anyway to develop is to be happy. And surely marriage and children are the most important development that comes to any one."

Mary Rue's eyes were grievous. She pressed her lips together to still them and nodded mutely to this. It encouraged Pelker. His tone softened.

"Then why couldn't you try it, Mary Rue?"

"G-Gittin' m-married?" quavered Mary Rue.

"Yes, why couldn't you use that paper, Mary Rue? Why, dear Mary Rue, you could write so truly, 'I am beautiful. I have an exceptional mind. While I am not educated, I could very well be, for I am only nineteen, just in my formative years. I am of good blood; my grandfather was a circuit judge.'"

Mary Rue, who had been listening to this with quicker and quicker breaths and her face growing whiter and whiter, now suddenly bent her head in her hands and burst out sobbing.

THE lawyer was astounded. For a hill-woman to weep was unprecedented. He could not imagine what was wrong.

"Why, Mary Rue, little girl, what in the world is the matter?"

Mary Rue shook her head miserably. "You—you've done enough huh-harm with Newt's letter," she sobbed, "and nun-now wantin' me t-t-to—" but it was impossible to phrase the insult, and, breaking out afresh, she jumped up and hurried toward the door with her arm over her face.

Pelker caught her and stopped her. "But, Mary Rue! Harm in Newt's letter! Why, Mary Rue," he said blankly, "I never dreamed——"

She made a little struggle to get away.

"But what can I do to fix it up?" begged the lawyer in distress.

Mary Rue controlled herself enough to sob, "You—you k-kin take that lul-letter out uv the letter-box."

The lawyer was in dismay at the prospect of robbing the United States mail. "Mary Rue, I can't do that," he commiserated, "but I'll tell Newt to get the letter out in the morning."

"H-He won't do it. H-He's h-hard-headed. I know him!"

"But, Mary Rue, what you are asking me to do is a penitentiary offense!"

"'N—let it stay." Her voice held the cadence of extreme grief and she fell to sobbing outright again.

Mr. Pelker could not endure that. "Here, here, Mary Rue." He patted her slender shoulder. "Confound it, where's the key to that mail-box?"

Mary Rue moved with alacrity.

Mr. Pelker watched her go and come. "Mary Rue," he announced determinedly, "I'll have to tell Newt about this in the morning."

"Wuw-well, I don't keer. Tut-tear this 'un up, an' huh-he ain't got enough git-up to write another'n."

The two went out together across the little porch and down the breakneck steps. The girl's gracefulness somehow came to Pelker with a faint, disturbing quality. He had been watching her so long and so familiarly that he had not realized that the flower had bloomed. Neither could he recover from his amazement at Mary Rue's passion for Newt Barnett. Her choice somehow disappointed and depressed him. However, if she wanted Newt he would do what he could. He shivered uncontrollably under the icy brilliance of the moon.

THE mail-box was nailed on the dark side of a beech and was silhouetted against the pale roadway beyond it. Pelker adjusted his key long before he reached the box with an impulse to get through with it quickly. But the fact that Mary Rue was in love with Newt Barnett continued to drum at his sensibilities.

As he struck a match at the mail-box he broke out impulsively, "Mary Rue, tell me, when and how you ever came to fall in love with Newt Barnett!"

The girl gasped, "In love with Newt? Me in love with Newt Barnett? Course I ain't!"

"Then, my Heavens!" cried Mr. Pelker, "what made you cry because he wrote a love-letter?"

"It was for Lizzie Casteel!" exclaimed Mary Rue. "Newt's been goin' with Lizzie Casteel for years—I hope you don't think that I——"

Mary Rue did not complete what Pelker was not to think, for at that moment a reboation like the rumblings of an earthquake filled the night and immediately followed heavy shocks.

At the first sound Mary Rue whirled and went flying toward the barn, shrieking, "Mr. Pelker! Mr. Pelker! Them bulls is fightin' ag'in—they'll kill each other!"

As they ran the girl panted, "You—find—Newt's pitchfork—stuck in the fence crack—yonder. You take the Hereford—I'll stop Napoleon."

The lawyer veered toward the place and found the handle of the fork. As he jerked it out he saw Mary Rue catch up a hickory pole from some hiding-place. Both went over the fence at a step and a jump.

A panel in the lot fence had been swept aside, and now the mighty claybank and the stocky Hereford were charging each other like head-on locomotives.

Into this epic the two fragile human beings hurled themselves.

"You Napoleon! Napoleon! Git back there!" A crash of the pole. "Quit it! Git!" Crash! Crash!

UNDER Mary Rue's belaboring, Napoleon backed away. Not that the pole could have been hurting him greatly, but he was convinced from many calfish experiences that this girl who was shrieking at him could, if she liked, take him by the ears and fling him through the gap in the fence. The pole was a mere warning of real violence to come. So Napoleon snorted, wheeled ponderously, and started around the lot toward the open panel.

Pelker had little trouble with the Hereford. The animal turned and started lumbering toward his stall in the barn.

The incident seemed going off without trouble when Pelker heard Mary Rue scream, "Napoleon! You Napoleon!" and then in a frenzy of fear, "Mr. Pelker!"

The lawyer wheeled, thinking to save the girl from being gored, and saw plunging straight at him the vast head of the claybank.

The lawyer made a desperate effort to turn his long fork at the lowered head. He heard Mary Rue screaming as she dashed toward him with her pole. The next moment earth and sky seemed to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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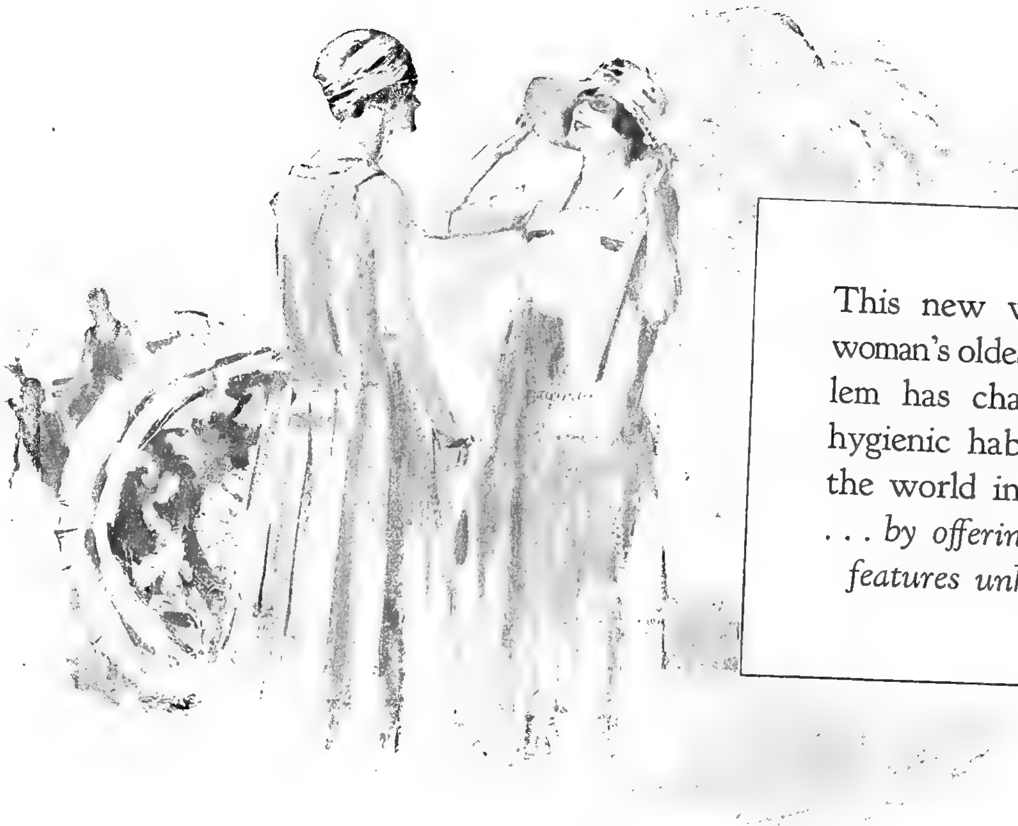

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

mix together under some vast concussion and the moonlight flickered out.

The next vague impression that Mr. Pelker gained was that Mary Rue was still weeping about the letter in the box. He seemed to be doing what he could to get it out, but his arms were so numb he could hardly move them. Then he made the extraordinary discovery that the greater part of his long body was stretched on the ground, but that his head and shoulders were up in Mary Rue's lap. She was bending over him, weeping and kissing him and praying God to save him all in a breath.

A delicious amazement crept over the prostrate man. He looked up into the oval face and jet-black eyes above him. The feel of her arms wrapped him in a kind of melting ecstasy, as in a robe. He lifted his own arms weakly up about Mary Rue's slender shoulders, drew her face down to his own, and murmured brokenly, "Oh, Mary Rue, dear, dear Mary Rue——"

AS THE two lovers finally got to their feet, they moved shakily back to the cabin. But as they went they murmured and kissed after the use and wont of their kind, and Mary Rue completely reconstructed Mr. Pelker's plans. "We'd better stay in Hooker's Bend, because you've got a good livin' there and it would be foolish to go off somewhere and begin over." Later she said, "The North may be more stirrin', Mr. Pelker, but what do you want to stir for?"

On their way back by the mail-box, out of the overflowing charity of lovers they decided to stop and tear up Newt's letter for the sake of Lizzie Casteel. The lawyer held a match while the girl opened the box and got the letter.

In the wavering light she looked at it, then stared. "Why—why, this ain't Newt's letter. He must not of put his in. Why, Mr. Pelker, this is to a man in Nebrasky, an'—an' Dutch wrote it."

She stood looking at the unformed, almost illegible address, and suddenly said, "Why, ain't this pitiful!" Then through some impulse she lifted up her arms and kissed Mr. Pelker fervently on the lips.

County People

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

brought home the most prized ducal possession. The duke was of an extremely religious disposition as well as having a passion for cards, and so had his coffin made, a beautiful mahogany affair, silver-mounted. He loved piquet to distraction, but he was no match for my uncle Valentine.

"Put this in the drawing-room," my uncle Valentine told the astonished servants. "We'll use it as a cellaret."

And only the prospect of tears from my aunt Jenephers restored his last home to the poor old duke.

So that I didn't know what to expect at the widow McGinty's hotel.

"Did Sir Valentine MacFarlane leave anything here?"

"He left a gentleman, Master Kerry, the nicest-spoken gentleman I ever did see, a poodle-dog, and three cases o' German wine. The wine and the dog I'm sending up, and here's the gentleman."

He was a tall, swarthy man, with something of the Gipsy in his appearance. A fine-looking, brave man. A man you would trust your life to.

"Your uncle Valentine," he told me, "asked me to come up and stay awhile here. Your uncle Valentine," he smiled, "is a very cogent man."

"He is," I agreed. "It is an honor and a pleasure to have you, Mr.——"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

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County People

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

"My name is Patrick Herne," he told me. "But your uncle Valentine asked me to go under another here, the name of Digory Pascoe."

"The blasted fool!" I said to myself.

"Your uncle explained he had a sister who is blind and not well, and that there was a boy-and-girl attachment between your aunt and this Pascoe. If this deception can help the unfortunate lady I am only too glad."

"You are very kind," I said savagely, "but you aren't Digory Pascoe? Are you?"

"No," he said. "I'm not. I'm just Patrick Herne."

I TOLD my uncle Valentine that the whole scheme was outrageous. And, moreover, my aunt Jenepher would know at once that it wasn't Digory Pascoe.

"My dear Kerry," my uncle Valentine patronized, "when you've seen as much of the world as I have you'll be surprized how easily women are fooled."

"That may be, but how are you going to explain——"

"Explain?" roared my uncle Valentine. "Didn't I find him? Haven't I done my share? 'Tis up to you to explain him," he said. "You could explain the horns and tail off the devil himself."

There was no need for much explanation, for the man Patrick Herne had better brains than either, and besides my aunt Jenepher asked for no explanations at all. With his immense kindness there was great dignity to Herne. It was a pleasure to me to sit by him and my aunt Jenepher and hear him talk of the East Indies, where he undoubtedly had been.

He knew so much about animals that it enchanted us, my uncle Valentine and me, to listen to him. We, who had been bred to dogs and horses and our quarry the fox, knew the authentic note when he spoke of the elephant and tiger and the spotted pard, and the little sun-bear of Borneo, that is not bigger than a big dog, and has the pathetic quality of a child.

It seemed to all of us that we had known this man all our living days, so much at home with him were we, and I have never seen anything in life or on stage like his grave courtesy. He was as much with my aunt Jenepher as possible, and it was he who enticed her out into the gardens and woods again, saying he had forgotten this and that.

I liked to see them together wandering through the garden or down the alley of yews, he so big, so rugged, so handsome in his way, so gravely courteous; she so lovely, such beauty shining from darling soul through sweet, perfect body; and her low laughter coming like music at some story of Herne's, or her face attuned to wonder at some recital of foreign parts. He had a manner of giving his arm that I doubt if even my uncle Valentine, great gentleman tho he was, could equal.

My aunt Jenepher had two great talents, tho she was very shy about them. She was a wonderful pianist, tho, I suppose, of a low order of playing. I mean this: Anything she had ever heard she could play through, and of course she could not read, and so naturally there was an immensity of music unknown to her. My uncle Valentine used three or four times a year get a man from Dublin to come and play new famous compositions, and so wonderful was aunt Jenepher's memory that she could always remember them.

I can remember nights when we sat in the drawing-room of Destiny Bay in formal broadcloth and linen while my aunt Jenepher played. It is a great square room, with heavy furniture and paintings of MacFarlanes, with wax candles and lamps, and through the door-like windows, which my uncle Valentine had put in, the golden August moon rose high over Creetyre Point, and a very faint chiming of the sea seemed to keep time with my aunt Jenepher's playing.

It struck me, and I nearly had to laugh aloud, that my uncle Valentine was a very puzzled man. Before he had brought Patrick Herne to the house he had imagined for himself a picture of my aunt Jenepher dying—wasting away as the ladies in the early part of the reign of good Queen Victoria wasted—of a romantic but quite sanitary disease. They grew frailer every day, while the lover of their youth stood by, a strong, silent figure suffering visibly. They drew a last romantic breath, the broken-hearted family bowed in grief, the strong, silent figure went into exile to shoot rhinoceroses in Mashonaland, or to visit the Dalai Lama in Tibet. That is what rhinoceroses and the Dalai Lama are for.

And here was my aunt Jenepher, in the best of health, playing my uncle Valentine's favorite, in fact, his only opera, "The Bohemian Girl," her exquisite white hands flitting like butterflies over the keys. There were lines of wonder in my uncle's red forehead.

I have said my aunt Jenepher had two talents. The other was a trifle grotesque, and of which she was very much ashamed, but had a quaint vital beauty. My aunt Jenepher was the best whistler I have ever heard.

There is supposed to be something unladylike in this performance, but I challenge you to find anything but beauty in my aunt Jenepher's whistling. You might be passing by our house and lands and hear the sweet, high trill of a country song distilling itself in the clear air, each grace-note, each shake, clear and crystal as dewdrops falling from the whitethorn branches, so that if you were a country person you would say, "Is it the fairies are in it, I wonder, and they on the march this day of Spring? Or is it some foreign melodious bird that Sir Valentine is after buying for his delectation? Begorra, I'll have the least taste of a squint!"

And, looking over the privet-hedge, you would see a very lovely Irish gentlewoman, seated on an old stone bench, her head lifted to the distant mountains, her sweet eyebrows raised, her exquisite hands resting on an antique gold-mounted ebony cane, sending through her lips in notes sweet as the blackbird's some old melody like "The Coolin."

THERE was magic in her whistling. I have often seen my uncle Valentine, when the black mood was on him, standing with his hand thrust into his immense mane of red beard, aloof, terrible. Then my aunt Jenepher would enter the room, and there would begin to float in the air the strains of jig or hornpipe, "The Swallowtail Coat" or "The Green Fields of America," so cogent, so airy, so gay, but you could not help noticing it. She would pay no attention to my uncle Valentine, but go about the room, and sooner or later you would hear the tap-tap of my uncle Valentine's foot upon the floor, and then a rhythmic sound as of a drum beating softly. My uncle Valentine was dancing. But my aunt Jenepher affected never to notice it. She went about her offices and later on out of the room, evidently as unhearing as she was unseeing.

She had the habit of playing the accompaniment to her whistling upon the piano. Nobody had ever heard her at this, I think, but my uncle Valentine and myself and others of the family, until one night we came in with the man, Patrick Herne. Her face flooded with a soft, ruddy color that was like the deeper sort of rose, but she went on whistling.

One day my uncle Valentine and I came into the garden before lunch—Herne had gone off somewhere for the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

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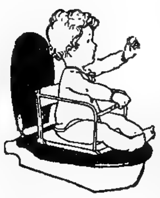

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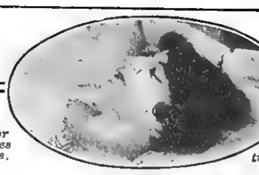

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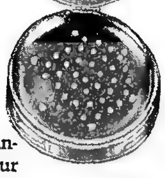

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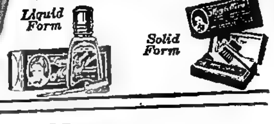

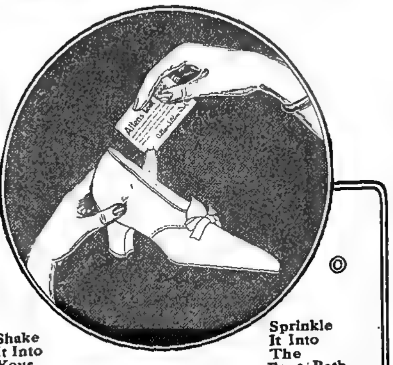
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County People

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

morning, and down near the beehives was my aunt Jenepher. She was whistling, but there was no particular set tune to it. It was a clear, wild, trilling sound like a bird's. Indeed I remember seeing the blackbirds hopping baffledly near the netted strawberry-beds, stopping and putting their heads on one side in critical admiration.

"Yerra cripes!" said my uncle Valentine. "That's done it." And he sat down on one of the stone benches.

"What?" said I.

"Did you hear that?" said he.

"I did," said I. "'Tis only my aunt Jenepher whistling."

"'Tis only—" he jeered. "'Tis only—You may be the white-headed boy of the old ducks at Trinity," he told me with great contempt, "but to me, and fundamentally," he said, "you're only an ignorant, mountainy Mick!"

THE rebuilding, refurbishing, redecoration of the Pascoe home bothered my uncle fearfully. "'Tis deeper than old friendship," he said, "for we have been here since Ireland was just discovered by our ancestor, the Egyptian Partholan; the Pascoes have been here since Oliver Cromwell's, and tho they were but newcomers, yet our people got used to them. Nearly three hundred years we've been side by side. They were a fine Cornish family.

"Devil a one of me knows what sort are coming here at all," he said. "'Twas in London the business was done, so the lawyers tell me.

"Myself," he told Patrick Herne, "am a great one for old faces, old ties. Yourself, Mister, are the first one I've taken to for a long time. I've a great mind," he said, "to go traveling again so as to avoid these new people."

"They mayn't be bad, sir," said our butler, James Carabine.

"They'll never be like the Pascoes, a strange, roaring race," said my uncle Valentine. And he began to tell the history of the Pascoes. There was great-grandfather Pascoe, who had come from India with a fortune, so immense, so fat a man that he had to be assisted up from his chair every time he sat down. He would be served by none but Indian servants, and as the poor devils died off like flies in Ireland he was always sending for more.

There was also "Pirate Pascoe," who had privateered against the French in the Bonaparte wars. He had one mental failing: he believed every vessel on the sea was French, so he stripped and gutted Yankee clippers, honest Hollanders, an occasional British boat, everything that came his way. He was hanged on Tower Hill. They were all a strange race. Digory's father had had a fancy woman from among the Gipsies and a child by her before he married Digory's mother.

"She was not his fancy woman, please Your Honor, Sir Valentine," said Carabine. "She was his lawful wedded wife."

James Carabine, our butler and my uncle Valentine's valet, was half Gipsy and half Irish. A straight, powerful man, he was over sixty years of age, tho you would have put him short of fifty. He had gold rings in his ears, a broken nose, and immense splayed hands, for he had been a great fighter under London rules, hit and throw. He had been a soldier with my uncle Valentine in the war against the Boers and earned the Maltese Cross "for valor" for saving my uncle Valentine, his officer's life, at Spion Kop, where my father died. So that James Carabine was more a friend to the house than a servant, and privileged to speak at all times.

"What do you mean, James Carabine?"

"Alick Pascoe, please Your Honor, married this woman in the Romany way, across the Romany fire, with Romany witnesses. It was valid in the eyes of the Romany people and valid in the eyes of God."

My uncle Valentine thought for a while.

"What became of her, Carabine?" I asked.

"One day she left, Master Kerry; whether it was on account of ill-treatment from Pascoe, or the weight of four walls and a roof, I can not tell. But she tucked her child under her oxter and went down the road with her head high, for she was a princess of Romany. Where she went after it is beyond me to tell," said James Carabine.

"That marriage, James Carabine, might be valid in the eyes of God," decided my uncle, "but it would not be valid with the Ulster King-at-Arms."

"Och, him!" said Carabine.

"Nor it wouldn't be valid with me," said my uncle, "who am High Sheriff of the County of Tyrconnell and a Justice of the King's Peace."

"Then it wouldn't be valid at all," said Carabine.

"You seem to put a great deal of value on birth and breeding," said Herne.

"I do, Mister," said my uncle Valentine, "and so do you, for you're the most sensible man I ever met. Would you take an ordinary horse without any particular blood in him, and run him for the Derby race?"

"I would not," said Herne.

"Would you enter an unbred dog for the Waterloo Cup?"

"I would not."

"There you are," said my uncle Valentine.

"But, Uncle Valentine," I ventured, "from the poorest and most obscure people great men arise. Even in our own day and certainly in all times good and just and powerful men arise from nothing."

"Seemingly, Kerry," said my uncle Valentine, "but these beacons of justice and power are nothing but units of great families lost by marriage on the distaff side, by poverty in which there is nothing ignoble, by this circumstance and that, and when the opportunity arrives, through staying-power and courage, which are the attributes of nobility, these men succeed, proving illustrious blood."

"Uncle Valentine," I laughed, "I suppose you believe that in the kingdom of heaven there are nothing but old families."

"Who else could there be, Kerry?" asked my uncle Valentine.

FOR our own family, my uncle Valentine placed it far above the Plantagenets and Capets, "for we are descended from Par-tho-lan," he said, "who was the first invader of Ireland, and who came from Egypt, as the 'Annals of the Four Masters' prove. This Par-tho-lan," he continued, "was a younger son of the King of Egypt of his time, as is shown by documentary evidence in the British Museum. And this King was descended from Nimrod, son of Cush, son of Ham, son of Noah. It was from Nimrod," said my uncle Valentine, "that we got our fine seat in the saddle and our taste for the fox.

"The genealogy of Noah you can look up in your Bible, and you'll find him directly descended from Adam and Eve, so that you might say that we MacFarlanes of Destiny Bay are personally created by God!"

I wish you could have seen my uncle Valentine as he pronounced this, his great glossy red beard on his immense broad chest, his fine head raised. He was like some ancient ruddy, majestic Assyrian king.

"But, Uncle Valentine," I suggested, "every one is personally created by God. Johnny the Gander down in the village, and Molly McGinty that keeps the hotel, and the traveling tinkers, and——"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

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County People

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

My uncle Valentine brought his vast fist down on the table so that the plates jumped from their mats, and the portraits on the walls rattled, and the candles scattered their wax.

"I will have no atheism talked in this house," thundered my uncle Valentine.

I NEVER saw a person who loved the country around Destiny Bay more than Patrick Herne did. The heather, the rowan-trees, the little streams, the thunder of the sea's artillery against the cliffs, its galloping cavalry entranced him. He had the faculty of silence, which is a gift direct from Heaven.

"I suppose I'll soon have to be going," he said wistfully to me one day. "Your aunt Jenepher's well now, and—I have enjoyed myself here."

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said.

"Then why don't you stay with us?" I asked. "Soon I'll have a wandering fit and my uncle Valentine will get lonely. And the hunting here is good. Small as it is, there isn't a better pack of foxhounds in Ireland than my uncle Valentine's. We love to have you. My uncle Valentine feels at home with you, and you're all right."

"I'm not 'all right,'" said Patrick Herne. "I was once a clown in a circus."

He smiled at my astonishment. "Yes," he said, "a clown with a powdered face, and red paint at the tip of his nose."

"Oh, that's difficult," I said.

"It is," he understood me.

I was afraid of a faint tinge of I won't say contempt but of patronage coming into my uncle Valentine's feeling for Herne.

My uncle Valentine comes from a feudal stock, in a place where feudalism existed a hundred years longer than any other spot in Europe, and where as yet we are but half civilized. My uncle Valentine was more accustomed to govern people than to amuse, so one can hardly blame this old-world gentleman, one who had been a clown with a painted nose, as his equal. This is a reprehensible view-point in modern days, I know. I will admit freely that the beadle is the equal of the bishop and the foot-soldier of the field-marshal, but, then, I will admit anything, loathing arguments.

"You weren't always a clown?" I asked.

"No," said Herne, digging in his pockets for his pipe. "I was an animal-trainer—lions and tigers."

"By Heavens! That's a man's job."

"It requires some skill," said Herne, "and a great deal of sympathy, and a tremendous faith in the presence of God.

"Oh, I like Destiny Bay," he burst out; "I hate to go. The sea and the bonny mountains and the purple bogs, and the Gipsies, coming and going, the Byssahs and the Persses and the Heines——"

"You're a Gipsy, Patrick Herne," I discovered.

"Only half," he said; "the other half——"

"Is Pascoe, by the Lord Harry," I roared, for now I saw whence the resemblance to the Digory came. "You're by Digory Pascoe's father out of the Romany girl—the Romany wife, I mean—I'm sorry, Patrick Herne."

"Wife or girl, does it matter," laughed Herne, "now I'm here?"

I thought I had made enough discoveries for one day, but in the afternoon, talking to my aunt Jenepher in the garden, she broke suddenly into the discussion we were having with this question:

"Kerry, who is this man you and Valentine have told me was Digory Pascoe?"

There are occasions when lying is of no use.

"How did you know?"

"You might deceive a person with face or hand, Kerry, but you can never deceive with a voice. A voice is the vibrations of a person's being, and, dear Kerry," she put her hand up to where my shoulder was, "Digory Pascoe has been dead these many years."

"And you let us write those letters?"

"It was such a kind, sweet thing of you and my brother Valentine to do, and I was afraid to tell you I knew. You were both such dears."

"Why aren't you afraid now, Aunt Jenepher?"

But she gave me no reason.

"Tell me about this man, Kerry."

"I can't tell you much, Aunt Jenepher. But I like him. I think he is a fine, a grand, courageous man, and a kind man."

"I know that, Kerry," she said. "I know all that. I can stand beside persons and know them. Their virtues and defects, Kerry, they come to me like soft music, or like little jarring sounds. I like this man. I like his silence, Kerry. One would never be afraid while that man is about."

"He's all right," I agreed, "Patrick Herne is."

"It's strange, Kerry," my aunt Jenepher went on, "to get the sense that a person is thinking the same as you're thinking. Often I stand here in the alley of yews when the sun is going down, and the little chill of evening is on the land, and the flowers give their last sigh before closing for the night, and the scent of heather is in the air—I know that God is walking along the cliffs of Destiny, and, Kerry, that man knows it too. Tho we say nothing, yet we each know it, and each knows the other knows it."

"Myself," I said lightly, "I have a weakness for the moonlight and a touch of courting," and I kissed her when she blushed.

But I was worried and puzzled, so much that my uncle Valentine noticed it when he came.

"There you are," he said, "with a face on you as long as a fool's funeral! What's wrong with you?"

"I was just thinking."

"You flatter yourself," said my uncle Valentine.

MY UNCLE Valentine was himself worried that night. I could see it in the depth of the wrinkles on his brow; in his lack of attention to the trout Patrick Herne and I had caught that day; in this little detail and that. Sooner or later, I knew, he would acquaint us with what was bothering him, for he was not a man to keep things in long.

"Did ye ever," he asked suddenly, "did ye ever hear me talk about a horse?"

James Carabine stood still in his tracks and Patrick Herne smiled. My aunt Jenepher looked up.

"Never, sir," I answered. "Indeed, I might say I never knew the word pass your lips."

"'Twas the horse Simonides," said my uncle, and then I knew it was serious.

Simonides, seventeen years before, was my uncle Valentine's property, and from colt to six-year-old had won everything before him in Ireland. The Leopardstown Gold Cup, the Irish Derby, the Irish Two Thousand Guineas. Indeed, Simonides was so good that for the Baldoyle Vase he was handicapped at the prohibitive weight of nine stone four pounds. As a hurdler he took everything before him. And then my uncle Valentine went broke, and sold out his own personal possessions.

Simonides went to the States, where he was a complete failure, so much so that he passed from owner to owner and at last came down to work in a cab.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

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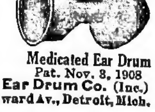

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County People

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

Thence some one rescued him, and all trace was lost of him. To part with him all but broke my uncle's heart, and the story of his later misfortunes all but drove the red baronet crazy. But spend how much money he cared not he could never find Simonides again.

"When I was a young man," I've heard my uncle Valentine say, "I was married and I was —— fond o' my wife, but when that woman lay down and died on me, it didn't take as much out of me as parting with Simonides. That and the death of your dear father, Kerry, were the two great trials of my life. If it hadn't been a matter of honor, Kerry, I'd have shot the horse with my own hands before parting with him, and letting him into the hands of strangers."

"Do you mind Simonides, James Carabine?"

"Do I mind my mother, Your Honor?" answered Carabine.

"Simonides was a horse of mine that I was very attached to," explained my uncle Valentine. "He was a great horse with the heart of a lion and some of the best blood in the world."

"Best blood in Ireland," muttered Carabine, "and for horses or sportsmen that means the world."

"The last time I saw that horse was seventeen years ago, as a six-year-old, in Vine's auction-rooms in Dublin."

We were all silent, knowing how much he took the parting to heart.

"Until I saw him to-day," he said, "with two other horses in Pascoe's ten-acre."

"Go to ——!" called Carabine in excitement. "It's a —— lie!"

"'Tis not a lie. James Carabine, would you know that horse?"

"Would I know Simonides, Your Honor? Would I know him in the dark? And, moreover, hadn't he got the queerest marking I ever saw on a horse? He was pure chestnut but for a white left ear."

"You'll find him in Pascoe's ten-acre," said my uncle. "The fellow that's bought the place from you," he winked violently at Patrick Herne—my aunt Jenepher and I took an immediate interest in our plates, "this man, whoever he is, and you say you don't know, has sent up a collection of cattle would do your heart good to see. Jerseys and Royal Darrows. There are a couple of hunters I like, three harness horses, my old friend Simonides, and a trick mule.

"And a trick mule!" shouted my uncle Valentine. I could see Carabine shudder. "What do you think of a fellow would have a trick mule?"

"I have a low opinion," said Carabine.

"I'm going over to London by the midnight train to Dublin," said my uncle Valentine, "and find out from the head lawyers who has bought the place. And I'm going to make him sell me my horse Simonides."

"He might give him to you," suggested Patrick Herne.

"Give away Simonides!" laughed my uncle. "The man would have to be crazy, and, besides, do you think I'd accept a present from the sort of man who would have a trick mule?"

"I don't suppose you would," said Herne.

"But sell him he will," said my uncle Valentine, "for if he doesn't he might as well settle in hell as in Destiny Bay."

IT WAS late that night, after my uncle Valentine had left, that Patrick Herne told me he was going the next day.

"Where to, in God's name?"

"I think I'll put in a while in Africa."

"But why?"

"Oh, I suppose it's the Gipsy wandering instinct," he laughed. "By the way, you can bring Simonides across and put him in the paddock. He's a present from me to your uncle."

"Are you——"

"Yes," he said, "I'm the blighter with the trick mule. It's an old pal of mine. We worked together for years."

"But you're not going to leave Pascoe House?"

"It's just what I'm going to do, Kerry, my son. I'll send up a steward from Dublin, and come back now and then. You might use the hunters for me, and if you don't mind keep an eye on Caligula, the mule. He's not a bad cuss."

"My uncle Valentine will be very put out at your going, Patrick Herne," I said.

"I'm going now so as to avoid arguments. I hate them as much as you do, Kerry, my lad."

"There'll be somebody'll be heartbroken at your going, Patrick Herne. I don't suppose I should tell you, but there it is."

"You don't," said Herne slowly, "mean your aunt Jenepher?"

"I do."

"Are you sure of that? Are you quite sure, Kerry?"

"Utterly sure."

"Then I'll stay," said Patrick Herne.

I SAID: "All that's very fine. There's nothing I like better myself than to have a thing out. But why waste these splendid azure days in argument? The sun and the sea will not wait until you have all argued and settled, and had first principles discussed. I know my uncle Valentine. There's nothing he'd like better than to see you and my aunt Jenepher married. But—he'll spend the Winter evenings arguing about it. He'll hold up the whole course of Irish politics until he has you knighted. He may even have a private bill introduced into Parliament about the Romany marriage. You don't know my uncle Valentine. This will be meat and drink to him.

"My dear Pat, go and get a license and be married here. Clear out of the way till he comes back. Take Aunt Jenepher to the Mediterranean with you, and by the time you come back Pascoe House will be ready, and my uncle Valentine will be like a lamb. He'll be ten days in London. He won't stir out of the card-room at Almach's until he's cleaned the place up. There will be old friends at the Service Clubs. Do it now."

So well did I argue and so expeditiously did I put everything through that I had them before the parson in our small Tudor church before either of them really knew what was happening. Our church is a sweet old church, thick-builded, as it must be near the sea, and gray, and here and there yellow with stonewort. The light comes into it gently and glimmers on the brasses of the MacFarlanes who are dead and gone, and one always feels there is an angel about, a gray-bearded, drowsy Georgian angel who takes snuff.

The martens and the swallows build their nests in the eaves and the wild bees nest in the graveyard, and my uncle Valentine will not have them ousted, for he is lord of the manor. Without, in the graveyard in Spring, are bluebells and primroses, and in Summer are woodbine and wild roses. And the huddled mounds do not make you think of death, but of old folk or children sleeping, so peaceful it is.

"It was ordained," said our parson, "for the mutual society, help, and comfort that the one ought to have of the other, both in prosperity and adversity. Into which holy estate these two persons present——"

I was standing behind so that I could not see my aunt Jenepher's face, but I could her small black hat, her costume of heather tweed, her beautiful small brown shoes, and from her left wrist hung Castlereagh's cane, and in her hand was a great bunch of heather, that Carabine had searched the mountains for the eve-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

Miss Hall Made Time to Make Money

THE working hours are pretty long in Miss Mildred M. Hall's office. Every day, rain or shine, she's at her desk from 8 until 6. Spare minutes? Why, most people would say she couldn't have any. But when she really looked she found enough to make a number of Extra Dollars every month. The more time she finds the more money she makes.

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County People

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

ning before—a royal purple bunch with strands of white heather. And beside her was Herne, big and fine, like some powerful, well-blooded, great-hearted horse, and finer praise than that there is not in this world. I was thinking to myself what a fine recruit we had taken for Clan MacFarlane.

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance——"

It was a nice, a peaceful wedding. Behind us in the body of the church were Carabine, and Duncan, the gardener, and the whole household of Destiny Bay, and a swarthy band of Gipsies, who all loved my aunt Jenepher and who had come to see her married. For best man I had pressed into service my cousin Jenico from Spanish Men's Rest, and as bridesmaids we had Eleanor Pendleton, pretty Nelly Pendleton, with her burning auburn hair. A fine gathering, and a lovely, a peaceful day.

"—Wilt thou obey him in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?" And my aunt Jenepher answered, "I will."

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" asked parson.

I was thinking of the letter I would have to write to my uncle Valentine that afternoon, and picking phrases for it: "My dear uncle Valentine: I know you will be delighted to hear—" when my cousin Jenico brought his heel sharply into my cannon-bone.

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

"I give this woman—" I said, and I noticed a look of anxiety in parson's eyes. And behind us in the church was the heavy thump of feet. I looked over my shoulder, and I saw the big presence, still wrapped in the huge traveling-coat, and the immense copper-colored beard. And then a hand caught me by the shoulder, and sent me spinning down the chancel until I bumped into the baptismal font.

"Stand aside, you pup!" I heard, and: "I give this woman to be married to this man," roared my uncle Valentine.

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The styles shown in this issue are but a few of the many Pictorial Review designs that are seasonable for the month of July.

Teeth Like Pearls

By Edna Wallace Hopper

My teeth, as countless women know, glisten like a row of pearls.

This tells you why. I use a new-type tooth paste which combines all helps in one. The ablest authorities I consult told me to employ it.

The name is Quindent, meaning five in one. It is made by Quindent Laboratories. It contains an olive oil cleanser of the highest order. Two harmless polishers which beautify the teeth. Four antiseptics and iodine, to combat germ attacks on the gums. Magnesia and other antacids, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. And breath deodorants.

I have used all these helps—always. But I had to use several tooth pastes, then a mouth wash, then magnesia, then deodorants. I spent a half-hour daily on my teeth.

Now Quindent is presented, combining all in one. Four great organizations collaborated on it. It typifies the utmost in a modern dentifrice. The 16 ingredients do everything required. Now I use it exclusively, and use nothing else, by the ablest advice I can get.

The makers supply me samples—enough for 20 uses. They are for women who wish to use what I use—who follow my advice. Let me send you one. It will bring you new conceptions of a tooth paste. It will show you what modern authorities advise. Don't hesitate. This is the dentifrice of today. Clip coupon now.

Trial Tube Free

Edna Wallace Hopper, Q32-P. R.
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.
Mail me a test of Quindent

....

....

Something NEW for BOBBED HAIR

There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight is. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25c direct to J. W. KOBI CO., 612 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

Golden Glint
SHAMPOO

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Your hair gets no vacation

Heed Nature's 3 warning signals and keep your hair beautiful

1. Is your scalp oily?

Shampoo the hair once each week, using the following treatment: Rub a tablespoonful of *Wildroot Taroleum* into the scalp with your finger tips. Apply warm water, and let the snowy, antiseptic lather absorb the oily dirt. Rinse thoroughly, and follow with cold water. When dry, massage the scalp with *Wildroot Quinine Hair Dress.*

2. Is your scalp dry?

Once every other week, give yourself this treatment: Remove dandruff from scalp by applying *Wildroot Hair Tonic.* Then gently massage a tablespoonful of *Wildroot Taroleum* into the scalp. Cover your head with a hot towel for five minutes. With more *Taroleum* and warm water, shampoo the hair. Rinse well, and follow with cold water.

3. Have you found dandruff?

Two or three times a week (in severe cases, every day), apply *Wildroot Hair Tonic* to the scalp. This should be done in the most thorough manner, parting the hair so as to reach every spot on the scalp—and massaging gently with the fingers. Finish by dressing the hair with the tonic, one strand at a time.

IN SUMMER, your hair is in danger. There's dust, blown from every highway and byway, to choke up the "breathing spaces" in your scalp. The blazing summer sun sucks the very life from hair-roots, especially after a swim.

Such abuse soon shows itself in Nature's 3 warning signals.

1. If your scalp is too oily—*beware!*
2. If your scalp is very dry—*beware!*
3. If you find dandruff—*beware!*

Unless you want thin, straggly, ugly hair, heed these warnings. Follow the special Wildroot treatment as described on this page. Your druggist or department store can supply you with Wildroot preparations.

WILDROOT CO., INC., BUFFALO, N.Y.

WILDROOT
HAIR TONIC

The Serpent and the Dove

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

sundry featherless scars upon her in lieu of a "scarlet letter." Then they withdrew with clucks of affronted virtue, shooing the young pullets before them.

Yet another blow was to fall upon Iphigenia's fated head. By a north-bound friend of the station we had the opportunity to send to New York the specimens, dead and alive, that we had so far collected. Among these was the serpent.

It seemed that he considered honor lost, and wished only to sink into an obscure and ignominious grave with the greatest possible dispatch, for since the triumph of the fowl he had consistently refused to look at anything that we offered him in the way of food.

We had betrayed him once, he thought, and jungle rats and young opossums might prove as untrustworthy and untrained for gastronomic purposes as the feathered creature who had made him what he was. So we sent him away, cage and all, hoping that forcible feeding, as practised on such cases at the Zoological Park, and a change from the scene of his downfall, would restore him to health and perhaps to happiness.

WHEN Iphigenia woke next morning she hurried to her accustomed post, but only desolation met her eye. The spot formerly occupied by her cherished abode was empty and there was no one to tell her why. All day she searched the compound, giving vent to her distress in subdued, bewildered cackles, and long after the hour when she should have gone to rest her dolorous cries told us that she was still in a state of agitation bordering on hysteria.

Next day she was resigned in the calmness of despair. For the rest of the time that we stayed in our jungle laboratory Iphigenia was a pitiful, ever-present reproach to us. Of course in a way she had come off rather well, but to perish according to plan might on the whole have proved a happier fate. She languished on or near the site of the old homestead, uncomprehending but faithful to her memories. We were moved to pity and console, but tho she accepted our proffered titbits, she never strayed far from the spot where she had once reigned supreme, probably the only hen in history who ever was a snake-charmer.

THE moral of this tale ought to be something about not counting on your chicken's disposition before it is scratched. Everything about Iphigenia was unusual, and nothing concerning her turned out as we expected. It was impossible to predict on the subject, as was demonstrated to us even at the last moment. We had broken camp after eight busy months of intensive jungle studies and were departing down the great river on the first stage of our northward journey.

Looking back at the deserted compound, that already had that indescribably desolate look of an abandoned abiding-place, we beheld Iphigenia, christened too rashly in a poetic moment. She stood forlornly, but plucky to the last, for as we looked she stiffened, rose on her toes, and raucously, laboriously, gave utterance to—his first crow!

We want to design a coat-of-arms for Iphigenia and his descendants, if any, for his doughty deeds should be commemorated, but an unfinished argument has left the work also incomplete. There was no discussion of the design; that is, of course, a serpent *couchant;* but we are divided into two parties over the crest. One camp maintains that it should read "Bold as a lion," while the other, sceptical to the last, holds out for "Know nothing, fear nothing."

Contents for July, 1925

Art

PAGE
Cover Design . . . . . . *Earl Christy*
"In the Valley" . . . . . . *Hans Frahm* 17
The Ten Commandments (Ninth) *M. Leone Bracker* 19

Fiction

The Crystal Cup (Serial—Third Instalment) . . . . *Gertrude Atherton* 21
County People . . . . . . *Donn Byrne* 5
Guard of Honor . . . *Barry Benefield* 8
Georgy and the Dragon *Lois Seyster Montross* 10
Native Stock . . . . . . *T. S. Stribling* 12
Sand . . . . . . *Mary Heaton Vorse* 14

Special Articles

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain" (Part Four) . . . . *Mary Lawton* 26
A New Declaration of Independence *Ida Clyde Clarke* 2
Her Husband—Right or Wrong? *Genevieve Parkhurst* 20
The Serpent and the Dove . . *Ruth Rose* 28
Vacation Manners *Anna Steese Richardson* 32
A Little House of English Type *Collier Stevenson* 54

For the Children

The Betty Bobbs Family *Orpha Klinker* 59

Home-Making

PAGE
The English Breakfast-Room *Winnifred Fales* 31
A Well-Planned Hamper Makes the Picnic *Jenoise Brown Short* 51
The Babies' Health Department *Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge* 52

Embroidery

New Bedspread, Curtains, and Dress Motifs 57
The New Turtle-Neck Sweater Is Smartest for Sports 69

Fashions of the Month

Modèle Parisien 55
Bordered Frocks for Style and Economy 73
Lace Captures Mid-Summer Fancy . . . 74
Portraying Frocks of Lace and Chiffon and the New Long Sleeve 75
Lace Frocks Over Colored Slips—New Sleeveless Jackets 76
The Transparent Jumper Blouse and Other Smart Fashions 77
New Coat-Blouse and Tunics for Slender Hips 78
Mannish Street Clothes Top Tailored Mode 79
Miniature Copies of the Season's Smartest Styles 80
The Younger Set Selects the Modes of the Moment 81
Two-Piece Frocks and Flounces for the Chic Miss 82
A Page of July Essentials for Beach and Boudoir 83
New Clothes Suggestions for the Boys and Girls 84

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